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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR  
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## Poetry.

### A Summer Morning.

The fading of the stars of morning brings  
The fluttering of a thousand folded wings,  
And songs as varied as the tints of flowers  
Break the sweet stillness of the early hours.  
The sweet to watch the last dark cloud of  
grey  
Fades slowly like the silver stars away,  
And see when angel hands the gates unfold  
Of purple, crimson, and of burnished gold;  
And the young day in beauty passes through  
To kiss from off the flowers the tears of dew;  
The sunbeams bright like golden arrows pass  
Through the green leaves upon the waving  
grass.  
And like an angel's presence calm and still—  
The white cloud's shadow lingers on the hill:  
The children's flowers, the daisies blue and  
white,  
Grow gentler looking in the dewy light;

And waving lightly on their slender stem,  
Invite the little hands to gather them.  
Heavy with fragrance comes the warm south  
breeze—

Whispering low to the listening trees,  
Then softly it passes the meadow o'er  
While the dew-drops fall in a starry shower.  
The bee improving the sweetest of hours  
Is fitting about 'mong the fresh young  
flowers.

The swallow comes from its hidden nook  
And dips its purple wing in the clear brook,  
That gently winds like a bright silver thread  
Along the pleasant meadow's grassy bed.  
The oriole from the maple tree  
Looks archly down and sweetly sings to me;  
The bobolink in the clover white and red  
Flies quickly down and hides its merry head;

Then rising, sings a song as clear and wild  
As the gay laughter of a happy child.  
Warbling a hymn, beside its pretty nest,  
Hid among blossoms, sits the sweet red  
breast.

A white veil of mist is hiding from the view  
The beautiful hills and the river blue,  
For nature is choice of the fair young day  
And half of its beauties in shadows lay.

ZELIA GERTRUDE GREY.

## Select Literature.

### THE WITNESS.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART I.—CONTINUED.

I have said that Greyfriars was situated in a remote and wild part of Cornwall. Among the accompaniments of such a situation, difficult and even dangerous roads were naturally to be expected. One peculiarly sheltered the abbey to the north, into what was by courtesy called the high road through the village, and on the morning which followed the conversation I have just related, two gentlemen-tourists, in their own gig, met with an accident in descending it. Captain Sinclair was aroused from a pleasant slumber over a new magazine by the news that a carriage was broken to pieces within a short distance of the abbey-gates, one gentleman killed on the spot, and another dreadfully hurt.—On reaching the scene of the disaster, accompanied by all the male and several of the female servants, he found matters not quite so bad as they had been represented. There was indeed a gig with one wheel lying by its side, the shafts and traces broken, and the horse nowhere visible; a gentleman lay on the bank, evidently in considerable pain, and his companion, apparently unhurt, was endeavouring to support and assist him. Captain Sinclair immediately despatched a man on horseback for the nearest surgeon, and, with the aid of a door taken off the hinges, and a mattress and pillows, the sufferer was brought to the abbey, and laid down in one of the lower apartments. He soon recovered enough to sit up, and presently to stand up, saying, that the only injuries he had received were a blow on the head, which had stunned him for a few minutes, and some considerable mischief, he feared, in the left arm. The surgeon, who had luckily been met in the village, soon ascertained that it was only a simple fracture just above the wrist, that would cause, after a few days, little more than inconvenience. He could not pronounce so positively as to the head.—Leeches and lotions were to be applied without loss of time, and the patient was to be kept perfectly quiet in a darkened room for at least eight-and-forty hours. The apartment into which he had been carried was a garret in the modernised part of the abbey; a bed and other requisite appendages were quickly moved into it; and after the leeches had done their work, he was left, by the doctor's directions, in perfect quiet, with only the old housekeeper to attend to him.

When Captain Sinclair and the other gentlemen came to us in the drawing-room, I recognised in the latter acquaintance of some years' standing. He was uncle to a pupil whose education I had what is called "finished," and who continued to be a dear friend of mine. We were glad to see each other, and he said he thought himself fortunate in finding it thus certified that he was not unwinding himself into the hospitable walls of Greyfriars. With a pleasant sort of mock ceremony, he begged me to vouch that he was the Rev. Horace Davis, rector of Castle-Stepworth, in Somersetshire, and brother-in-law to Joseph Barker, Esq., in whose house we had become acquainted with each other. He then told us his unlucky companion, Mr. M'Ilvar, was a clever young Scotch lawyer, of an old Highland family,

and that they were making a little fishing and sketching tour together when this misfortune befell them. Captain Sinclair, whose kind heart better accorded with his old Indian habits of hospitality than with those of Greyfriars, soon settled it authoritatively with Mr. Davis, that he and his friend were to consider themselves as fixtures till the invalid was able to be removed with perfect safety.

We separated soon after this conversation to dress for dinner, and when we met again, it was a pleasant surprise to me to see how this unexpected guest had aroused Captain Sinclair from his ordinary languor and silence. The next morning, Mr. Davis brought us very excellent reports of "Mac," as he called him, who, he said, protested he was quite well, and was grumbling most dreadfully at the surgeon's continued orders that he should be kept perfectly quiet, and at his old nurse's stubborn adherence to them. When, however, another day had passed, and all fear of evil consequences from the injury to the head had vanished, Mr. Davis told us at dinner that Mac had announced his determination to join our party on the following day.

"You will find him a much pleasanter fellow than I am," said he laughing. "Everybody likes old Mac."

Captain Sinclair, who himself had some distant Scotch connections, began inquiring into the young lawyer's clan and family.

"He springs from a very ancient Highland stock," answered Mr. Davis; "and his family, it is said, are always clever and odd, as he is. There is scarcely a bonnet among the M'Ilvars, I believe, that has not a bee of some sort or other in it. Many of his ancestors were celebrated second-sight seers. His father and mother were first cousins, and he himself can remember some circumstances connected with his father's death, which, to say the least of them, are very curious. He was then about six years old, and I doubt not a quick and observant boy. His father's return home was hourly expected after a long absence in England. It was, he says, a summer evening; there was a long and winding approach through the grounds to their house, and he and his elder brothers and sisters were anxiously listening for the distant sound of wheels, that they might be ready to rush to the door, when suddenly his mother stood up, and looking vacantly around, said: 'It is a stranger who is coming!' At that moment, they began to hear the sounds they were watching for; but their attention was soon painfully drawn to their mother, who sank upon the ground, shrouding her head in a shawl, and, as the carriage passed the nearest gate, she looked up with a ghastly countenance and said: 'Your father is dying on an English bed—strangers are watching over him. He is gone! he is dead!' Mac declares that this was all exactly true. His father had been taken suddenly and dangerously ill on his homeward journey; the approaching carriage brought a messenger with these sad tidings, and it was afterwards ascertained that he had expired before they reached the family."

"And do you believe this?" said I.

"What can I say?" answered he. "Here is a fact vouched for by an eye and ear witness, quite old enough to remember it, and quite incapable of inventing or even embellishing the circumstances. I must yield, at least a sort of belief to the story, and can only be thankful that English mothers are not given to frighten their children out of their wits by such vagaries."

"Your friend does not inherit this strange power?" asked Captain Sinclair.

"Why—no," replied Mr. Davis with some hesitation. "I never heard that he could boast any knowledge of the future; but if all is true that is told of him, he has sometimes had a strange sense of the present."

"A sense of the present is nothing very strange or rare," said I smiling; "I do not in the least comprehend your meaning."

"Well, it is not easy to express what one does not one's self understand. It is said that he has felt at times a supernatural sort of impression of the presence of crime. He evidently does not like to speak about it; only once during our great intimacy has he mentioned it openly to me; and even then very briefly, and as if he wished to escape from the subject."

"And what did he say?"

"He said it was true that a strange and wretched feeling had come over him in places where any evil deed had been committed; and that sooner or later this feeling had guided him in various indelible ways to the discovery of the criminal."

"Surely a species of insanity," said I.

"Never was there a clearer or sounder head in this world," said Mr. Davis warmly. "Did he give any instances of his having really exercised this strange power?" asked Captain Sinclair.

"No; he said they were very rare, and always accompanied by discomfort, and even distress of mind. However, if you will not think I do nothing but invent wonderful stories," continued Mr. Davis, "I certainly could give you a remarkable instance—not within my own knowledge, but told to me by his clerk, as composed and unimaginative a man as a quiet elderly Scotchman can well be, and who was himself present during all the circumstances."

"O pray, tell us," said every voice at once, for the girls were eagerly listening to the conversation.

"Well," said he, "I need not trouble you with all the particulars which led to Mac's being consulted by a poor widow lady, whose whole income depended on the discovery of a deed executed in the lifetime of her deceased husband, and which had been stolen from the place where it had been deposited. Such was her story. The heir-at-law, her husband's nephew, denied that such a deed had ever existed. The widow named two witnesses whose signatures had been put into it in her presence. One of them was dead; the other, an old family servant, admitted that he had signed some written paper, but he knew nothing more about it, and believed that it had been a power of attorney. Mac mistrusted the nephew from the first. He was a rich man, and determined to have what he called his rights, although his success would reduce his uncle's widow to beggary. His cunning was well met by Mac, who, having ascertained that he had taken the surviving witness into his own service, insisted upon seeing the man. Many excuses were made; he was absent—he was ill; but the point was not yielded; and at length, upon Mac's expressing his determination to see the doctor who attended him, it was arranged that he should visit the sick man in his bed-chamber at a specified hour on the following day.—Up to that time it does not appear that his views extended beyond a hope, that by strictly and carefully questioning the man, some light might be thrown on the mysterious disappearance of the deed. The clerk who told me the story accompanied Mr. M'Ilvar to the nephew's house in London. He says that he conversed with him in his usual manner as they walked along together; but he afterwards remembered that, when within the house, he stared about somewhat strangely, and changed colour. He was preceded up the stairs by a servant, closely followed by the clerk, who distinctly recollected that he staggered more than once, and seemed to cling to the balusters. When they reached the bedroom door, he caught hold of the clerk's arm, and visibly trembled. But, sir," continued he, "as we passed the door, Mr. M'Ilvar let go my arm, and seemed, as it were, to push me from him, and walked straight up to the bedside. The room was very much darkened, so that at first I could scarcely distinguish the figure of the sick man under a heap of bed-clothes. Mr. M'Ilvar pulled away the clothes. 'There is no sickness here,' says he. 'Sit up.' I never heard such a deaf, fearful voice as he spoke in. The man raised himself in the bed, looking greatly bewildered; and his master who had been hidden by the curtains, rose hastily, and faced us on the opposite side of the bed."

"Ask your question, sir," said he, "and the man will answer. He admits that he signed 'Mr. M'Ilvar' to no heed of him. 'Sit up,' said he, in the same unearthly voice; 'sit up, and give me the deed; it is under your pillow—it is under your head; and he plunged his hand within the bed-clothes, and drew forth a parchment from beneath the bolster. The pretended sick man sat up shaking and helpless, and did nothing to prevent him. The master made a snatch at it over the bed, saying something very violently that I forget; Mr. M'Ilvar thrust the paper into his bosom, saying: 'If I do not hear from you, you will hear from me; and he turned round, and went straight out of the room, and down stairs, and out of the house, and I after him, as it were a dream. He never spoke to me a word about it, but sure enough there was the very deed; and the poor lady got her own."

"And what followed? Were the servant and his master punished?"

"I heard little of the denouement. The widow wished the matter to be kept secret. It was believed that the nephew was as much surprised as any one at the discovery of the deed, which he fully believed had been destroyed by the man, who contrived to gain possession of it during his late master's illness."

"Well," said I, after a pause, "the story does not satisfy me; there are several points in it that I should like to have explained."

"So should I," answered Mr. Davis. "I have made one or two trials, by alluding to the matter to Mac himself, but he cut me very short. He said it was certainly a remarkable case, but important papers supposed to be lost had not unfrequently been discovered by some curious circumstance or coincidence; and he had such a troubled look in his face, that I did not like to press the subject."

"My opinion is," said I stoutly, "that M'Ilvar had gained some private knowledge of the facts, which he thought to startle the man into confessing; and that much of the mystification arose from the Scotch clerk's dreams of second-sight, and the hereditary gifts connected with it attributed to the M'Ilvar family."

Here both my pupils broke out into exclamations at my attempt to deprive the story of its mysterious charm, and the conversation soon turned into another channel. After we left the gentlemen, the girls were full of what they had heard of this Mac of mystery. I had only seen him carried through the hall amid pillows and blankets, and I could not therefore satisfy their curiosity as to his personal appearance. Janet, who had a romantic tendency, felt confident that he was tall, thin, pale, and interesting, with black hair, a Roman nose, and wild, flashing, dark eyes. Ellen fully agreed in the brightness and wild-

ness of the eyes, but she asserted that they ought to be blue, the nose Grecian, and the hair auburn, wavy, thick, and flowing. Next day, the hero himself appeared in the drawing-room before dinner; a little, fair man, with a very commonplace sort of nose, small, light, but very quick and intelligent eyes, and hair weak, scant, and decidedly sandy.—He had however, a most agreeable smile, and manner of speaking, and in a few minutes we were all listening with great amusement to his account of their accident, and of his friend's driving, to which alone, he protested, it was to be attributed. He mimicked the country people who came to their assistance, and described his own heroism, active and passive, with so much cleverness and real drollery, that we could do nothing but listen and laugh. During dinner, he was the life of the party, clever, full of anecdote, talking much, yet never obtrusively, so that he pleased all his companions; and the girls went to bed that night fully persuaded that the world did not contain any other mortal half so delightful.

This pleasant intercourse continued for several days; we got more and more intimate and attracted by the guests to whom chance had introduced us; consequently, when they began to talk of continuing their travels, every voice was loud in opposition; and one day after dinner Captain Sinclair entreated them not to utter another word of the kind till Mr. M'Ilvar had quite recovered the use of his arm.

"At all events, before we go," said Mr. Davis, "I want very much to see the whole of this most extraordinary jumble of buildings called Greyfriars. You must know I have a spice both of the architect and the antiquary in me, and I have paced round and round four courts and quadrangles, and peeped into so many queer little windows and loopholes, that I quite long to get better acquainted with all the odd passages and chambers within."

"You must see the kitchen and the chapel, Mr. Davis," said I; "they are considered the great sights of the place, and the only ones, I believe, worth seeing."

"Grace before meat," observed Mr. M'Ilvar. "You should say the chapel and the kitchen." "You can see them this evening—in five minutes, if you please," said Captain Sinclair. "As for the parts of the abbey that have been long shut up, I doubt if the old housekeeper herself, who has lived here at least half a century, could find keys enough to take you over them. I, at least, have never attempted such a journey."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Mr. M'Ilvar. "Well, if I lived here, I should never rest till I had explored every corner and cranny. I have not heard half enough about the place; surely there must be haunted rooms, secret passages, sliding panels, and all sorts of mysteries. I am certain Charles II. was concealed here somewhere or other; they show his hiding-place at Dunster, not very distant hence. History retains no record of his refuge there, and why should he not have been sheltered by Dightons as well as Luttrells."

"Well, Mr. M'Ilvar," said I, "you are not far wrong in some of your conjectures. There is a secret chamber somewhere in the abbey; is it not, Captain Sinclair?"

"Yes, I have heard of something of the sort," he answered; "but you cannot very well see it, if there is, as no one now living knows where to find it."

"No?" said both gentlemen in a breath. "Positively no," he replied. "My wife would, I suppose be the sole possessor of the secret, if Sir Thomas had not died so suddenly. It is well known in this neighborhood that at least one, perhaps two or more concealed apartments exist in the abbey. The tradition goes, that each proprietor of the estate has had the secret revealed to him by his predecessor, under a solemn oath of the profoundest secrecy, and that he in like manner is bound to confide it to his heir under the same restrictions; but although the property was settled on Lady Dighton, Sir Thomas never spoke on the subject to her."

"I doubt if the rooms have any real existence," said I.

"Why, I really believe there is some truth in the story," answered Captain Sinclair. "One of the farmers in the neighborhood told me that his father well remembered a great hue and cry in the country in the Pretender's time about several persons who, it was said, were traced to the abbey. A strict search was made after them in every part of the building, and the place was watched by a detachment of military for a fortnight or three weeks afterwards, but no one either within or without the walls could discover a trace of the strangers. My informant however, declared that some time after the search had been given up as hopeless, his father one night saw several persons apparently gentlemen, leave the precincts of the abbey, and hastening to the shore, embark in a boat, which made towards a vessel that had been observed all day in the offing. My acquaintance was out on a little private smuggling concern of his own, and had to hide from the party in a hole in a cliff, whither he went to fetch a keg of brandy. He was certain that he saw Sir Ralph Dighton, the then owner of the abbey, accompany these persons to the shore, take leave of them there, and after watching the departure of the boat, return to Greyfriars."

"And have you never tried to find these rooms?"

"Dalton our rector has searched for them over and over again; he has taken plans of the older parts of the abbey, where they must be, if anywhere; he has made all manner of measurements and calculations of dimensions inside and outside."

"And with no success?"

"Not the slightest."

"Well, I would never rest till I found them," persevered Mr. M'Ilvar.

"And for what use or purpose?" answered quiet Captain Sinclair. "I believe there are two or three hundred accessible rooms in the abbey; what earthly good would there be in adding one or two more to the number?—no doubt as old, as awkward, and as inconvenient as any of the others."

No one attempted to controvert this sober reasoning, and we all started in high spirits to show our guests the most curious parts of the abbey, little dreaming that another hour would produce the first links of a chain of events entailing heavy misfortunes on our kind and easy host.

First of all, we visited the kitchen, little changed in its appearance since it provided for more than a hundred monks and retainers. I believe that almost as many persons were fed from it at that present time. The servants of the household were very numerous, and they had a flock of helpers of various kinds from the village. The housekeeper was elderly, and heavy, and easy tempered; no one restrained her, and she restrained no one; and in the enormous old chimney a fire was always blazing, not much inferior, I should think, to that which burned there in the days of the mitred abbots.

We were not sorry to leave the broiling atmosphere for the chapel, which, with the kitchens, formed an entire side of the principal quadrangle of the abbey. There was much here to interest two men of superior education and refined tastes. Some of the carvings were very beautiful, but everything looked neglected and hastening to ruin. At the west end of the building, opposite the altar, and above the door by which we had entered, was the abbot's gallery as it was called. It ran along the whole width of that end of the chapel which it completely overlooked, and at either extremity was a space sufficient to hold one or two persons, screened from observation by a richly carved wooden framework. Here it was said the superior could sit, and overlook the proceedings of the monks without being himself seen. In the back of the abbot's gallery was a door communicating with his own apartments in the abbey, and it was reached from the chapel by a curious little winding stair leading to a low door above.

We were all wandering about, called to each other to notice different parts of the building, when I observed Mr. M'Ilvar leaning against a pillar at the west end of the chapel, seemingly lost in thought. Presently I saw him ascend the little staircase I have just mentioned, and passing through the door above, he disappeared from my sight. I looked for him in the open portion of the abbot's gallery, but did not see him, and some one speaking to me at the moment, I thought no more of the matter till we were about to leave the chapel, when Mr. Davis began calling out to know where Mac had hidden himself.

"I saw him go up the abbot's stair," said I.

"I do not see him in the gallery," he answered; and began again to call after him, but there was no answer.

"He must have gone into the abbey by the passage," said one of the girls.

Captain Sinclair and I instinctively looked at each other; and I saw that, like myself, he was thinking of the close communication between that passage and Lady Dighton's apartments. Without saying anything, he began to go quickly up the stairs, and in a moment appeared in the gallery.

"Davis," said he, "come hither; the poor fellow is ill; he is in a fit, or has fainted, or something."

Mr. Davis ran up hastily, and remembering that I had said in my pocket, I followed him. The gentlemen raised him up; he was deadly pale, and evidently quite insensible, but his eyes were staring wide open, and he was very fearful to look upon. "We must carry him into the abbey," said Captain Sinclair, and between them they began lifting him along the passage, when Lady Dighton opened the door of her sitting-room by which they were passing, and asked the reason of the unusual sounds so near her apartments.

It was soon explained to her. Of course she had heard of our guests, though she had never seen them, and now, with all the courtesy she could at times display, she insisted on the sick man being brought into her room and laid upon the sofa. I put the salts to his nose, and their pungency seemed to revive him. He raised his head, and looked wildly around him. He was ghastly pale, and apparently unable to speak; his eyes glared vacantly on the surrounding objects, and at length fixed upon Lady Dighton, while a strange expression began to appear in his countenance. "I am unknown to your friend, which I ought not to be," said she smiling to Mr. Davis; "but I am a sad invalid, and every one humors and excuses me. You, too, I hope," she continued, turning to Mr. M'Ilvar, and looking more gentle and handsome than I had ever seen her, as she made a step or two towards him—"you, too, I hope—"

She stopped abruptly, and imagine our astonishment when we saw him vehemently stretch forth his arms, with the hands widely expand-

ed towards her, as if to thrust her from him. "Stand off!—away! away!" he cried. She paused, and we all looked at each other in amazement. "Away!" he repeated more faintly, but with the same expression of repugnance and disgust. Poor bewildered Mr. Davis then seized him by the arm, saying:—"We must get him to his own room."

Captain Sinclair, in confusion and dismay, immediately seized the other arm, and said he would show them the way. They left the room, and so did I, scarcely knowing that I did so. The effect of this strange behavior on Lady Dighton, I never knew. It was not till I had been some little time in my own chamber, that it occurred to me I ought not to have left her alone after so strange an occurrence; but it was done, and could not be helped. The children had not followed us to the abbot's gallery, but had quitted the chapel by the usual entrance.

When Mr. Davis rejoined us at the tea-table, he looked greatly troubled; nevertheless, he gave a good report of his friend, who, he said, had recovered from his attack, but, as he seemed weak and nervous, he had persuaded him to go to bed. He did not attempt any explanation of his conduct towards Lady Dighton, nor even allude to it. After tea, he returned to Mr. M'Ilvar, and did not come back to us till we were about to separate for the night. As I passed along one of the passages leading to my bedchamber, I heard a slight noise behind me, and turning round, saw Mr. Davis on tiptoe quickly following me.

"Miss Vernon," said he in a whisper, "could you oblige me by coming into the garden without your pupils before breakfast? I earnestly wish to have a few moments' conversation with you. Pray, come, if you possibly can; it will be a great favor to me."

"Certainly," I answered, in considerable surprise; then, after an instant's thought, I added: "I will be on the bench in the grove as soon after seven as I can."

"Thank you, thank you," said he, very earnestly, and we parted. The circumstance of this short interview impressed me so much, that I wrote down before I slept everything that had occurred since Mr. M'Ilvar's illness in the chapel; afterwards, strange events followed in such quick succession, that I continued to record at night the particulars of each day, so that I am enabled to give a faithful, though perhaps abrupt and irregular outline of this brief but fearful episode in my hitherto common-place life.

END OF PART I.

### The Growth of England's Debt.

The history of the growth of that debt which one of the greatest commoners of England calls "the greatest prodigy that ever perplexed the sagacity, and confounded the pride of statesmen and philosophers," furnishes as conclusive refutations of the theories and predictions of our alarmists of this House, as it did in the past of other Parliaments. At the end of the war of England with Louis XIV., in 1713, the debt of England was, in round numbers, \$250,000,000. At that period, not pot-house politicians merely, but profound thinkers, declared the Government permanently crippled. But while these were engaged in proving the nation ruined, the nation was growing richer and richer. Soon came that war which was ended by the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle; and the national debt had come to be \$100,000,000 in 1748. Now, again, historians, statesmen, and economists, concurred in declaring that the case of England was certainly now desperate; but now again the nation persisted, although demonstrated by the books to be a bankrupt, in becoming far richer than in any period of her history. Soon the nation became again involved in the continental wars of the reign of George II., and at the end of Chatham's administration, at the period of 1760, the national debt came to be \$700,000,000. Then, again, it is declared that both men of theory and of business, united in declaring that now, at all events, the fatal day had certainly arrived. Adam Smith, the father of politico-economical science, thought the limit had been reached, and an increase of the debt would be fatal. David Hume, the profoundest man of his age, declared it would have been better that England had been conquered and crushed by Prussia and Austria, than by debts for which all the revenues of the kingdom north of the Trent and west of Reading were mortgaged. He said the madness of England exceeded that of the crusaders. Richard Coeur de Lion and St. Louis had not gone in the face of arithmetic. England had. You could not prove that the road to Paradise was not through the Holy Land, but you could prove that the road to national ruin was through a national debt. But still, in defiance of Hume and Smith, and even Burke, the nation would live and grow richer, and pay the interest on its public debt.

Then came George Grenville's policy to tax the colonies of America to help pay the interest on this debt, and that brought on our war of the Revolution. In that England lost the colonies, and found an addition to her public debt of \$500,000,000—making the aggregate at the time of the treaty of peace, \$1,200,000,000. Again England was pronounced hopeless; but again she continued to be more prosperous than ever before. Then came the wars growing out of the French Revolution; and the debt of England

ran up to \$1,000,000,000. Again the cry of despair and of bankruptcy was louder than ever; but also, again, the cry was false as ever; and the interest on the debt of England not only continued to be paid to the day at the bank, but such was her prosperity that at the close of these French wars, her people expended for railroads in the island, in a few years, more than \$1,200,000,000!

Such is a sketch of the history of the debt of England, and such the refutation furnished by the logic of history to the logic of abstract reasoning, however profound.—[Mr. Shellabarger, of Ohio, in Congress.

### The Toothache.

In the course of a short but eventful life, we have met seven or eight individuals who have never had the toothache! Blissful ignorance! May their shadows never grow less! and when they shall have passed from this indifferent world to a better one (possibly—but, well, no matter), may it not be recorded on a marble table over their last resting place, "Died of toothache." We have had it. It is not a delusion, nor a humbug, nor a joke, but a matter in which one takes a lively and painful interest. With a severe toothache it is as bad as washingday in the house everyday of the week, in its wear and tear on one's amiable disposition. One gets a mirror and casts reflection upon himself, by displaying to his own view the remote recess of his face, to see if that looks worse than the rest. The view is not encouraging. The tooth obstinately gives no sign of the time it will cease aching. All is desolate within, and the mouth looks like a ten-acre lot full of stumps. We try cloves, we try "pain killer" and "instant reliefs" without number. A facetious friend gravely tells us to just once try his remedy, as he has never known it to fail. It is to fill the mouth with cold water, then sit on the stove till the water boils! As he closes his smart little retractor, he gets several paces beyond the stretching length of our right leg. We lay down, and we get up again. We care nothing for the Union, the war, the South, our friends, "or the rest of mankind."

With a maddened brain we rush to the dentist's office, rudely kicking two small boys off from the walk. We hate dentists, professionally. We arrive there and are politely invited to sit in their soft cushioned chair.—We look around us and see the fearful array of ugly-shaped brightly-polished villainous weapons of attack to open our mouth—there—just a little wider. Is that the one? Oh-h-h! Yes that's it. With a sardonic expression meant for sympathy, the dentist inserts a sharp arrangement of some sort and girdles the tooth. He then carefully produces the very ugliest and most horrible looking instrument that man has yet invented to torture the face with, and gets a strong hitch on the tooth.—And then, O, horror! Type cannot express the fiendish yell we send up. It seems as if our head, body, legs, boots and all, had been slowly compressed into the size and shade of a Brandeth's pill—but that tooth has "seceded." It has vacated, vamoosed. The grim dentist, smiling, holds it up to us for inspection. We look at it. A little tooth! and it has left room enough for five just like it! To be sure, the mouth bleeds a little, and the dentist bleeds us a little more to the tune of a "quarter." We feel in the world again, now, and for a few hours smile in a silly manner at everything and everybody,—we are so excessively happy.

### Curious Mirror.

Among the curiosities exhibited in the last Paris Exposition, and promised for ours, was a huge concave mirror, the instrument of a startling species of optical magic.—On standing close to the mirror, and looking into it, it presents nothing but a magnificently monstrous dissection of your own physiognomy. On retiring a little, say a couple of feet, it gives your own face and figure in true proportion, but reversed, the head downwards. Most of the spectators, ignorant of anything else, observe these two effects, and pass on. But retire still further; standing at the distance of five or six feet from the mirror, and behold, you see yourself, not a reflection—it does not strike you as a reflection—but your veritable self, standing in the middle part between you and the mirror. The effect is almost appalling from the idea it suggests of something supernatural; so startling, in fact that men of the strongest nerves will shrink involuntarily at the first view. If you raise your cane to thrust at your own self, you will see it pass clean through the body and appear on the other side, the figure thrusting at you the same instant. The artist who first succeeded in finishing a mirror of this description brought it to one of the French kings—if we recollect aright, it was Louis XV.—placed his majesty on the right spot, and bade him draw his sword and thrust at the figure he saw. The king did so; but, seeing the point of a sword directed to his own breast, threw down his weapon and ran away. The practical joke cost the inventor the king's patronage and favor; his majesty being afterwards so ashamed of his own cowardice, that he could never again look at the mirror or its owner.—English Paper.

The surrender of Norfolk was rather a sheepish affair:—Mayor Lamb surrendered to General Wool, and the ram Merrimack was blown up.















# Midsex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.  
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS.

## Poetry.

### Let us be Kind.

"And be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted,  
forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's  
sake hath forgiven you."—Bible.

Earth though a lovely place,  
Teems with dark care;  
Clasping each other comes  
Death and Despair;  
Sorrow on every side  
Frowning we find;  
Sad hearts need sympathy—  
Let us be kind.

Love, like the sun, can gild  
All things below;  
E'en tinge with golden light  
Trouble and woe.  
Few in this world of change  
Ever find much;  
Some souls ne'er feel its warmth—  
God pity such!

Hopeless and heart-broken,  
Lying 'mid gloom,  
Many are toiling on  
Down to the tomb;  
Others are wandering  
Morally blind;  
Would we do good on earth?  
Let us be kind!

What over wealth and fame  
Sours far above?  
What is more sweet on earth?  
Friendship and Love!  
Who are most beautiful?  
Who most refined?  
Those who can pass through life  
Truthful and kind!

God alone knows what pain  
Some hearts endure;  
How they need sympathy,  
Tender and pure.  
We oft in thoughtless  
Grief round them wind;  
Oh! when we can, to all  
Let us be kind.

## Select Literature.

### THE WITNESS.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART II.

Although I was at the appointed place before seven o'clock, Mr. Davis had preceded me. He greeted me kindly, and when we were seated said, after pausing a few moments: "My dear Miss Vernon, I cannot tell you how thankful I am to have a friend in you well known to me; but for this lucky chance, I know not what I could do; I am in the greatest perplexity; and I want advice."

I muttered something about readiness and willingness, feeling thoroughly perplexed myself, and he thanked me, and continued: "Troubled as I am, I cannot but feel that there is something ridiculous in my all about to confide in you. That fellow Mac has taken one of his second or third sights about Greyfriars. He is quieter and more rational this morning, but half last night he was raving about the atmosphere of crime that is around him. He says the feeling came on slightly at first in the kitchen; in the chapel, and especially in the abbey's gallery, it increased every moment, and at length overpowered him; and when he was recovering from his swoon, and saw Lady Dighton, he knew at once that it all centered in her."

"Good heavens!"

"Ah, you may well exclaim. I am afraid to tell you half the things he said last night; and even this morning, he steadfastly maintains that there is dreadful sin somewhere in this place; he cannot yet particularise its exact nature, but it belongs to poor Lady Dighton in some way or other. One of his fancies is, that she murdered Sir Thomas, or that he is still alive, and concealed in the abbey—probably in the secret apartments; and—"

"He is perfectly mad," I interrupted impatiently. "Poor, old, evil-tempered Sir Thomas died in his bed, just as it had been repeatedly foretold by the medical men that he would do; indeed, it was a wonder that he lived so long. The idea of his not being dead and buried! I know Dr. Saunders saw him after his death, for I have more than once heard him say so, and speak of the expression of his countenance. What can we do with this madman, Mr. Davis? How lucky it is that you spoke so decidedly yesterday about going away! I am very sorry; but you must see with me, that the sooner you can get him away the better."

"Yes," answered Mr. Davis, with a sort of melancholy drollery—"yes, that is very true; but he won't go."

"Not go?"

"No; positively no. He declares the clue has been put into his hands, and he must wait and see where it is to lead him. He never had this strange super-knowledge so strong upon him before. He promises to be quiet and passive, but here he must remain till further light comes to him."

"This is intolerable; this cannot be permitted," said I. "You must write to his friends. Has he any brothers?"

"Yes, two; and luckily the elder one, a very sensible good fellow, is now in Bath. I will write to him immediately, and urge him to come hither. Let me see—a letter posted to-day, will reach him to-morrow afternoon. If he starts directly, he may be here by Thursday evening."

"Well," said I, "until he comes, we must do our best to amuse your friend, and keep

him as much in the open air as possible.—There are several places in this neighborhood well worth seeing; and we must make the best of it we can. How unlucky it is! I have never seen Captain Sinclair so cheerful and so conversable as since you came."

"I think," said Mr. Davis, "your plan is as good a one as we can devise; it will interest Mac, and divert his mind; and as he is not yet strong, I hope he will come home tired, and be quiet. Two or three days will soon pass away."

"Yes," said I; "but I must ask one thing; and I paused.

"What may it be?" he asked.

"Please, never leave me and the girls one moment alone with him."

"Oh, I will promise that," he answered laughing. "I am sure he is not at all dangerous; but I pledge myself to keep guard faithfully."

We then went into breakfast. The following is copied from my journal, written on the same day late at night.

What a day this has been!—I can scarcely collect my thoughts to give a clear account of it—but I feel how important it may be to record all that has passed as soon as possible, to insure that nothing is misrepresented or omitted. Sleep is out of the question; so I will try to relate all that has happened, just as it occurred.

Mr. Milvar appeared at breakfast, looking pale and harassed, but perfectly quiet and collected in manner. He answered our inquiries by saying that he was quite well again; but he spoke seldom, and ate little.—The weather had unfortunately changed since early morning, and the sky was too threatening to admit of any long expedition. We agreed, however, if it held up after luncheon, to take a walk we had been projecting for two or three days, to see some curious rocks about a mile off, on the sea-shore.

Mr. Davis wrote his letter, and, with great satisfaction, I saw it myself put into the post-bag. He and I were so anxious for the walk, that we all set out soon after luncheon, although the clouds still looked dangerous.—Mr. Milvar's spirits improved as we went on. He was much interested by the curious caves in the rocks, and their beautiful marine inhabitants, and the girls were delighted by his descriptions, and the information conveyed in them. At last, we turned our steps homeward, and had nearly reached one of the approaches to Greyfriars, when the rain, which we had quite forgotten, began to descend, and in a few minutes there was a regular Cornwall downfall. No shelter was near except a small house inhabited by an old woman, whom the late Sir Thomas considered to have some claim upon him. He had given her the cottage and garden during his lifetime, and left her an annuity in his will. I had been twice there with my pupils, both times to make some payment from the abbey, and at each visit had found with her daughter, the wife of a tradesman in a neighboring town—a bold-looking, handsome woman of about forty, whose manner was familiar, and scarcely civil. Indeed, the mother herself seemed to think she was a privileged person, and I thought her particularly disagreeable. She had a hard, cross old face, with nothing venerable about her, and, I remember, introduced herself to me at our first meeting by staring intently in my face, saying:—"Oh, you're the new governess, I take it." However, I was glad to run with my companions to the near shelter of her cottage, and she received us with tolerable civility. She was quite alone, the girl who waited on her being absent on some errand in the village.

The gentlemen began talking good-humoredly to her, but they got only short, rough answers. The rain continued to pour down in torrents, and a slender brooklet by the side of the road that divided the garden from the Greyfriars precincts soon became an impassable barrier between us and our home. Mr. Davis said that when the rain abated he would make his way to the abbey, and send a carriage for us. The girls talked to the old woman, and were much amused by her silly answers; and Mr. Milvar and I began to look at some prints that were framed and hung in no very orderly fashion on the walls. They were old and somewhat curious, and the gentlemen asked Mrs. Wilson several questions about them. She seemed pleased at the notice they attracted, and, after a time, began to converse more pleasantly than she had done at first. Among the pictures was a small drawing in water-colors, so cleverly done that it immediately attracted our attention. It was a single figure, without background or any accompaniment, of a delicate-looking girl about ten or twelve years old—a little thin pale girl, with light hair and small childish features; and it at once produced that curious impression sometimes given by portraits of unknown persons—namely, that it was no fancy figure, but a likeness, and a good one. "Whoever drew that little lady," said Mr. Milvar, "was a good artist."

"Ay," said the old woman, "that was done by a lad in our village; he has long been gone up to London, and they say, is getting a good name by his pictures;" and she mentioned a name that Mr. Davis said he thought he had heard of.

"I am sure it is a good likeness," said he. "A daughter of yours, Mrs. Wilson?"

"No," she answered dryly—"a grand-daughter."

"Why, Goody," cried out both the girls

at once, "I never knew you had a grand-daughter."

"Likely not," said the old woman.

The girls were now full of questions.—"Where is she?"—"We never saw her."—"Is she Mrs. Brown's daughter?"—"Does she live with her mother?"

"No," at last answered the old woman; "she never lived with her. Brown wouldn't have her."

"What! not his own daughter?"

"He wasn't her father. Never mind about her father."

"Then whom does she live with?"

"She used to live here with me," answered she. "I was forced to have her, or Brown wouldn't have married Hannah."

Janet now looked very solemn, and said: "Is she dead, Goody?"

"Nobody knows," was the short gruff answer. "I had insensibly been attracted by all these rapid questions and short, sudden answers; and when she said: 'Nobody knows,' I could not help looking at her with surprise."

"Ah, you may look," said she; "but nobody does know. Some say she went with the gipsies, who took her because of her singing; one man said he was sure he saw her dancing in a booth at a fair; but most think she be dead. I know nought about it; I didn't want her afore, and I don't want her now."

She paused, and then she went on: "You see we were not over-good friends together. She must have run away; she was too old to be stolen."

"How old was she?"

"Let me see—she was twelve years old just a week before Sir Thomas died; that be eight years ago, and more. She would be twenty now, I'm thinking. There's the book he gave her on her birthday upon the shelf there that red one."

Mr. Davis took it down, and read from the first page: "From Sir Thomas Dighton to his dear little Grace on her twelfth birthday."

"His dear little Grace!" I repeated, in some surprise.

"Yes he was very fond of her," she replied; "and he had a right to be," continued she, winking, and looking at me with disagreeable significance; then, as if she had at last warmed up to tell the story, she went on: "He had her up to the abbey most days. She was a cute child, and he liked her to read to him and to sing to him; and at last he had a bed put for her in a closet out of his own room; and when it rained, and many times when it was fine, he kept her there to sleep. I never knowed whether she would come back or not; and I never cared; I was just as well without her as with her—better, indeed, for she often made me cross; and that's how it was that it was so long before she was missed."

"Not missed?" said I.

"Well, it were the best part of three days before we really made out that she was neither here nor at the abbey."—"I suppose our surprise and attention pleased the old woman, for she now quite roused herself up, and continued: "You see, we had a bit of a quarrel at breakfast; and when it was over, she took her bonnet and shawl, and she says: 'Grandmother,' says she, 'I am going to the abbey.' 'Go along!' says I; 'I don't want you here.' 'I know you don't, grandmother,' says she, 'and so I'm going to Sir Thomas.' 'Go along with you!' says I again: 'I don't want you now nor never.' 'He is always glad of me,' says she, and she tossed her head and grinned at me. I think I see her little white face now as she stood there just by the door; but I never saw her again though."

"Never saw her again?"

"No," she answered. "She didn't come back that day nor night; but that I was used to, and I thought nothing about it. Next morning, I saw one of the abbey grooms, a lad I knew well, come running along our road there, and he came right into the house, and into this room, and he looked scared, and he says: 'What do you think, Goody? Sir Thomas is dead—found dead in his bed.' Something like this had been long looked for, and was come at last. The boy could not tell me much more. He had been sent for the doctor, and came to me in his way home. I saw several of the servants that day, and they told me the doctor said he must have been dead three or four hours, when his valet went to him in the morning, and a great deal more about my lady and the mourning; and altogether, it was quite night before I thought of the child, and then I supposed they were keeping her to help them in something or other. Well, next morning comes the housekeeper in one of the carriages; she was going to the town to buy the servants' mourning, and she came to me about a workwoman there known to my daughter; and she told me all the story over again—how the valet had found him quite cold, and looking as if he had not moved since he lay down; and after a long talk she was going away, when all of a sudden: 'Where's Grace?' says she. 'May be she would like to take a ride with me, and go and see her mother.' The I told her how she had gone to the abbey, two days and nights afore, and not come back again. She looked surprised, and said: 'Well, I have never seen her since the day before yesterday, when I remember meeting her on the little back-staircase.' You see she used always to go into the abbey by a little side-door she could open for herself, and go up a narrow stair close by, right up into Sir Thomas's rooms, and come away again, just in the same way. Nobody heeded her. And

the housekeeper said that very like some of the under-maids had kept her to help in the work, for she was handy at her needle. 'But I'll send her to you this evening, when I get back again,' says she. 'I don't want her,' says I. However, next morning she comes to me looking rather strange like, and the first thing she says was: 'Is Grace here?' and then when I said no, she told me that they had hunted high and low, and she was nowhere in the Abbey; and she was never found from that day to this. No one had heeded her in Sir Thomas's room, if she was there; and some think she had only stayed till evening at the abbey the day before he died, and had slunk away to an old gipsy wife she used to talk a great deal with. It is certain that the gipsies were all gone the next morning."

"But surely," I interrupted, "if she had gone with them, you must have heard something of her during so many years."

"Well," said the old woman, "there was a man who, a year or two after, thought he saw her dressed up very fine, dancing before a show at a fair a great way off. For my part, I think she must be dead. Some say Sir Thomas was so fond of her, that he took her with him. Anyways, since the housekeeper saw her on the stairs the day before he died, she has never been seen or heard of to any certainty."

She paused; and I was about to say something, when my eye suddenly fell on Mr. Milvar, and I could only catch Mr. Davis's eye, and point towards him. He seemed as if paralysed, and fixed to the spot on which he stood; his face was ghastly, and its expression that of a strange and wild distress, and his thin weak hair literally streamed upwards from his brow, as if lifted by the wind. A moment elapsed, during which we were too much astounded to speak or move. He then came a step or two forwards, staring at us, and yet not seeming to see any one, and saying in a fearful sort of whisper several times: "A witness! a witness!" and immediately waving his arms wildly above his head, he repeated almost in a scream: "A witness! a witness!" and rushed out of the room. The next instant we saw him bareheaded in the still pouring rain. He leaped the brook, and fleeing on towards the abbey, was out of sight in an instant.

I could only look at Mr. Davis. He came to me in great agitation, saying: "I must follow him directly. What can he be going to do? I will send a carriage for you." He then took his hat, and went out quickly. I remained in a state of astonishment and dismay that I cannot attempt to describe. The girls came hurrying up to me, asking what was the matter. The old woman only looked puzzled, and said: "What be they both off in such a hurry for?" I could answer neither question, and my own wild and vague conjectures soon settled into the conviction that the unfortunate young man's morbid state of mind had suddenly become positive insanity. It was fearful to think of what he might do or say when he reached the abbey. I had no hope that Mr. Davis would overtake or even arrive soon after him; he was a much older and heavier man, and Milvar had some minutes the start of him. It seemed absurd to connect his seizure with the old woman's story, and yet I could not help looking again at the picture. It was only a little, thin, pale child. Nothing could be made of it, and I sat down in despair. It continued to rain heavily; the obstacle between us and the Abbey increased every moment; and drawing my chair to the window, I watched with painful eagerness for the appearance of the promised carriage.

The servant-girl soon came in under a dripping umbrella, and in a few minutes began to make preparations for tea. The girls amused themselves by helping her and toasting bread at the fire. They made a hearty meal when all was ready; and I took a cup of tea, still anxiously waiting and watching. One, two, three hours passed without a sign that we had been remembered. Evening came on; and it was as dark as a June evening could be ere I saw a carriage approaching; when it reached the gate, I was greatly surprised to see that it was a heavy old-fashioned coach, which I had seen only when the coach-house doors happened to be open while I passed them. I had expected the chariot, as the other two carriages were an open barouche and a phaeton. I ran to the door. A footman was on the box; and he jumped down and gave me a note, saying: "Mr. Davis begged you would read this directly, ma'am." The man had a scared and bewildered sort of look, I thought; but without speaking, I took the note to the candle in the cottage. It contained only the following few lines:

"DEAR MISS VERNON—Ask the servants no questions. Send the children to bed as quickly as possible. When quite alone, look in the drawer of your writing-table for a packet from me. Read it to-night, and remain in your own apartments. I will come to you early in the morning."

By the time I had read these words, the girls were ready to go; and we entered the carriage; they chattering and wondering, and I too confused and too much troubled to give more than short answers. Our road for some distance was that leading from the neighboring town to the abbey; and we had not left the cottage more than ten minutes, when Ellen said: "Look at those lights; there must be a carriage coming." Janet looked out, and said: "Why, it is our own carriage; and I do believe Saunders (Lady Dighton's

maid) is on the box." At that moment it passed, and I saw it plainly for a moment. Could I believe my eyes? The lamps shone full on the face of Captain Sinclair, pale as death, and seeming to shrink from sight in the opposite corner; and on the side next me was a female enveloped in shawls, and with a handkerchief thrown over her face; but I knew the shawl. I could not mistake the figure. However incredible it might seem, I felt certain that it was Lady Dighton. Yet the carriage had no sooner passed, than I tried to persuade myself that it could not be. What strange, what unheard-of circumstances could have so suddenly changed her long fixed resolution never to leave Greyfriars? The strong impression on my mind, that Mr. Milvar was insane, filled me with horrible conjectures that some dreadful scene had occurred at the abbey; perhaps he had destroyed himself—perhaps injured others. Lady Dighton might have been induced to quit the place if some fearful act had been committed there—perhaps before her very eyes. This would also explain Mr. Davis's note. He wished to prepare me, and to spare me as much as possible. In the morning I should hear all; and the chariot would then no doubt be sent back to convey me and my pupils to whatever place Captain Sinclair had chosen to take refuge in. This was the only key to the mystery which I could discover; but the packet in the writing-table drawer was still unaccounted for. However, I felt that my best course was that of implicit obedience to Mr. Davis's directions. We were set down at a side-door of the abbey; and as the girls had had their tea, and it was past their usual bedtime, I took them immediately to their chamber, and without ringing for a servant, got them to bed as speedily as possible, telling them that I believed Lady Dighton had been suddenly taken ill, and that we should hear all about it the next morning. When I left them and lighted the candles in my own sitting room, it was some time ere I could venture to open the table-drawer. With a trembling hand, at length I pulled it forward. A large packet lay before me, directed to me in Mr. Davis's handwriting. Within it were several sheets of closely written paper, in a hand I was not acquainted with, and two notes from Mr. Davis; one numbered 1, and "Read this first" written upon it; the other numbered 2, "Do not read this till you have finished the manuscript." The first note merely said: "Read this manuscript to-night; and when you have finished it, read my second note. I will take care that you shall not be interrupted."

I passively obeyed. Having subsequently copied the papers enclosed to me, I will now introduce the story they told in its proper place.

LADY DIGHTON'S NARRATIVE, ADDRESSED TO CAPTAIN SINCLAIR.

My reasons for writing this narrative will be evident at its close. Many brief notices of that which I am compelled to tell of were looked into in case of my death or severe illness. The finders of those papers may think of me as they please. A simple fact told in them, with directions how to act upon it. No doubt, it will fill them with aversion and horror. This is a matter of perfect indifference to me. But there is one whom I wish should know, that love for him has been the moving impulse of my miserable, misdirected life. I wish him also to understand truly what life has been before and after I knew him. Oh, could he have given me his first love, how changed would that life have been!

I have no recollection whatever of my mother, but I believe that she was not the wife of my father, and that she either left him or died very young. My father never spoke of her to me. My first remembrance of him take me to various small lodgings in fashionable seaports and other frequented watering-places, where, when a very small child, I had some careless dirty girl to look after me, and a fresh one at every town we went to. After I was about eight years old, I had no attendant, but managed for myself, strangely enough, I believe; and I was more or less neglected, according to the temper and habits of our different landlords, with whom I used to associate, and generally take my meals. One of these persons with whom we remained must have been a very good kind of woman; she had formerly kept a humble school of some sort, and at odd-and-end times she taught me to read and write, which I learned very quickly, and it became the means of throwing a new light on my strange manner of life. My father was almost always absent, and when at home, did nothing but practice with cards or dice, and novels. These were always lying about, and they became my daily and best loved amusement. At another of our lodgings was a lad who had a good voice, and used to sing at tavern-parties and at the theatre, when the players made their annual visit to the town we were then inhabiting. He was very good natured, and he liked my voice, and taught me to sing several songs after his own fashion; and this circumstance, as I made out long afterwards from recollection and better acquaintance with the world, led to a great change in our ordinary mode of life.

I was about eleven years old, when, crouched up in a corner of the old horse-hair sofa in our sitting-room, I was singing away at a great rate, with my eyes shut, song after song, with all the flourishes I had been taught to bestow upon them. A slight noise

made me suddenly start up, and I saw standing within the doorway one of the men my father had got intimate with in the place we were then staying at. I knew him well by sight, and he nodded to me and said: "Is Blake at home?" I answered no, and he turned and went down stairs again. That same evening, my father brought this man home with him to drink and smoke; and as I sat with my dirty novel in a corner, I now and then caught a few words of their conversation. At one time I heard the man say: "She will be very handsome;" and at another: "With that face and voice, if she is well taught, and gets rid of all that vulgar trickery, she would positively be a mine of wealth—a mine of wealth, I say." I did not catch my father's answers, as he evidently lowered his voice, and so in general did the other, but not so cautiously, and in a few minutes I again distinguished the words: "I could give you a letter to a man I know in Paris, who would do all you want." No more was said that I could hear, as I did not listen very curiously, and it was long before I began to connect this conversation with our removal to Paris about two months afterwards. We lodged with a music-master, a violent democrat, from whom I received daily lessons in music and singing. I had also dancing lessons combined with what was called deportment. I was pleased with my new studies, and with the flattering praises I met with, and I very much preferred my Parisian to my English manner of living. Three years of my life, till I was nearly fifteen, were passed in Paris; they were memorable years, from '90 to '94. My father had many intimacies among the revolutionists; and I could write volumes on all I saw and heard during that time. I suppose my father was more than usually successful at the gambling-houses he frequented. He did not become rich, but he had generally enough to spend in the ways he best liked. We frequently had guests—a few at a time—consisting of his favorite associates; and I often listened eagerly to the unrestrained opinions of the most desperate spirits and determined free-thinkers of those wild and terrible years—strugglers for right and truth, who too often had to wade through blood to attain their glorious objects, and too often, alas, perished in the effort. I had no prejudices of education to fetter and blind me; my mind was a blank, and I grasped the new knowledge that was presented to it with my whole heart and strength. I think it has never really failed me; but of this I need speak no more.

We returned to England when I was barely fifteen, and at a seaport which happened to be the first place we remained at for any time, my father discovered a distant relative, a youth recently nominated to a cadetship at Calcutta, whether he was about to sail, but had been detained by contrary winds. He remained there only a few weeks, but those few weeks decided the whole aspect of my future life. Charles Sinclair was continually with us. He knew no one in the place, and was much too young and too amiable to be aware of the nature of my father's habits and associates. Indeed, they saw but little of each other. I was his daily companion. We spent the long summer days together on the shore, or roaming inland, sat on some shady bank, looking on the blue sea and the cloud-leaved heavens. Four weeks passed in this manner; my life will tell their influence on me. To him they were only pleasant hours passed with one for whom he felt perhaps somewhat of a brother's liking. When we parted, it was with promises never to forget each other, and to write frequently.

I cannot speak of the utter wretchedness that followed that parting. Even my father at last began to notice that I was looking ill, and made some faint attempts to think about me and take care of me, but it soon wearied him; and as we were soon to remove to another town, he satisfied himself by deciding that I only wanted change of air and scene. A letter from Charles from the Cape gave me new life, and willfully misconstruing its kind and affectionate expressions, I began to consider myself the affianced wife of my cousin. My letters, however, like his own, contained nothing beyond tender recollections of the past, and indefinite hopes for the future. I suppose womanly instinct compelled me to confine my feelings within the limits marked out to me, as it were, by his own letters. My father seldom saw his, and never mine. He did not object to the correspondence, and I believe scarcely gave it a thought. Meanwhile time wore on, and my debut as a public singer began to be talked of; and it was more than three years after my cousin sailed for India that we removed to Bath for an especial purpose. Here various delays occurred, owing to engagements of my father's, the objects of which were unknown to me; and afterwards I was unable to sing during an entire winter and spring from the consequences of a violent cold, which produced weakness in the muscles of the throat and chest. It was at this time that we became acquainted with Sir Thomas Dighton. I need not describe him. His enormous wealth, infamous character, and satanic temper, are well known to all who ever heard of him.—This man conceived a violent passion for me. On my part, I positively detested him. It was disagreeable to me even to look at him, and hear him speak; but my father soon began to perceive the manifold advantages that might result from his insane passion, and ultimately he became a mere puppet in his el-

er hands. These considerations, coupled with the dread that I might permanently lose my voice, induced him to encourage Sir Thomas's visits, and to employ both threats and persuasion to compel me to endure his society, and treat him with tolerable civility. At that time, I had no idea of the real cause of his so constantly associating with my father; I thought only that he lost his money freely, and that he preferred playing at our lodgings to the public rooms. I had frequently before been obliged to play the civil hostess to men who were repulsive to me. I was hated to bold admiration and vulgar flattery; but at length the truth became manifest to me, and I saw the precipice to which my father was leading both my ancient lover and myself. Each day that came might bring the announcement of my doom, and I nerved myself to the most determined resistance. I felt that my father little knew the sort of character which he had formed, or rather suffered to form itself, and that while there must be a limit to his power and influence over me, there could be none to my defiance of both, provided I had strength to persevere in my rebellion, and this strength I felt that I possessed, and could fearlessly employ.

When the dreaded moment came, however, it found me utterly helpless and incapable of resistance—indifferent as to what my fate in life might be—careless of life itself. The very day before my father laid before me the magnificent proposals of Sir Thomas, I received a letter from my cousin, telling me of his marriage, after a few weeks' acquaintance, with a girl as penniless as himself. His letter was full of her beauty, her sweetness, and her numberless perfections. I saw how blindly I had deceived myself; I felt that he now loved for the first time, and I was stunned by the blow. I perceived the greatness of my self-delusion, my mad passion, my vain hopes; but soon paramount over every bitter feeling was the determination that he— that none—should ever know of my sufferings. It seemed to me as if I could take my swelling heart into my hand, and crush it into submission. Even that same day I wrote warm congratulations to Charles Sinclair, and told him how much I rejoiced in his happiness. On the following day, I was the affianced bride of Sir Thomas Dighton. My marriage took me into a new world of lavish expenditure and incessant gaiety. Sir Thomas, proud of his young wife, filled our princely abode at Fairley Park with visitors of dissipated habits and doubtful reputation. My father encouraged him, and revelled in the luxuries and self-indulgences so suited to his tastes and wishes, but which he had never before been able to enjoy. He believed that he had secured for himself a life of unremitting pleasure, as he had taken care to appropriate to me a large income wholly independent of my husband. The doting old man had yielded to all his demands, and had left the arrangement of pin-money, settlement, and jointure entirely to him. He was many years my father's senior, and older than his age in constitution and appearance, and I could see that my father enjoyed the idea of outliving him, and reveling in his wealth. But in less than three years from my marriage the scher himself was seized by a sudden attack on the brain, while at the card-table, and died in a few hours, insensible to the last. I did not affect a sorrow that I could not feel; not even in childhood had I won my love; and as I grew older, and began to perceive the nature of our mode of life, I learned gradually more and more to content, and even despise him. Ere long, however, I began to find that he had been a support and protection to me. I had hitherto cared little for my husband's increasing ill-temper; but soon after the death of my father, it became almost intolerable. He was capricious and violent, and at length madly jealous. He thwarted me in all my favorite pleasures and amusements, and affronted every man to whom I showed any favor. The restraint of my father's presence being removed, we lived a life of perpetual contention. Some months went on in this manner, I being as little inclined to yield as he was, when he suddenly began to relax in his determined opposition to whatever I planned or proposed, and encouraged me to join a gay party who were projecting a sort of progress through the western counties, with the intention of stopping wherever there was any sight to be seen or pleasure to be enjoyed. He agreed to the scheme with singular alacrity, stipulating only that I should accompany him to Greyfriars a few days before my friends commenced their journey, and join them when they drew near our neighborhood. To this I agreed without the slightest suspicion of his intentions. The result is well known. I entered these gloomy walls, and became a prisoner within them.

To be Continued.

"A young lady—a sensible girl—gives the following catalogue of different kinds of love:—'The sweetest, a mother's love; the longest, a brother's love; the strongest, a woman's love; the dearest, a man's love; and the sweetest, longest, strongest, dearest love—a love of a benet.'"

"When the Cardinals wished to read a gentle lesson to the gay and literary Leo X., they caused a fire of straw to be lit before him. 'Thus quickly fleet the vanities of the world,' cried a warning voice, as the flame shot up. 'But while it passes let us warm our hands in it,' retorted the quick Pope, holding out his hands to the fire.

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## The Middlesex Journal.

E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR.

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS.—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher, and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

### RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (14 lines this type) one insertion, \$1.00  
Each subsequent insertion, .75  
Half a square (seven lines), one insertion, .50  
Each subsequent insertion, .37  
One square one year, 10.00  
One square six months, 6.00  
One square three months, 4.00  
Half a square one year, 5.00  
Half a square six months, 3.00  
Half a square three months, 2.00  
Less than half a square charged as a square; more than half a square charged as a square.  
Larger advertisements as may be agreed upon.

SPECIAL NOTICES, headed, 12 cents per line for one insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents.

All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly.

### AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Reading.—Dr. J. D. Mansfield.  
Winchester.—E. T. WHITTIER.  
Woburn.—J. H. HAYES.

Reading.—THOMAS RICHMOND.  
Woburn.—J. H. HAYES.

A. M. PETTINGILL & Co., Boston and New York; S. H. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer), Scotland's building, Court street, Boston, are duly empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

To ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and all will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JOB PRINTING, done at short notice, on reasonable terms, and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

Subscribers are requested to remit direct to the office of publication.

## The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1862.

The recent events in front of Richmond have compelled the President to call at once into service the 300,000 recently called for under solicitation from the Governors of the loyal States. The quota of Massachusetts is 15,000, and the Old Bay State, that has never yet faltered when liberty and the rights of man were imperiled, must respond cheerfully and raise this number through the spontaneous uprising of her citizens and not through drafting. The honor of the country, and above all our own honor as a State, demands this, and it must be done. So far, in this war, our prompt action has been the theme of praise in all quarters; from Maine to the broad prairies of the West, we have been held up as the pattern State, and now when the country calls louder than ever before for men to stem the tide of rebellion, to falter would be disgrace and a blot upon our fair name that we could never erase. It behooves every man that can serve his country, to shoulder his gun willingly and at once, and march forth to brave every danger in defence of right against the greatest wrong that ever arrayed man against man. The rebels have staked their all at Richmond, and if they are defeated there, the doom of their conspiracy is sealed and their ignominious career is brought to a close. But on the other hand should they gain temporary successes, owing to our apathy, their day of doom will be longer warded off, and the loyal States will be compelled to make greater exertions than ever to assert their superiority and their right to nationality; when, perhaps, they will have to meet a domestic foe backed by foreign and unscrupulous allies, which will make our cup of sorrow still deeper and more bitter. Everything demands the promptest action on our part, and not one stone should be left unturned that would in any way conduce to the effectual closing up of this calamitous rebellion and the bringing to justice of its wicked instigators. What the Government now wants is men, and men it must have, even if drafting has to be resorted to; but never let it be said that Massachusetts had to resort to this process. It is better to have an army of willing soldiers, ready to do everything that their hands find to do, than a horde of impressed men unwilling to do their duty and ready to shirk every responsibility.

To facilitate enlistments, many towns and cities are offering large bounties for recruits, and no doubt Woburn will not be behind her neighbors in this respect. The number of men required of Woburn is ninety-eight, and we think this number ought to be raised without much trouble. There were, in our town, last year, nine hundred and eighty-five persons between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, and surely out of this number, after making deduction for those incapable of doing military duty, we can raise ninety-eight. We hope to see the town respond cheerfully to the call of the Governor, and fill up the required number without delay.

A meeting, under call from the Selectmen, will be held in the Town Hall, this evening, to give the important matter due consideration and every one that can be present, it is hoped will be, and if the hall proves too small, let the meeting be held elsewhere. Come one! Come all! There is no time to wrangle over the doings of this or that General. If mistakes have occurred, they must be made the best of, and when one man falls another must be ready to take his place. Though we may be further from Richmond to-day, in one sense, than we were two months ago, still the doom of that city is written in unmistakable letters and the glorious and triumphant march of our army is but a matter of time.

Some of the rebel prisoners tell large and incredible stories. For instance one says that in the battle of Tuesday, July 1st, the rebel loss was 24,000. Now this is out of all reason, when you consider the forces engaged. No man in his senses believes any such statements. Undoubtedly their loss was large but it will not come up to these figures.

SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS.—The High School, Central and North Woburn, Advanced Schools, will be examined July 19th. The terms of all the other Schools end to-day.

### Woburn Soldiers.

There have been so many different reports afloat in regard to our soldiers, that we feel a little diffident about publishing anything respecting them at this time, but we will give the reports as they come to us, and our readers can give them whatever credence they please, remembering that they are only reports. To show the absurdity of some rumors, let us take the case of Capt. McDonald, of the 11th Regt.:—The first news current regarding him, was, that he was killed; the next that he was mortally wounded, and the next that he was slightly wounded, when the truth was that he escaped unhurt. The fact of the matter is, things are so disarranged in the army of the Potomac, that but very little is definitely known concerning anybody. Below is a list of casualties, so far heard of:

9th REGIMENT, COMPANY E.  
Corporal Charles Hayes, wounded.  
10th REGIMENT, COMPANY D.  
Private Richard Collins, killed.  
11th REGIMENT, COMPANY D.  
Private Wm. B. Cormick, wounded, slightly.  
16th REGIMENT, COMPANY I.  
Private Samuel Judkins, wounded.  
19th REGIMENT, COMPANY A.  
Private Edward A. Hale, missing.  
22d REGIMENT, COMPANY E.  
Corporal Charles F. Mulliken, killed.  
22d REGIMENT, COMPANY F.  
Capt. S. I. Thompson, wounded and missing.  
1st Lieut. John P. Crane, missing.  
Sergeant R. M. Dennett, wounded, shoulder.  
" J. R. Rundle, "  
Corporal F. W. Thompson, missing.  
" Alexander Barker, "  
" John L. Parker, "  
Privates, Jos. H. Merriam, "  
" Kendall L. Flint, "  
" Daniel Wright, "  
" James Sheehan, wounded & missing.

Sergeant John Currie, of the 70th New York Regt., Co. H, which was recruited in Boston, is at home. He was wounded three times at Williamsburg and taken prisoner. But the place where he was imprisoned being captured by Gen. Casey's division, he was released.

The following Woburn Soldiers are in the hospital at Portsmouth Grove, R. I.:—R. K. Danforth, Co. D, 1st Mass.; J. W. Pierce, Co. G, 1st Mass.; and Alonzo Teel, Co. D, 22d Mass.

John Robbins, Musician, Co. B, 32d Regt., has been discharged from service on account of sickness.

STATISTICS OF WOBURN FOR 1862.—The Assessors have concluded their work for this year, and from their books we compile the following brief statistics:—

Number of Polls, 1760.

Poll Tax, \$2.00.—Total Tax on Polls, \$3520.

Tax on \$1000.—\$5.80.

Town Tax, \$18,425.

State " 7,740.

County " 3,180.43.

Overlays, 1,165.19.

Total Tax, \$30,510.62.

" last year, 26,779.10.

Value of Real Estate owned by Residents, \$2,713,239.

Value of Personal Estate owned by Residents, 1,530,127.

Value of Real Estate owned by Non-Residents, 344,635.

Value of Personal Estate owned by Non-Residents, 65,405.

Total, \$4,652,406.

" last year, 4,564,384.

Number of Dwelling Houses, 10984.

" Horses, 440.

" Cows, 397.

" Sheep, 16.

" Acres of Land, 77984.

### For the Soldiers.

The call from Government for army stores being very promptly and liberally responded to by our citizens, our Sanitary Committee have been enabled to furnish the following supplies since June 17th:—

22 jars preserves, jellies, &c., 8 bottles old port, currant and elderberry wine, 5 of lemon syrup, 5 of tamarind, 1 each of barberry syrup, gooseberry syrup, and olive oil, 1 box ginger snaps, 2 of raisins, 3 of mustard, Quantities oranges, lemons and dried apples, 2 packages dried currants, 4 bbl. Bond's crackers, 1 tub butter, 9 rolls boiled flour, 9 rolls boiled flour, lot of nutmegs, sage, and arrowroot, 27 doz. eggs, 27 lbs. granulated sugar, 5 of tapioca, 8 of castile soap, 17 of sponge, 7 of tea, 3 papers broma, 1 of cocoa, 2 of chocolate, 2 of corn starch, 30 of farina, 9 of maize, 400 rolls starch, 2 of flannel, 24 towels and napkins, 6 packages lint, 1 doz. cotton plaster, Great quantities of linen, muslin and cotton cloth, for bandages, several yards oil silk, 20 linen and cotton handkerchiefs, 47 linen and cotton sheets, 30 pillow cases, 67 cotton and merino shirts, 28 do. pairs drawers, 1 pair pants, 2 of stockings, 2 of slippers, 2 dressing gowns, 2 vests, 1 comforter, 2 hair pillows, 2 feather do, 13 Harper's magazines, Packages papers and pamphlets.

The following will show the rate of taxation on \$1000, in the towns named:—

Stoneham, \$12.00; Reading, 11.50; Winchester, 9.33; Somerville, 9.00; So. Reading, 8.75; Burlington, 8.00; West Cambridge, 8.00; Billerica, 6.50; Woburn, 5.80.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—This week we have had to condense and leave out much of the matter sent us by our correspondents, on account of the crowded state of our columns. Our friends must take into consideration that our space each week is limited and that we cannot go beyond this limit.

PRESENTATION.—The scholars of the first class in Miss Stearns' school, presented her with a fine photograph Album containing each of their portraits. Miss Nellie Ellis presented it in behalf her classmates.

Rev. J. S. Bingham of Westfield, Mass., will preach in the First Congregational church to-morrow.

Rather than have any of our readers go to Boston and come home dissatisfied with the edibles they procured while there, by patronizing an inferior establishment, we venture again to call attention to the "good things" always on hand at JAMES & REED, and in Spring Lane. From this place none come away dissatisfied, but rather well pleased and gratified.

Fill up the ranks, Volunteers.

### Letters from the Battle-Field.

We take much pleasure in laying before our readers, the following letters just received from Woburn boys, who were engaged in the recent battles before Richmond. They will be perused with much interest.

CAMP NEAR CITY POINT, ON JAMES RIVER, July 5th, 1862.

• • • About Saturday noon, June 28, we began to see symptoms of a great movement, and at night our battery was drawn back to Savage's Station, where we encamped for the night. During all this time, troops, baggage wagons, ambulances, &c., were pouring by us to the rear in one continuous stream, though in the greatest order and quietness. The men were generally satisfied that it was "all right," yet there were hundreds of ignorant ones who thought the brilliant affair of Porter's and McCull's, on the right, two days before, a defeat, and supposed we were on a genuine "skedaddle."

On Sunday, the whole force, except the rear guard, got safely across White Oak Swamp, carrying everything with them except some sick and wounded men who could not be moved and some stores which were destroyed.

You have an account of the fight of the rear guard at Savage's Station, in which Hooker and Kearney conducted themselves as usual, although for some reason or other this Battery was not left with them but was sent ahead with the body of the army.

On Monday the enemy followed us up pretty sharply and there was a hard fight at White Oak Swamp, in which we whipped the rebels, and cut them up badly, but we also suffered considerably.

On Tuesday we had arrived at just the position where we wanted to draw them, and at early morning we were all ready for the fray, which this battery opened at about eight o'clock, A. M., and fired about 300 rounds. In the afternoon the slaughter commenced in good earnest, the enemy being obliged to advance across a wide open field under a terrific cross fire from our artillery which actually poured grape and canister into them, mowing them down by hundreds. The rebels were full of whiskey and advanced to their death without quailing for about two hours, when they were compelled to give way and fall back, being cut to pieces as they went until they arrived on the other side of the swamp. Their slaughter far exceeds anything in the course of the war, while ours was very small, the battle being fought on our side almost entirely by artillery.

No Woburn boy in our battery was hurt.

P. M. G.

HARRISON'S LANDING, VA., July 5th.

I take the first opportunity to write that I have had since the battle of Friday the 26th. Joseph has been missing since then, and I think that he was taken prisoner. The last time I saw him was about five minutes before we retreated, he was then in the ranks loading and firing, and I cannot find out from any of our Company anything later about him. We lost our knapsacks, blankets and overcoats, and I sleep on the ground without anything over me, which has brought on the rheumatism. Capt. Thompson was wounded in the fight of Thursday. Robert Dennett was wounded on Friday. The last time I saw Lieut. Crane, he was about a quarter of a mile from the battle-field and he has not been seen since by any one. John L. Parker has not been seen since the battle of Friday. Stratton is also missing.

C. MERRIAM.

In reference to Capt. J. W. McDonald, we have received the following brief note from his wife:—

"I have received two letters from my husband, dated the 23d and 5th. He is in perfect health, and escaped unhurt through all the battles. He did not name the number lost in his Company, if he lost any. He speaks highly of the conduct of the Union troops throughout the entire contest, and says that the rebels were brought up fifteen deep, but being met by a cool, steady front, they were obliged to give way. He adds, that the left wing whipped three days in succession, while the rebels had fresh troops each day. He estimates their loss at fifty thousand, but it may fall short."

SPREAD EAGLE TRAIN is telling the English people some truths, but he is telling them in such a way that they fail to have the weight of truths. The better class of Englishmen, like the better class in every country, detest slang, and Mr. Train's speeches contain more of this obnoxious ingredient than any other, not excepting his multitude of words. The Union cause in England would have fared better had he never appointed himself its champion, and the sooner he closes his mouth the better will it be for us. The more influential portion of the English people and press treat him with silent contempt, and no well informed American can fail to deprecate the hour when he first opened his mouth to defend our cause. Were his speeches thought anything of by the press of this country, they would be extracted from somewhat, but, as it is, they are passed by without even a passing notice. For our part we are sorry that he has taken his present course, and hope some friend to the Union, in England, who has his eyes and ears open, will quietly take him by the hand and set him right, for he is the wrong train on the wrong track. We can never gain friends among a people whom we are constantly telling that they must do this and they must do that. Men, at any time, and under any circumstances, are easier led than driven.

HOW THEY CELEBRATED VICTORIES IN CALIFORNIA.—The news of the taking of Yorktown created intense excitement among the citizens of the town of Columbia, Tuolumne county, California. A small cannon—the only one in the place—was brought out, and, in order that everybody should know that something extraordinary had happened, it was wheeled around town and fired before almost every man's door.

Fill up the ranks, Volunteers.

PLEASANTLY PICKWICKIAN.—A pleasant little affair relative to the use of "unparliamentary" language, occurred in the House of Commons on the evening of the 20th. A discussion had arisen as to the exclusion of "the British Star," a newspaper printed in London, from some of the English mails.—Mr. Layard, having been accused by an Irish member of making a speech in Parliament on Turkish matters from motives of personal interest, said that "he would not condescend to answer or deny such a charge coming from such a man." (Oh, oh.) Thereupon Mr. Scully sprang to his feet and moved that this language be "taken down."

Mr. Layard then said that if his language was unparliamentary he should be willing to withdraw it. But he had been accused of grossly dishonorable conduct, and had only replied,

"—by saying I should be doing what was inconsistent with my character as a man of honor, as a member of the government, and as a member of parliament, if I condescend to answer such a charge coming from such a man." (Renewed cheers.) Those were my words, and I am quite willing that they should be taken down. (Hear.)

Mr. Disraeli thereupon proceeded to unravel the matter, greatly to the amusement of the House, as follows:—

"I understand there is a question as to whether the words should be taken down.—Certainly if the hon. gentleman used the phrase from 'such a quarter' it would have been strictly parliamentary; but in using the phrase 'from such a man,' I presume the Under Secretary spoke only from inadvertence, and I am entitled to believe this the more as the tone of the hon. gentleman throughout his previous observations was extremely courteous—he having described the hon. member for Dungarvan no less than three times in the course of his speech as his hon. friend, which I think very much to the hon. gentleman's credit. (Loud laughter.)"

STONEHAM.

For the Middlesex Journal.

MR. EDITOR.—The Stoneham Branch R. R. has commenced running regular trips—the first on the 1st inst. The road is well managed and under the care of men who will give all due attention to the wants and comfort of the travelling public. Our old friend Beard, who used to carry everybody from our place to the Depot on the B. & M. R. R., when he owned the omnibus line on that route, now fills to the most complete satisfaction of our citizens, the office of Conductor on our Branch. Long live Padilla. (He is quite a long specimen of humanity, so he is long for this life at any rate.) Everett Cowdrey presides as Ticket Master at the station, the right man in the right place. Ryland Gerry, being a very accommodating sort of man, drives the Accommodation Stage through our principal streets to the station, so far as your correspondent is advised.

A good share of business has come upon this road already. I am told that the receipts for the five days ending on the 5th inst., amounted to \$175.

Notwithstanding all the opposition and delays, the discouraging prophecies and forebodings, we have now to say the Road "still lives." For one, I am pleased to say my expectations in regard to the speed and comfort of travelling over this route to the city, have been much exceeded. That getting out of a mile from the battle-field and he has not been seen since by any one. John L. Parker has not been seen since the battle of Friday. Stratton is also missing.

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In reference to Capt. J. W. McDonald, we have received the following brief note from his wife:—

"I have received two letters from my husband, dated the 23d and 5th. He is in perfect health, and escaped unhurt through all the battles. He did not name the number lost in his Company, if he lost any. He speaks highly of the conduct of the Union troops throughout the entire contest, and says that the rebels were brought up fifteen deep, but being met by a cool, steady front, they were obliged to give way. He adds, that the left wing whipped three days in succession, while the rebels had fresh troops each day. He estimates their loss at fifty thousand, but it may fall short."

SPREAD EAGLE TRAIN is telling the English people some truths, but he is telling them in such a way that they fail to have the weight of truths. The better class of Englishmen, like the better class in every country, detest slang, and Mr. Train's speeches contain more of this obnoxious ingredient than any other, not excepting his multitude of words. The Union cause in England would have fared better had he never appointed himself its champion, and the sooner he closes his mouth the better will it be for us. The more influential portion of the English people and press treat him with silent contempt, and no well informed American can fail to deprecate the hour when he first opened his mouth to defend our cause. Were his speeches thought anything of by the press of this country, they would be extracted from somewhat, but, as it is, they are passed by without even a passing notice. For our part we are sorry that he has taken his present course, and hope some friend to the Union, in England, who has his eyes and ears open, will quietly take him by the hand and set him right, for he is the wrong train on the wrong track. We can never gain friends among a people whom we are constantly telling that they must do this and they must do that. Men, at any time, and under any circumstances, are easier led than driven.

HOW THEY CELEBRATED VICTORIES IN CALIFORNIA.—The news of the taking of Yorktown created intense excitement among the citizens of the town of Columbia, Tuolumne county, California. A small cannon—the only one in the place—was brought out, and, in order that everybody should know that something extraordinary had happened, it was wheeled around town and fired before almost every man's door.

Fill up the ranks, Volunteers.

several branches taught. The Exhibition, which has heretofore been so fully attended, will be held in the Hall over the school-room. There is to be an original discussion conducted by the members of the graduating class, and essays by the same. Music will also be added to the list of good things offered on the programme. We anticipate a rich feast and expect to see a multitude of young and old, business men and fashionable ladies.

LEE.

WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

SCHOOLS.—In my communication of last week in reference to the schools, several important errors occurred which require correction. In quoting the remarks of Mr. Holt upon the study of the classics, he said that it lay at the foundation of all true education, and not time. In speaking of the departure of Miss Hale from the Primary School I remarked that the Committee cannot complain that she goes where her talents will have an opportunity to be called into exercise, &c. The printer put in the word "not" before the word "have" which entirely changed its sense. The name of the scholar who received the prize at the Wyman School was Harriet Pierce and it was awarded for the best improvement in scholarship.

PICNIC.—On Tuesday of last week the smaller children of the Sunday School connected with the Congregational Church, or Infant School as it is termed, which includes those of twelve years and younger, united in a Picnic with their teachers in Richardson's Grove near the Railroad. About 75 were present, and the day being cool and pleasant, the children had a fine time in their sports and plays. Mrs. T. P. Tenney is the efficient Superintendent of this little school, which is a part of the large and flourishing school connected with this religious society. It is proposed to continue this gathering yearly as a means of enjoyment to the young and to bring them more familiarly in contact with their teachers and school-mates.

RELIGIOUS.—The pastor of the Congregational Church in his discourse last Sabbath morning alluded to the recent death of Mr. Weld and briefly sketched his christian character as was seen in his life and conversation, closing his eulogium, with these lines:

"Servant of God, well done;  
Rest from thy loved employ;  
The battle fought, the victory won,  
Enter into thy Master's joy."

FOURTH OF JULY.—The return of this ever memorable day was observed in a very quiet manner by our people here. With the exception of the ringing of the church bell at sunrise, noon, and sunset, and the occasional firing of crackers, pistols and guns, at the centre of the town it was very still. Many of the young people went to the city and spent a portion of the whole of the day, and came home tired enough to rest. Numerous flags were displayed from the tops of buildings and other prominent points. In the evening there was a brilliant display of fireworks from the premises of Wm. C. Boon, Esq.

CHARITABLE.—In response to the appeal of our fellow townsman, Capt. Ford, in behalf of the colony of contrabands at St. Simons Island, Georgia, four barrels of miscellaneous articles of clothing have been recently forwarded to them.

STONEHAM BRANCH RAILROAD.—At last we are permitted to congratulate the inhabitants of our neighboring town on the completion and running of the cars which gives them a direct communication with the city. It is certainly an era in their history which is deserving of special commemoration. I learn that the road is meeting with a good share of patronage. The fare to and from the Way Stations on the Lowell road is the same as to and from Woburn Centre—that is ten cents and twelve cents to and from Mystic Station.

In the recent battles near Richmond, June 26th and 27th, the official report gives Sergt. Josiah Stratton and Private W. H. Shedd of the 22d Regt. Co. F, as missing, and David C. B. Abrahams of the same Regiment as wounded and missing. Several of the volunteers belonging to other Regiments were engaged in these battles, but no information has been received as yet concerning them.

EXCELSIOR.

READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

The 4th passed off quite spiritedly with us. A citizens' meeting was held on the Monday evening previous, in Lyceum Hall, under the auspices of the Spear Guards, and all necessary arrangements were made for celebrating the anniversary of our Independence. On the morning of the 4th a procession was formed under the chief marshaling of Thomas Richardson, Esq., and soon were on the way to the grove of Solon A. Parker, on Salem street, accompanied by the Sanguis Brass Band. A meeting was there organized and Captain Charles Spear was chosen President of the day, and L. B. Pillsbury, Post Master. Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Barrows. The returned prisoners of war, Mr. Griggs and others, then gave an account of their imprisonment, after which a recess of one hour was had, to give opportunity for the multitude of children, and others who don't go to school, to partake freely of an abundant supply of refreshments. As I looked on that well spread table, my thoughts were in a moment wafted far away where the noble soldiers of this and other towns, are fighting to maintain our independence, there deprived of such a delicious repast. But I must omit much that deserves at least a passing notice, and note some of the exercises of the afternoon. The regular toasts were as follows:

1. The Day we Celebrate.—Honored by the friends of civil liberty throughout the world, as the anniversary of the grandest event of modern times—the foundation of the best government that ever existed, the laying of the chief corner stone of the temple of liberty in the western world.

2d. The President of the U. S.—Great are his responsibilities, yet has he ever shown himself equal to the task. May his life be prolonged, and his eyes yet behold our government, the object of his love, re-established in justice and righteousness, and rendered immortal as the stars.

3d. The Queen of England.—We'll not forget our mother and sister across the seas.—True, she has sometimes chided us, yet with all her faults we love her still.

4th. Napoleon 3d.—May the spirit which brought Lafayette to the aid of our infant republic, still patriotically say, "Ye sons of freedom, wake to glory! March on! march on!"

5th. The Heroes of '76, 1812, and '62.—May the stars fall sooner than the nation shall cease to remember with gratitude those who have fought her battles, gained her victories, and sustained her liberties.

Responded to by Rev. Mr. Eaton, in a most able and felicitous manner.

6th. The Spear Guards.—Noble and patriotic men! As in the past, so in the future: where duty calls, may you ever be found.

7th. The Town of Reading.—You may find skies brighter, lands richer, and scenery more delightful; but nowhere will you find hands firmer, affection warmer, or hearts truer.

Responded to by J. Batchelder, Esq.

8th. Our Fire Department.—Ever prompt ever ready. May the buckets never be empty and the cisterns never dry.

9th. The Sons of Temperance.—May their light so shine that others seeing their good works "shall learn to drink strong drink no more."

10th. The "Old Folks" of Reading.—Though old, their father still lives, and is ever ready to respond with a melodious song of the olden time.

Father Kemp responded by both speech and song.

11th. The Clergy of Reading.—Workmen who need not be ashamed. They labor not for time, but for eternity. They need only preach, but live Christianity.

Responded to by Rev. Mr. Barrows, at considerable length, and with much ability.

12th. Our System of Education.—The glorious bands of children, who come forth with waving banners and smiling faces, to celebrate this day, proclaim the value of Free Schools. May all the children learn lessons of patriotism, and return to their work with increased zeal and delight, remembering that after the contests come the rewards—Post praeia premia.

The response to this was most happy and complete, by L. B. Pillsbury.

13th. The Railroads of the United States.—They bring into the same neighborhood the sunny South, the Western prairies, and the Golden Crowns of the Pacific. May their iron rails prove golden cords which shall reunite all sections.

Responded to by Edward Appleton, Esq.

14th. Our Absent Volunteers.—Absent, they shall not be forgotten. We hope to meet them all again; yet if one shall fall, we know full well it will be like Lechid, "With his back to the field and his feet to the foe, And leaving no blot on his name. Look proudly to heaven from the death bed of fame."

Responded to by Hon. H. P. Wakefield, concluding with the following sentiment:

The Three Last Returned Volunteers.—Our Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. They proved not only that they could stand the fire of the rebels, but endure the fiery furnace of secession for nine months, and come out with scarcely a smelt of











# Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stonham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

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WOBURN, SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1862.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR  
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS.

## Poetry.

### Mary O'Connor, the Volunteer's Wife.

BY MARY A. DENISON.

An' sure I was tould to come here to your honor,  
To see if you'd write a few words to me Pat;  
He's gone for a sojer is Mister O'Connor,  
Wid a stripe on his arm and a band to his hat.

An' what'll you tell him? it ought to be aisy  
For such as your honor to spake wid the  
pen,  
And say I'm all right, and that mavouren  
Daisy  
(The baby, your honor) is better agen.

For whin he went off, it's so sick was the  
childer,  
She never held up her blue eyes to his face,  
And whin I'd be crying, he'd look but the  
wilder,  
And say would I wish for the country's  
disgrace?

So he left her in danger, and me sorely  
greeting,  
And followed the flag wid an Irishman's  
joy,  
O! it's often I drame of the great drums a  
beating,  
And a bullet gone straight to the heart of  
me boy.

And say will he send me a bit of his money,  
For the rint, and the doctor's bill, due in a  
week?  
Well surely there's tears on your eyelashes,  
honey,  
Ah! faith I've no right with such freedom  
to speak.

You're overmuch trifling—I'll not give you  
trouble;  
I'll find some one willin'—oh! what can  
it be?  
What's that in the newspaper folded up dou-  
ble?

Yer honor—don't hide it—but read it to me.  
What? Patrick O'Connor?—no, no, it's some  
other;  
Dead! dead!—no, no, him, 'tis a week  
scarce gone by;  
Dead! dead!—why the kiss on the cheek of  
his mother?

It hasn't had time yet, your honor to dry.  
Don't tell me—it's not him—O God! am I  
crazy?  
Shot dead!—oh! for love of sweet heaven  
say no!

An' what'll I do in the world wid poor Daisy?  
O! how will I live, and O! where will I go?  
The room is so dark—I'm not seein', your  
honor;  
I think—I'll go home;—and a sob quick  
and dry  
Came sharp from the bosom of Mary O'Con-  
nor.  
But never a tear-drop welled up to her eye.

## Select Literature.

### THE WITNESS.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART II.—CONTINUED.

It were vain to tell how desperately I re-  
sisted; how stonically he enjoyed his tri-  
umph. I should have said, however, that dur-  
ing the first day or two that followed our ar-  
rival, and before he had thrown off the mask,  
my husband revealed to me the curious secret  
of some concealed rooms in this abbey, that  
his possessor was pledged to disclose only to  
his next heir, and that this property be-  
ing included in my settlement, he was bound  
to make me acquainted with their existence.  
He was most particular in describing to me  
the extraordinary ingenuity of the mode of  
concealment, and the impossibility of dis-  
covery, the entrance being of intricate ap-  
proach, and forming, apparently, an unbrok-  
en surface of wall; and as the fastenings  
within were of great strength, it was impos-  
sible to discover any break or opening, so  
long as the concealed inmate within chose to  
keep the bolts and bars in their place. I was  
interested by these details, and curious to see  
these chambers. There were two small  
rooms; one of them directly at the back of  
the kitchen-chimney, was always warm in the  
coldest weather; the other was cool and  
comparatively airy, having several contriv-  
ances in the roof for the admission of air.—  
In the winter-chamber, Sir Thomas showed  
me presses in the kitchen chimney-wall, full  
of blankets and bed-linen, and mattresses  
rolled together, which were always warm and  
ready for immediate use. In the summer  
room, were the remains of stores of wax-can-  
dles, orange-colored from age, and a few  
books. There was a never-failing supply of  
water to both apartments, a sufficiency of  
old-fashioned furniture, and every requisite  
convenience. Food and articles even of con-  
siderable size might be conveyed to the in-  
mates of these rooms by means of a movable  
portion of the wall near the entrance, and  
like it, apparently part of the wall itself. I  
have given the most minute description of  
the means of access to these apartments in  
the papers which will be found after my  
death, and will now only add that when Sir  
Thomas announced his intention of remaining  
at Greyfriars, he hinted, during the violent  
altercation which ensued, that it would be  
easy for a refractory person to be conveyed  
to those chambers and confined there. "They  
are always ready for use," he added; "and  
if a gay lady were suddenly to disappear,  
who would dream of anything but that she  
had gone off with some pleasant companion  
to a distant land."

"How would she be taken thither?" I asked, laughing indignantly.

"Money, my dear lady," was the sneering  
reply—"money would easily purchase means  
and silence too."

I did not submit quietly to my imprison-  
ment; I wrote letters of complaint to my  
trustees, and to others whom I believed to be  
my friends; but I received only advice to be  
patient, and suggestions that Sir Thomas  
would no doubt, ere long, relax in his present  
determinations, and I should gradually, if I  
played my cards well, be relieved from my  
present annoyances. To all outward appear-  
ances, I had little to complain of. I could  
not say that I was personally ill-used; I had  
a complete establishment of servants, car-  
riages, and horses at my command, and every  
luxury that wealth could afford me. My ex-  
pressions of dislike to the dullness of my  
life at Greyfriars were evidently little heeded,  
and I could not but feel that, amid all the  
splendor and dissipation of the first years of  
my marriage, I had failed to make a single  
real friend. The large income secured from my  
sole and separate use became more and more  
useless to me, and Sir Thomas greatly enjoyed  
telling me every quarter that it was duly paid  
into my banker's hand in London. Soon,  
however, a new interest absorbed me, and  
rendered me indifferent to all other subjects.  
My cousin, Charles Sinclair, wrote to tell me  
that he was the father of twin-daughters, and  
a heart-broken widower. His own health  
suffered; and in about two years from the  
birth of his children, he was obliged to retire  
from the Indian service on a small pension.—  
At this time, also, the paralysis that attacked  
Sir Thomas relieved me from some portion of  
my thralldom, and I blessed the hitherto use-  
less wealth which enabled me to prepare a  
home for Captain Sinclair and his children in  
our village, very near Greyfriars. I saw him  
once again, and felt that I had still something  
to live for. The helplessness of my husband  
enabled me to spend a considerable portion  
of every day as I pleased; and as time went  
on, my heart rejoiced in seeing my cousin im-  
proving in health and strength, and  
more and more able to enjoy my society and  
the endearments of his children. Sir Thom-  
as, however, still retained many means of re-  
straining and tormenting me; and had Charles  
been a less amiable and excellent man, I felt  
that I could willingly have cast aside all ap-  
pearance of attention to my husband, and  
left him entirely to the care of his servants;  
but I knew that I could not do this without  
greatly distressing my cousin, and losing a  
large portion of his esteem; so, after a daily  
morning walk and visit to Charles and his  
little girls, I returned home, and encountered  
the exceeding misery of companionship with  
my husband. His demoniacal temper was  
fearfully aggravated by his utter helplessness.  
It was dreadful to hear how the wretched old  
sufferer would blaspheme, and how he delig-  
hted in the power which he yet retained to in-  
sult and goad me to desperation. To the ser-  
vants who attended upon him he was also in-  
cessantly violent, capricious, and unreason-  
able, and nothing but high wages and occa-  
sional bribes enabled me to retain them in our  
service. To one person only did he ever show  
any shadow of kindness and consideration;  
this was a little girl about twelve years old  
at the time I am speaking of; her mother was  
daughter to an old woman in the village, and  
it was well understood that her father was  
Sir Thomas himself. The grandmother, Dame  
Wilson, had the care of the child, and receiv-  
ed a regular annuity from Sir Thomas. The  
mother had for some years been married to  
a tradesman in our market-town, with, as  
I have been told, a handsome portion from  
the same source. The girl had been taught  
to read and write, which was all, Sir Thom-  
as used to say, a woman needed to know. She  
was a pale, quiet child, and had a pleasant  
voice both in reading and singing, and  
my husband often had her to the abbey  
to read the newspapers to him. After his  
paralytic attack, when he was confined to his  
own chamber, he had a little bed for her put  
into a large closet, the door of which was in  
a deep recess in which his own bed was placed;  
and when the weather was bad, or he  
had any reason for wishing her to remain, she  
was accustomed to sleep at the abbey. I took  
little heed of her, and she came and went  
without much notice from anybody.

Thus time passed on, every day bringing  
me some aggravation of my trials. I could  
look for release only to my own death or that  
of Sir Thomas. It often occurred to me  
that I was placed precisely in one of the sit-  
uations which used to be discussed and com-  
mented upon by my father and his Parisian  
friends. They were fond of discussing and  
refining upon the degrees of what was called  
criminal and sinful. They would propose  
imaginary cases, such as a man who, to save  
a starving family, takes from the hoards of  
the hard-hearted and avaricious the gold that  
was useless to the possessor, and never ex-  
pended in kindness or charity; or of the wife  
who leaves a careless and cruel husband to  
shelter in the arms of her first and only love,  
from whom she had been separated by treach-  
ery or violence; of the one life that bars  
many from freedom and happiness—a life, as  
they put the case, of utter uselessness, the  
worker of no good, but of much evil—a life,  
the removal of which would not be the ex-  
tinction of a light, but the erasure of a foul  
spot. I saw the genuine truth, the perfect  
justice of these arguments. I had no preju-  
dices, religious or moral, to oppose to them,

and there was nothing in them to shock or  
disgust me. There were moments when I  
felt myself that I had power to be guided  
by them; but the barrier between my present  
bondage and liberty secured by my own hand  
was an insurmountable dread of discovery,  
and even of suspicion. The entire love of my  
whole heart had been given to one who, hedg-  
ed about by slavish opinions, and fettered  
by the tyranny of superstition, could never  
for one instant have comprehended the  
strength and dignity of perfect freedom of  
action.

I am now drawing near to the transaction  
which has induced, or rather compelled me  
to write these papers. At the time I am  
speaking of, my husband's valet was a dull,  
middle-aged man, who endured the many an-  
noyances of the duties of his place for the  
sake of his wife and family. He was kind-  
hearted, and I believe, would willingly have  
spared me some of my trials; he repeatedly  
expressed his wish to remain with Sir Thom-  
as after he had assisted him to bed, and even  
to sleep in his chamber, but the pleasure of  
keeping me long from my rest was too great  
to be resigned; and after the valet had set-  
tled him in his bed, he was always obliged to  
go to his own apartment, and I was sum-  
moned to sit by the bedside, and to endure the  
cruelest and foulest language, till the wretch-  
ed old man chose to raise his head to take his  
night-draught; after which I retired to an  
adjoining chamber, having determined re-  
sisted every endeavor to make me sleep in his  
room.

One night he was more than usually tor-  
mented by pain and evil temper. Any one  
who could have heard him that night, might  
well have believed the fables told of malig-  
nant demons permitted to tempt the wicked  
to the uttermost power of evil to which hu-  
man nature can go. I sat in a state of des-  
perate endurance, till at length he asked for  
his medicine, and raised himself as usual to  
take it. I stood by the bedside while he  
drank it, and he returned the cup, grinning in  
my face, and saying with a fearful oath and  
epithet: "Don't you wish it was poison?"  
I have a very confused recollection of the  
moments that followed, but I know that I  
dragged a pillow from behind him—I know  
that it was thrust down over his face, and  
pressed upon by the whole weight of my  
body. There was but a short and feeble  
struggle beneath it. I did not shrink—I did  
not flinch for a moment—nor did I raise my-  
self till I felt certain that all efforts were  
over. Then I stood erect—I threw aside the  
pillow. There lay the curse and burden of  
my life looking strangely still and calm. I  
had an impression that the right would be a  
fearful one; but it was not so, and truly the  
face of the miserable man, even after such a  
death, was less terrible than it had often ap-  
peared when distorted by his malignant pas-  
sions. The silence was far more terrible than  
the sight, yet I had not been conscious of its  
horror more than a few instants, when I be-  
came aware that it was not silence; there  
was a sound—yes—a faint but unmistakable  
sound—coming as it seemed from the bed: it  
was like hushed and suppressed short and  
agitated breathing. I looked upon the dead  
man. He was still and silent; there was  
neither breath nor utterance there! A cold  
shiver ran over me from head to foot: my  
hair seemed bristling on my brow: my eyes  
wandered over the bed—there was a move-  
ment—a parting of the opposite curtain. I  
saw a small white face—white as the cover-  
let—and a pair of staring eyes fixed upon  
me, with an expression of horror in them  
that I can never forget. The truth flashed  
upon me—it was little Grace Wilson!

PART III.

Grace had no doubt remained to sleep that  
night in the dressing-closet. I understood it  
all in an instant. She had been aroused, and  
had crept out, and knew what had been done.  
She saw the dead man—she saw me—those  
eyes so full of dread and terror were fixed  
upon me. I made an involuntary movement  
towards the foot of the bed, to go round to  
her, but before I could reach it, I heard a  
heavy fall, and I found her totally insens-  
ible. What was to be done? I lifted her up, and  
stood with her light weight upon my arm,  
gazing around, as if the large silent chamber,  
or the bed with its ghastly burden, could give  
me counsel. Suddenly the secret chambers  
opened to me; they were easy of access,  
along a wholly unfrequented part of the  
abbey. I scarcely knew how I bore her  
thither; and I remember some difficulty in  
carrying a light, and unfastening the secret  
modes of approach; but I was naturally very  
strong, and I suppose the fearful necessities  
of the moment gave me more than ordinary  
power. At length I reached the room. The  
child was still insensible. I laid her on the  
floor, and dragging out a mattress and blan-  
kets, I placed her there, with her head raised  
on a pillow, and hurried back to fetch her  
clothes and some restoratives. I sprinkled  
her face with water; and after I had returned  
to her a few moments, she began to recover,  
and moaned and murmured some words. I  
placed wine and water by her side, and a  
light in a carefully safe position, with some  
of the store of wax-candles by its stand, and  
waited in the entrance till I saw she was  
evidently reviving. Then I crept softly from  
the chamber, and closing it securely, hurried  
back to Sir Thomas's room.

I remade Grace's bed, and removed every  
sign of her having slept there; and leaving

all things in their customary places, I went  
into my own chamber, put my light on a  
table, and sat down, and tried to realize the  
events of the last half-hour. Certainly, my  
first calmer feelings were those of triumph  
and exultation. I was free! My daily and  
hourly curse was gone for ever. It was not  
then, nor indeed for a considerable time, after-  
wards, that I began to learn that a new, daily,  
nightly, hourly curse was to be for ever pres-  
ent with me. I gossiped over in my thoughts  
the existence of little Grace. I told myself  
repeatedly how easy it would be to account  
for her absence, to frighten and bribe her into  
silence. I would not suffer myself to see the  
difficulties, the impossibilities before me; I  
trusted them aside, to be thought over and  
cleared away hereafter. Nevertheless I went  
back again to the chamber, and put some  
biscuits contrived for that purpose. I heard  
her utter a faint exclamation, and I came  
away so far satisfied. She was alive, she had  
food and clothing; and I told myself that I  
would think no more of her for the present.  
I went to bed, and lay awaiting the news of  
the morning.

It came, and surprised no one. The ser-  
vants had sent for the doctor before they came  
to me, and he arrived by the time I was  
dressed. He told me the event had occurred  
exactly as he had always expected, and took  
every trouble and arrangement off my hands.  
There was a magnificent funeral; and I  
mocked at myself when the mirrors showed  
me my widow's cap and mourning weeds. In  
the ordinances of this strange world of ours,  
I suppose the most perfect freedom a woman  
can enjoy is that of a rich widow like myself,  
without father, brother, or a single creature  
in existence who had a right to utter even a  
comment, much less a remonstrance, on any  
part of my conduct. All would have been  
the brightest sunshine around me but for that  
unhappy child. I had hoped by bribes,  
threats, and persuasion, to silence her, and  
remove her to some distant place; perhaps  
another country. I scarcely knew what I  
intended to do; I had no settled plan, but I  
vague sort of impression that it was impos-  
sible to do; that poor young girl could be dangerous  
to me in all my wealth and importance. I  
had little about her disappearance. I had  
carefully removed every trace of her having  
slept at the abbey that night; and in the  
course of a few days, I heard casually from  
my maid that she had run away, and was  
believed to have gone off with some gipsies  
she had been seen with several days before.  
She had a good voice, and had been heard  
singing to them. The old grandmother with  
whom she lived was of dreadful temper; and  
her own mother having been portioned off by  
Sir Thomas to a respectable tradesman in a  
neighboring town, had almost willy nilly cast  
her off since her marriage. It was generally  
believed that when she heard her only friend  
was dead, she had preferred the wandering  
gipsy-life to the miserable prospect before her.  
Both mother and grandmother appeared well  
content to be rid of her. Their annuities  
were secured to them by Sir Thomas's will,  
and that was all they cared about.

Immediately after the death of Sir Thom-  
as, I removed from the apartment which com-  
municated with his room. This was a very  
obvious and natural step; but my choice of  
my new chambers surprised every one. They  
were those which had been appropriated to  
the abbots in former days, and were gloomy  
and inconvenient, and far away from the  
later and inhabited parts of the abbey. I  
had easy access from them, however, to the  
abbey's gallery in the chapel, in which lay  
the initiation secret of the intricate ap-  
proach to the concealed apartments; and  
I could go thither at night, and even by  
day, taking proper precautions, without the  
slightest probability of interruption or dis-  
covery. It was nearly midnight of the day  
on which I took possession of these rooms,  
being, as I have said, that immediately after  
the death of Sir Thomas, when, taking with  
me some food and wine, I attempted my first  
interview with my prisoner; but I could gain  
no admittance. She had fastened the bolts  
and bars within, and the strength of  
twenty men could not have forced an entrance.  
After trying for some time in vain, and hear-  
ing no sound, I put the provisions I had  
prepared for her through the machine; and  
was satisfied that she was living, and able to  
move about, by the rapid disappearance of the  
basket. It was impossible to see into the  
apartment through the opening, and I know  
that if a voice could be heard, but I spoke  
several times, and received no answer, nor  
heard any kind of sound. I may as well  
now say, to shorten my painful story, that  
she has obstinately persevered in this exclu-  
ding me; and that from the moment in which  
I left her little form upon the mattress, I  
have never seen her, or received from her any  
sort of communication. I made many at-  
tempts; I wrote to her repeatedly in the most  
urgent terms, but without producing the  
slightest effect; and I knew that she contin-  
ued to exist only by the regular removal of  
the food, and by her compliance with my  
directions to put out her linen for the laun-  
dresses. I could, of course, only supply her  
with my own wearing apparel, in which, not-  
withstanding the great difference in height  
and size, she was obliged to contrive to clothe  
herself. I constantly supplied her with  
materials for writing, and various kinds of  
work, and useful and amusing books, which  
were changed from time to time as she re-  
quired them. I gave her stores of biscuits,

almonds, and raisins, and any sort of food  
that would keep for a long time, besides the  
daily meals which I contrived to provide for  
her by taking my breakfast, luncheon, and  
supper in my own apartments; and from the  
first days of her confinement, I began to draw  
up details describing the means of access to  
her prison, and placed them where, though  
secure during my life, they would be certain  
to be speedily found if I were to die sud-  
denly.

For a long time I bore up well under this  
bewildering charge, this crushing burden.  
At first, it was light in comparison with the  
misery I had endured with Sir Thomas; and  
till some months had elapsed after my second  
marriage, I continued to be able to indulge  
vague hopes that I should gradually become  
more and more accustomed and indifferent to  
my office of jailer, and tried to accustom  
myself to the idea of quitting Greyfriars  
sometimes for short periods, during which she  
could live on the food that I should leave  
with her. I often reasoned with myself, and  
tried to bring the sort of arguments which I  
had heard in my younger days to bear on my  
present position. Here was a poor girl who  
had literally no creature belonging to her  
who cared whether she were living or dead.  
Only two beings could claim kindred with  
her; and of these, her mother would think  
her reappearance a misfortune; and her  
grandmother, in her intense selfishness, would  
feel anything but pleasure in the idea of being  
again troubled with her, and obliged to clothe  
and feed her. How many in her station of  
life passed their days in toil and misery,  
ill-used, half-starved, oppressed, and neglect-  
ed. If she was deprived of some advantages,  
she was at least freed from all the evils of  
poverty and the sufferings of a laborious life  
—well fed and clothed, and provided with  
much to amuse and gratify her. These spe-  
cious reasonings, however, failed. My burden  
increased instead of diminishing. Oh, what  
months and years of misery I can now look  
back again! What various, what endless  
schemes and plans I projected to break or  
lighten my heavy self-wrought chains! I  
spited, health, strength, all gradually yielded  
to the insatiable enemy that preyed upon my  
heart. Sometimes I even contemplated the  
possibility of quitting my home and husband  
for some remote solitude, leaving behind me  
the details of the means of access to the  
secret chambers, and letting Grace tell her  
own story. I confidently believe that no  
selfish motive has deterred me from putting  
this idea into practice. I had little happi-  
ness to sacrifice, but I foresaw the heavy  
affliction I should bring upon the only being I  
had ever loved. Shame, disgrace, and un-  
speakable grief and horror would be his por-  
tion, and he and his children would be reduced  
to absolute penury. All he possessed was his  
small Indian pension, and I knew too well his  
noble nature to entertain a hope that he would  
ever soil his hands with a touch of the wealth  
I had secured to him. So I went on in my  
slow and secret torture, suffering more and  
more, and apparently becoming more and  
more strange and self-willed. I took all my  
meals in my own apartments, and could thus  
easily supply my prisoner; and it must have  
been supposed that I was always eating bis-  
cuits, sweetmeats, and food of a like nature,  
for I was never satisfied if I did not go on  
increasing the stores I supplied her with.

In course of time, the contrast between the  
quantity of food which I appeared to consume,  
and the increasing haggardness of my person,  
and reluctance to exert myself, attracted more  
and more attention, and I was obliged to  
submit to the face of an interview with the  
family physician. I could have grimly smiled  
at his watchfulness of my pulse, inspection  
of my tongue, and inquiries into my sym-  
ptoms and feelings. Blundering as he was in  
the dark, he nevertheless persuaded himself  
that he had ascertained the nature of my  
complaint, and he gave it some name of much  
sound and little meaning, connected of course  
with the nerves, and chiefly characterised by  
a craving appetite for food, which supplied  
no nutriment, accompanied by a gradual  
wasting away of flesh and strength, and a  
consequent depression of spirits. All this  
was plausible enough; but the change of air  
and scene, and the amusements and recrea-  
tions prescribed for me, were both harassing  
and perplexing. At length I was tormented  
into making a painful effort, and partly with  
a blind hope that I might really be enabled  
occasionally to lighten my miseries in some  
little degree, I consented to go for a few weeks  
(intending them to be days) to a neighboring  
watering-place. We went thither accord-  
ingly. The first night, I took some opium,  
and I remember falling asleep, after which I  
know nothing till I found myself in the  
carriage returning home again. It seems I  
had aroused the house by my outcries in the  
night. They found me in a heavy sleep, yet  
apparently suffering from some dreadful  
dream. I kept uttering wild and broken  
exclamations, of which they could only under-  
stand entreaties to be taken home, and the  
words, "She is screaming! she is screaming!"  
They at length succeeded in partly rousing  
and quieting me by the assurance that I  
should return home; but of all this, as I have  
said, I knew nothing till I had nearly arrived  
there.

No further attempt was made to oppose my  
wishes, and I remained afterwards in my own  
apartments without attempting a change. Of  
course, I could not permit a servant to sleep  
in my bedroom, and I was nearly as solitary  
by day as by night. I shrunk from all fami-

lar intercourse. The only persons I saw  
besides my husband and his children were the  
governesses, who one after another tried to  
endure the gloomy seclusion of Greyfriars.  
All were wearied out sooner or later; I be-  
lieve I helped to frighten them away. No  
doubt, they thought me more than half insane.  
The present governess seems likely to stay.  
She is a gentlewoman, sensible and agreeable,  
and I have sometimes felt that it might be  
possible for me to make a friend of her, so  
far as my unhappy lot can permit; but she  
is full of prejudices; and I can see that  
although she pities me, she is shocked by  
many of my opinions.

Well, I have done; there is no more to tell.  
I am still dragging on, year after year, a life  
every breath of which is poisoned, my  
victim in her silent prison is happier far than  
I—most happy in never hearing human voice,  
or seeing human face. Gladly would I  
change with her. Everything brings pain to  
me. It is pain to see the innocent children  
whose love I ought to win, wearying through  
the half-hours they are sometimes obliged to  
pass with me, and escaping the first possible  
moment. It is agony to feel more and more  
certain that he, for whom I have sacrificed  
all here and all hereafter—if there be a here-  
after—has never—no, never—loved me, and  
that even his kind and gentle nature is troubled  
and perplexed when duty and custom compel  
him to endure my presence. He little knows  
that my life is an unceasing sacrifice to him.  
Nothing keeps me here but the knowledge of  
the horror, disgrace, and wretchedness which  
my death would cause to fall so heavily upon  
him. I have means always about me that  
would rid me of life's agony in a moment,  
and should any almost impossible casualty  
reveal the truth to him, I will not live a  
single hour—not one more long, miserable  
day, not one more long terrible night. Often  
I ask what withholds me from ridding myself  
of this crushing burden? A few drops in  
her food, and I am free. I have freed myself  
once; why not again? I can only answer  
that I cannot. I have a kind of frantic con-  
viction that if I were once to pass such food  
into her prison, I should surely lose my  
senses; I should be mad. The impossibility  
of saving her would be distracting. I believe  
I should betray everything; I cannot trust  
myself. I drive the thought from me; yet it  
will come.

There are times when I yearn for the super-  
stitions I have been taught to despise, when I  
long to say: "God help me!" But I forget  
myself. I know that sin has no real existence,  
and never could what is called in pious  
jargon a sinful act be more justifiable than  
mine. Its miserable consequence was a  
chance, a mere accident; but for that wretch-  
ed, little unwilling witness, I should now be  
a happy and prosperous woman. I know  
this life is all; death is simply annihilation,  
a mingling with the elements, a dispersion  
into atoms insensible to the past, the present,  
and the future. Oh, feeble wretch that I am!  
I still long to say God help me! God help  
me!

To be Continued.

### Stonewall Jackson.

Thomas Jefferson Jackson was born in  
Lewis County, Virginia, in 1825. He is  
therefore, just 37 years old—the fatal age for  
men of genius—an argument against me.  
His family, though by no means wealthy,  
was one of extensive and influential ramifications;  
socially and politically their status has  
always been high, even in aristocratic Vir-  
ginia, and it was this advantage, perhaps,  
which saved our hero from neglect when he  
was turned upon the world a very poor young  
orphan; for it was by family influence ex-  
ercised in behalf of his intellectual and moral  
promise, that he was made a West Point Ca-  
det at the age of 17. It was his own cousin,  
Judge Jackson of the U. S. Court, who ske-  
daddled from Winchester last month on the  
approach of the scamp, Thomas Jefferson,  
recently petrified into "Stonewall." His  
peritancy in procuring his cadetship shows  
the man. Being then a resident of Clark-  
burg, in Western Virginia, he walked from  
that place to Washington, bearing with him  
letters of recommendation to the Congres-  
sional representative of his district, urging  
the claims of Jackson to a cadetship at West  
Point Academy. After some delay at the  
Capital, his application was successful, and  
with his commission in his pocket, he trav-  
elled on foot all the way from the Capital to  
West Point, there to receive the rudiments  
of the science of Stonewall.

He was graduated with high honors in the  
same class with McClellan, just as the Mexi-  
can war broke out, immediately entered ser-  
vice with Gen. Scott, as a brevet Lieutenant,  
and was made full Lieutenant for gallant con-  
duct in the memorable campaign from Vera  
Cruz to Mexico. For the same suffering rea-  
son he received a Captain's shoulder-straps  
at Cerro Gordo, and was breveted Major at  
Chapultepec, "for distinguished services." On  
his return home with impaired health after  
the war, he resigned his commission and  
was elected Professor of Natural and Experimen-  
tal Philosophy in the Military Institute of  
Virginia.

In connection with his Mexican career, by-  
the-by, I recall an anecdote, characteristic of  
the man, which I find well reproduced in the  
Philadelphia *Inquirer* of a late date:

"During the battle of Chapultepec, where  
he commanded a section of Magruder's bat-  
tery attached to Pillow's division, he was or-  
dered by that pitiful commander to withdraw  
his section, as, according to Pillow's craven

idea, it was too much exposed. Giving no  
heed whatever to the General's order, he rapid-  
ly limbered up and moved his section a hun-  
dred yards nearer the enemy's [where he did  
great execution.]

From the tranquility of his professorship  
he was called by Gov. Letcher, when this in-  
famous rebellion broke out, to the head of a  
regiment, and was assigned the command at  
Harper's Ferry, "by the unanimous recom-  
mendation of the Council and the unanimous  
confirmation of the Convention."

Jackson, who had superseded several Vir-  
ginia Militia Generals there, was in turn su-  
perseded by Gen. Joe Johnson. He was  
then made a Brigadier by Jeff. Davis, and it  
was at the battle of Manassas, in command  
of the "Stonewall Brigade" (so called be-  
cause recruited from a stone wall country,) that  
he acquired his now famous sobriquet.

Stonewall Jackson is everywhere described  
as a "slow man," intellectually, even dull.  
Some say he was a tedious professor, and all  
agree that he has a creeping look. And yet,  
if you ask them now what they mean by that  
they say they do not know; "all they do  
know is that he is obstinate as a mule, and  
plucky as a bull-dog," which means just  
nothing of a man whose prime quality is ce-  
lerity, quick conclusions, and startling execu-  
tion; who, as a soldier, is as rapid as he is  
wary, abounding in surprises, brave almost  
to rashness, and inventive almost to romance.

As for his outer man, he looks at least sev-  
en years older than he is—his height about  
five feet ten inches; his figure thick set,  
square shouldered, and decidedly clumsy;  
his gait very awkward, stooping and with  
long strides. He often walks with his head  
somewhat on one side, and his eyes fixed  
upon the ground, imparting to his whole  
appearance that abstracted quality which  
young ladies describe as "absent-minded." A  
lady who had known him long and well,  
told me that she never saw him on horseback  
without laughing—short stirrups, knees  
cramped up, heels stuck out behind, and chin  
on his breast—a most unimpressive phenom-  
enon. In society he is quiet, but cheerful; not  
loquacious, but intelligent and shrewd; in  
religion, the bluest kind of a Presbyterian,  
and extremely strict in his church observances.  
In Winchester he took a very active part  
in revivals, and habitually led "the Union"  
prayer meetings.

To illustrate the popularity of the man:  
For some reason, which has never been made  
public, the expediency of removing him from  
his command was at one time freely discussed  
in the Confederate Cabinet, and all but two  
members favored the notion. These two,  
arguing that a man of such exemplary mod-  
esty, and yet of such intense religious enthu-  
siasm and indomitable firmness, must possess  
those moral elements which, combined with  
his military education and experience, should  
constitute a great general. Their opposition  
served to postpone a decision, and the motion  
was held under consideration. Meantime,  
the people of the Valley got wind of the  
affair, and with a great outcry of indignation  
and threats assailed the powers at Rich-  
mond that the question was dropped "like a  
hot potato." It was about this time that  
Jackson sent to Richmond his rebel famous  
dispatch—"Send me more men and no orders,  
or more orders and no men."

Such is the rebel Napoleon, for whom his  
people venture to claim that in four weeks  
he has marched 350 miles, and won four vic-  
tories—that he has crippled or dispersed the  
forces of Milroy and Schenck at McDowell,  
Banks at Port Royal and Winchester, Frem-  
ont at Cross Keys, and Shields at Port Po-  
table—that he holds McDowell in check to  
take care of Washington and Maryland, and  
monopolizes, for the amusement of the world,  
the attention of six distinguished Generals.

But then the man is dead.  
Nevertheless, when lately he fell back to  
Winchester from pursuing Banks, he said to  
the people there, "When we left you last  
March, we promised to return—and here we  
are. Now, with much more confidence, we  
promise to return again, and soon. Only be  
prudent and patient."

And to the women, "When the Union  
troops come in again, as they will, do not  
forget yourselves."

Just as I am closing this I get a fresh and  
interesting anecdote of this fighting elder.  
The surgeon of one of the Indiana reg-  
iments and two of his brother officers were  
captured by a party of Ashby's cavalry and  
taken before Jackson. Immediately on hear-  
ing their names he said, "It was you, gen-  
tlemen, who lately saved the property of a  
dear friend of mine in the valley from the  
fury of your own men. I thank you. Have  
you any means of transportation back to  
your regiment?"

"We have not, General."

He then gave them horses, an escort, and  
\$100, and courteously dismissed them on  
their parole.

This is authentic. I have it from one of  
the captured officers, whose name I am not  
at liberty to mention.—*Cor. N. Y. Tribune.*

Beauregard thinks Price a natural mil-  
itary genius, and his friends love to quote one  
of Beauregard's sayings to Price, which is:  
"Price, West Point makes cadets, but God  
makes generals!" Not a very original say-  
ing, but one the rebels fondly apply to Price,  
as from the lips of their most brilliant leader  
in the South-west.



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## The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1862.

The financial condition of the country at this moment, is engaging the most serious attention of the people. What with the recent reverses on the Potomac, and the great issue of paper currency during the past few months, the people have been seized with a semi-panic. Bank bills have been depreciating in value and gold increasing in a corresponding ratio, thus removing it from its legitimate channels. Every steamer that goes out, carries a million or more of our nation's life blood, as it were, with it, to enrich the coffers of European capitalists. This state of things can only be stopped by the most strenuous endeavors on the part of the whole people to raise the value of paper money. And the best way to do it is to promote by every possible means the enlistments which are now going on. One hundred thousand men placed in arms in thirty days would do more than anything else to check the despondency which at present rules our monetary circles, and would bring confidence back to its wonted sphere. The fact is many things have, just at this moment, culminated against us. The fears of foreign intervention and a long war, with enormous and ruinous taxes to pay, have served to depress business men and have brought about a reaction in the feeling with which the year was begun. If measures which the Government are now undertaking, had been undertaken six months ago, as they should have been, we would not have been called upon to deplore the present dark aspect which is settling upon us from all quarters. If McClellan had received 20,000 men three months ago, or had he shown a little more energy and determination, or half as much as his opponents have shown, the finances and spirit of the country would have been to-day in a healthy condition. But it has been otherwise; procrastination has been our greatest enemy. We have been asked to wait, and we have waited, and our only return for waiting has been disheartening defeat. We need men to-day who can say with firmness, "We take the responsibility." A dozen such men would carry us through the war triumphant, and quickly and show to our enemies at home and abroad, that Republican governments are not all shams, without the shadow of a foundation. In the face of all these things our people have borne up bravely, but the last hour "has broken the camel's back," and they have sunk under the burden. If the Secretary of the Treasury would change this state of affairs, he must withdraw a bank note for every treasury note he issues, or else he will sink just so much specie. As an article in the *Traveller* of a recent date, expresses this matter clearly, we make the following extracts:

"Add a paper dollar to the currency, and you sink a specie dollar; while the specie being capital, and the paper moonshine, the substitution is a dead loss of national capital; it is an exhaustion of so much of the means of individuals and the nation, as to provide war on a scale of peace. It matters not whether the paper dollar be made by the government or the banks—whether it be a Treasury note, or a bank note, or a fictitious deposit employed as a circulating medium in the running cash of traders and bank customers; it is equally a delusion and a loss. It is a mere memorandum of debt, with which, on which, money and other capital may be borrowed; but, as it displaces and expels from the country an equal amount of capital, we have so much the less for the government, or for individuals, to borrow or employ; we have so much the less of individual and national wealth.

Gold and silver are the money of the great "Mercantile Republic," comprising all the commercial nations. That republic knows nothing of, and cares nothing for, our local contrivance of paper money; it deals in value; and when with our fiction we depreciate the value of gold a fraction below the true par at the great clearing house, which is London, and 94 per cent, the fact is indicated by a rise of the rate of exchange above the London par, and some of the nations will pounce upon our gold and get it for nothing, as they are now doing. They will supply us in return, as Adam Smith remarks, "with rude or manufactured produce for a smaller quantity of gold and silver than we can either raise or make them for at home;" and for precisely so much smaller quantity as the export of gold and silver amounts to, because that is the measure of the depreciation, not merely of the gold and silver exported, but of the whole volume of our currency, in relation to the true value of gold. In other words, we sell so much gold and silver for nothing."

WAR MEETING.—On Saturday evening last, a large and enthusiastic meeting was held in the Town Hall, for the purpose of connecting suitable measures for the raising of the town's quota of men. The matter was discussed and liberal offers were made by some of our citizens toward securing bounties for all who should enlist, so that as far as bounty money is concerned, Woburn will not be behind-hand. A committee was appointed to serve as promoters of enlistments. This Committee consists of Messrs. A. J. Parker, E. N. Blake, Wm. B. Harris, John Gilchrist, L. W. Perham, W. A. Colegate, Joseph Kelley, J. E. Littlefield, T. F. Warland, Wm. T. Taylor, S. O. Pollard and John I. Richardson. The meeting then adjourned to meet again this evening, at the same place.

A recruiting office has been opened in the Armory in Lyceum Building, and those who are desirous of serving their country in this her hour of need, will find no trouble in discovering a way. The honor of our town demands that we should raise our quota with all possible despatch.

The following is a list of the persons who have enlisted up to the time of going to press:—L. F. Wyman, S. Richardson, Jr., Chas. K. Conn, James F. Leslie, Wm. H. Jones, Jere Crowley, Albert S. Leslie, A. D. Carpenter, Wm. P. Brown, T. M. Parker, M. B. Baldwin, A. P. Barrett, Irving Foster.

STONEWALL JACKSON.—On our outside this week can be found a very interesting article on this noted rebel commander, who has done so much for the South, and, who to our mind, is destined to do much more, unless General Pope proves to be little the strongest and smartest of the two. It will be seen that the writer of the article speaks of Jackson as being dead; this is probably owing to the fact that the article was written when the report of his death was currently believed. "Stonewall" is too smart a man to die just now; and we admire a smart man let him be found where he may. There is some consolation in having a "foeman worthy of your steel," and Jackson is worthy of the best steel we have. It will be a high feather in the cap of whichever of our generals succeeds in capturing him, as he is a host in himself.

WOBURN SOLDIERS.—Since our last following facts have transpired concerning Woburn Soldiers:—Ephraim Hackett, (sick), of the 22d Regt.; Edward Carroll, (sick), of the 1st Regt.; Winthrop Wyman, Surgeon's Assistant, of the 9th Regt., and Geo. W. Chapman, (discharged), of the Navy, have returned home. Capt. S. I. Thompson, and Lieut. J. P. Crane, of the 22d Regt., are prisoners at Richmond. Patrick Sullivan, of Co. F, 22d Regt., was wounded in the hand in one of the recent engagements before Richmond. Patrick Burns and Patrick Garvey, of the 9th, were also wounded.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—Mrs. S. Edger Davis has received letters from S. G. Howe, of the United States Sanitary Commission, and Emily T. Parker of the New England Women's Auxiliary Association, both at Boston, acknowledging the receipt of the articles recently sent by our Soldier's Aid Society for Contrabands; for the 22d Regiment and for general distribution. Our Society is highly complimented in the letter, and Mrs. Parker says, "The call for all Hospital supplies is very pressing, and your contributions cannot fail to be highly useful."

Since our last, quite a large number of detestable—but can't-help-it-able—Shinplagues, have been put in circulation bearing the signatures of most of our grocers and others. They pass current without trouble, and serve a good purpose. The greatest objection to them is that they place us on a level, in one respect, with the South. But "necessity knows no master," so we must endure.

TOWN MEETING.—It will be seen by the Town Warrant which we publish to-day, that the Selectmen have called a Town Meeting for Saturday evening next, for the purpose of deciding matters relative to bounty money. This meeting should be well attended, so as to make the town's expression hearty and appropriate to the occasion which called it forth.

INSURANCE.—In another column can be found the advertisement of Mr. B. T. H. Porter, Insurance Agent. Mr. Porter, as will be seen by his card, is agent for some of the best companies in the State. He has had considerable experience in the Insurance business, and is well qualified to render important information concerning the standing of different companies.

NEW APPOINTMENT.—We understand that Rev. William C. Witcomb has just received and accepted an appointment from President Lincoln, to the Chaplaincy of the United States Hospital at Newbern, N. C.

The Selectmen have decided to continue to pay the widow of Prentiss Childs the sum of \$12 per month, until she receives her pension. This is as it should be, and will give every man who enlists the assurance that his family will be well cared for by friends at home, come what will.

The pulpit of the Baptist Church, will be occupied during the next two Sabbaths, by Rev. Dr. Canard of Philadelphia, and Rev. A. S. Patton of Watertown.

Trips to the Beach are becoming frequent; already several have been made by different parties and more are in contemplation. If the weather "warms up," doubtless a driving business will be done.

Why wouldn't our Railroad Tickets serve in the place of quarters? Doubtless the Corporation have a good supply and would not be against having them used as such.

Mr. Editor.—The present fearful crisis stris the blood of every true patriot, and no stone should be left unturned that would in the least give aid and comfort to the Federal government. The President has called for three hundred thousand men, and even that number will not more than suffice to fill the vacancies that now exist. Let us not disappoint our friends on the Potomac, who, with long eyes, are looking to the East for help in this their great strait; and what we do, let us do it promptly and efficiently.

There is one thing, Mr. Editor, in regard to the subject of enlistments, which I wish to mention. If a re-assurance could be given at the town meeting on Saturday evening next, that the State aid to families will be promptly paid to those who are entitled to it, it would prove a great stimulus to enlistments. It should be paid cheerfully and graciously, as it is a trial to some to ask for the boon. Let those who may enlist be assured, that while they are absent fighting our battles, we will see to it that their families shall want for nothing. This will cause them to go with light hearts and cheerful countenances; and what is more, it will much increase enlistments.

Woburn, July 17th, 1862.

PARSON BROWNLOW'S book, says the New York Independent, is one of the remarkable successes of literature. The publisher is this week printing thirty thousand additional copies, which will make the whole number, thus far, one hundred thousand, and the book has not yet appeared at all in the "regular trade." Applegate & Co., Cincinnati, ordered forty thousand copies at once, which is supposed to be the largest single order in the history of the trade. We have not yet had the pleasure of perusing this book, but hear it spoken of in all quarters in the highest terms of praise. The price of the book is \$1.25. It is published by George W. Childs, of 628 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, who will send copies free by mail on receipt of price.

At a meeting of the First Cong. Church, held last evening, it was unanimously voted, as the sense of that meeting, that Rev. Rufus W. Clark, of Brooklyn, N. Y., be invited to become their Pastor. It is likely that a Parish Meeting will be called at an early day to take final action upon the matter.

The Baptist Society of this town, sometime since gave Rev. Mr. Canard, of Washington, D. C., a unanimous call to become their pastor, and he has the matter under consideration.

Rev. J. L. Jenkins, of Lowell, will preach in the First Congregational church to-morrow.

GODEY, ever prompt and faithful in the service of its myriads of readers, comes to us to-day with ray freshness. Every thing in Godey bears the imprint of taste and neatness, and the lady who has not consulted its pages, knows not how much rare entertainment and information concerning the thousand and one duties that ever keep her hands busy, she has let pass by unimproved, to say nothing of the great amount of instruction which is monthly imparted through its pages regarding the various modes in dress.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for August has been laid on our table through the politeness of A. Williams & Co., of 100 Washington st., Boston. The contents are even more interesting and varied than usual, and to the connoisseur in magazine literature will prove a rich treat.

THE ATLANTIC for August has been issued, and we are indebted to the publishers for a copy. It can be found for sale at the Woburn Bookstore.

A MASONIC ANECDOTE.—The Amherst Cabinet says a friend at Beaufort, South Carolina, forwarded the following masonic item, for the truth of which he vouches:—

"A little circumstance happened at James Island after the battle that I will mention, though it may not particularly interest you.—Maj. Sissons of the Rhode Island 3d was bearer of a flag of truce, accompanied by three other officers, all happening to be masons. The rebel officer that came down to meet them happened to be a mason also. Maj. Sissons remarked, 'I suppose by the tools you carry I have the honor of meeting a Craftsman, as well as an enemy in war?' The rebel officer replied—'You do, and I am happy to meet you as such, and regret that circumstances compel us to meet in any manner than the former—but such are the fortunes of war.'"

While they were awaiting answer the rebel officer sent after some more masons, they cracked a bottle of wine and drank to the health of the craftsmen, whether in peace or in war. The rebel officer remarked: 'We take the New York papers regular, and should we find your names down as prisoners we will remember you—and should your names escape our notice, please send your cards.' Maj. Sissons thanked them for their kindness, but jokingly informed them they were 'reckoning prisoners in the wrong column,' and assured them that they, when taken, should be dealt as kindly with as they had promised to do to him and the others."

JAMESON & RICHARDSON, at their Eating House in Spring Lane, Boston, are just now serving up every delicacy of the season to their patrons. Business men will find their place very convenient to take a meal in.

Death, to a good man, is the coming of the heart to its blossoming time. Do we call it dying when the bud bursts into flower?

TO ARMS! TO ARMS!—The Citizen Soldier will find a more deadly foe in the brackish, muddy water and damp night air than in the most determined enemy. Holloway's Pills so purify the blood and strengthen the stomach and bowels that the soldier can endure these hardships and still be strong and healthy. Only 25 cents per box.

JEFFERSONVILLE, IND., July 12, '62.

Editor of Middlesex Journal.—Dear Sir—I am here near the scene of much strife, and for the last six months have paid frequent visits to our armies in Kentucky and Tennessee, and as long as the army kept mostly together in such numbers as to conquer and disperse all the hosts which the rebels could raise, I had little fear for the army of Kentucky or Tennessee; but now our army has become divided, one portion has gone East from Corinth towards Chattanooga and another West to Memphis, while a small division still remains at Corinth, and are in the enemy's country surrounded by those who are only kept quiet through fear of Federal arms which have now become so scattered as to give the enemy much hope that the Southern army—portions of which are not far from Corinth—may make a sudden dash on some portion of our army and destroy what they consider the invaders of their soil; and I certainly have some fear that such an attempt may be made. I find men, calling and believing themselves the best Union men in the country and strong opposers of Secession, still most bitter against the present Administration and denouncing what they consider violations of the constitution and what they call nullification and despotism of the North; and while they denounce Secession they denounce in equally strong terms the course now pursued by some portion, if not a majority of Congress. There is now great excitement in Louisville in consequence of the arrests made of civilians in Southern Kentucky, and their transit through this place the past week to the political prisons of the North, among whom was the Rev. Ed. Stevenson, an old and highly esteemed Methodist minister, one of the most prominent in that church. I heard a Bishop of Louisville say that there was not his superior in the State, as a christian minister, nor one that had done more for the protection of Union men in and about Russellville in Southern Kentucky, where he resided when arrested. I fear that the awakening of a religious sympathy among his many friends may cause acts of retaliation and bring still more gloom on the devoted lovers of their whole country, and cause much more blood to be shed before this wicked rebellion can be put down. Reports well authenticated say that about 300 of Col. Williams' 9th Penn. cavalry were attacked by about 1500 rebel cavalry a few days since at Tompkinsville, Ky., and 4 of them killed and 20 taken prisoners, among whom was Maj. Jordan, who was carried off a prisoner and the others paroled. Also report says that the 35th Ohio found and dispersed a rebel corps about five miles from New Haven on the Lebanon Branch Railroad, who in revenge went to Lebanon where they were reinforced to about 800 strong, captured and destroyed cars and railroad stock, burnt the depot, and many residences, took all the funds in the bank, and in one broker's office, and committed other depredations, the particulars not being given. Great fears are entertained of other raids. The travel over the Louisville & Nashville Railroad has been interrupted for several days and fears are entertained for supplies to Buell's army.

Yours, &amp;c., S. S. RICHARDSON.

## STONEHAM.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Mr. Editor.—The matter of greatest moment with us for the last week has been the procuring of our quota of the 300,000. Two spontaneous and enthusiastic meetings have already been held. At the meetings on Monday evening an address was given by Rev. Mr. Hanson of Haverhill, which is said to have been very good. Remarks were made by John Hill Esq., Luther Hill, Major Lynde, (late Lieut. Lynde), Mr. Cross, Samuel Tidd and Rev. Mr. Squire. The invitation to come forward and enlist was responded to in a handsome manner. I do not know how many enlisted during the evening, but before 8 o'clock Tuesday morning our complement of 37, and 6 besides had enrolled their names. At 12 o'clock on Tuesday the recruits started for Boston, accompanied by a large delegation of citizens, preceded by our Band of musicians. Arriving in the city, they made the circuit of a large number of the principal streets and at last presented themselves in front of the State House. Gov. Andrew was away, and Gen. Schouler addressed them, complimenting them on their promptness and noble bearing. They were the first of the new recruits called for that had responded in person.

I understand that our fellow-citizen, John Hill Esq., invited the company and the Band to a repast at a splendid saloon, on his own account. After they returned here he also invited them up to his mansion and what they partook of there may well be imagined—nothing hurtful; however, be it said. In behalf of the volunteers, in behalf of the Band, in behalf of the whole town, I present to the liberal and patriotic gentlemen the most hearty thanks. It is good to have such men about.

Col. Lyman Dike having resigned the position of Col. of the 7th Regt., there was an election of Col. and Lieut. Col. some two weeks since. No one was found ready to take the position of Major though it was offered to Lieut. L. F. Lynde. Last Monday there was an election of Major, and Lieut. Lynde was chosen. He has ten days, I understand, according to military law, in which to accept or decline. It is about an even chance that he won't take it. I learn. There is a deep feeling among the members of our Light Infantry that he should continue with them.

Capt. John H. Dike, now a clerk in the Quartermaster General's office at Washington, having resigned the captaincy of the L. I. an election of captain to fill his place is to be held in a few days.

So many of the Light Infantry have joined the companies recently recruited, some apprehension was felt that the organization might have to go under, and the fact of the departure of more than a score of the old members was communicated to Gen. Schouler and the

inquiry was made whether the organization would be discontinued on account of the diminution of their number in this way. The Gen. said: "No, Gentlemen, you shall have your organization continued if you get reduced down to only five members." Thirteen of the members of the L. I. have just joined our volunteers for filling up our quota—ten have within a few weeks joined Cook's Battery.

Mr. Editor, are we not entitled to have inscribed on our banner the words "Stoneham Always Ready?" I would suggest also these words, "Often Ahead." LEE.

## SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

VOLUNTEERS.—A public meeting of citizens was held in the Town Hall on Friday evening of last week, to consider the matter contained in the Proclamation of the President calling for 300,000 more volunteers and the order of the Governor for our quota of the Fifteen thousand from Massachusetts.

It was called to order by D. B. Wheelock Esq., Chairman of the Board of Selectmen, and organized by the choice of D. B. Wheelock Chairman, and Mr. Eiam Porter Secretary. A discussion relative to the most expeditious and satisfactory method of raising money and volunteers was participated in by Messrs. P. H. Sweetser, Folsom, Mansfield, Stephens, Sheafe, J. M. Evans, L. B. Evans and others. Spurred addresses were also made by Rev. Doct. Cushman, Rev. E. A. Eaton, Messrs. Allen, Sweetser, and others. It was agreed to offer a bounty of one hundred dollars to each volunteer, in addition to the sum designated by law. This would require \$3200, which the meeting were confident could be raised. Several persons came forward and opened the subscription list much to the encouragement of the meeting. A committee was chosen to make further collections and to report at an adjourned meeting on Monday evening. The adjourned meeting was addressed by Rev. P. Folsom, R. C. R. Bliss, Messrs. Lilley Eaton, B. B. Wiley, B. F. Bancroft and others. The Committee previously chosen stated that they had not called on an individual who did not express sympathy with the object, and feel a desire to do what he could consistently with his means. They reported the sum already pledged, which was so near the requisite amount, that the whole was considered certain. It has since been raised. The following persons were reported as having given the sum of \$100 or more: Doct. S. O. Richardson, \$500; Geo. O. Carpenter Esq., \$300; and Messrs. P. Folsom, E. Mansfield, Thomas Emerson, John G. Atorn, Doct. Hurd, C. Wakefield, and Moulder's Association, \$100 each. Ten others paid the sum of \$50; others \$25; and so on. Those who gave the least are entitled perhaps to equal credit, as it all seemed to be a free will offering.

Sergeant H. M. Warren, and Corporal G. W. Townsend, are authorized by the Selectmen to put up a recruiting office, and their papers are ready. Next in order are the volunteers.

TOWN MEETING.—A Town Meeting was held on Monday P. M. at which Hon. P. H. Sweetser presided. One of the articles was to see if the Town would furnish an extra surgeon for the soldiers from this town, and especially for those of Co. E, 16th Regt., Mass. Vols. now before Richmond. According to information given to the meeting, it was not probable that the wishes of the citizens would be respected, as, if an additional surgeon was accepted at all, he would be at the disposal of the Government, and be sent where most needed. The subject therefore was dismissed. Not much business of importance was transacted, except to authorize the Selectmen to build a new Lookup, as it is always desirable to furnish the best accommodations for those who through crime, render themselves unfit for civilized society. The gentleman who applied to the town for an abatement of a fine imposed upon him for keeping two pups without a license, was not successful. It seemed a hard case however to pay nearly \$30 for having a couple of pups a few months old, but so many of the citizens had submitted to the inconvenience of procuring licenses and some of them for worthless dogs, that a majority of those present, thought that one rule should govern the whole.

The Committee have determined upon six weeks vacation for the schools; closing July 26th, and re-commencing Sept. 8th. M.

Mr. Editor.—In your last week's correspondence from this place, your correspondent "M." neglects to mention the death and burial of a third soldier, unlike his comrades he died in the hospital, instead of on the battle-field. Well and nobly have they done their duty, even unto death. I refer to Corp. Alvan S. Warren of Co. E, 16th Regt., son of Rev. E. R. Warren. Just before the Regt. left for the field, he was smitten down with the Rheumatic fever, which continued until he was attacked by the Typhoid fever which ended his life. His brother, Serg't. H. M. Warren, was with him during a part of his sickness, and brought home the body for interment, which ceremony took place at the house of his mother, on Sunday July 6th. Many friends attended the funeral, and many more deeply sympathized with the bereaved ones. He was a young man, loved by his acquaintances, respected and honored by his elders.

W. N. T.

WHAT IS HEAT LIGHTNING?—The flashes of lightning, often observed on a summer evening, unaccompanied by thunder, and popularly known as "heat lightning," are merely the light from discharges of electricity from an ordinary thunder cloud beneath the horizon of the observer, reflected from clouds, or perhaps from the air itself, as in the case of twilight. Professor Henty says that Mr. Brooks, one of the directors of the telegraph line between Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, on one occasion, to satisfy himself on this point, asked for information from a distant operator during the appearance of flashes of this kind in the distant horizon, and learned that they proceeded from a thunder storm then raging two hundred and fifty miles eastward of his place of observation.

For the Middlesex Journal.

SCHOOLS.—Miss Sophia A. Holmes, a graduate from our High School in the Class of 1859 has been appointed teacher of the Primary School, Centre District, for the Fall Term, and has accepted the appointment.

## WINCHESTER.

## In Memoriam.

From an obituary notice of the late A. D. Wells, in the *Watchman and Reflector*, by Rev. Mr. Eddy, the following extract is taken. I have omitted only such facts as have been mentioned in this paper.

EXCELSIOR.

"Mr. Weld was born in Sturbridge, Mass., and bred a farmer. By his own exertions he secured an education and was fitted for college; but the want of funds turned him aside into business, which he prosecuted jointly in Boston and St. Louis with success and untarnished honor. In 1850 he removed to Winchester, and with a few others, and for years before a Baptist Church could be formed, sustained a Sunday School and regular preaching. The cost was considerable, often several hundred dollars a year—but, having the means and believing that he was a 'steward,' the opportunity of honoring his Lord was eagerly improved. Of studious habits and tastes, and with a large and increasing fund of doctrinal and biblical knowledge, he was eminently useful in the Sabbath school and the church; how useful and beloved their resolutions testify. He did not receive his Baptist principles as an inheritance from his fathers, for he was brought up a Congregationalist. But the study of the Bible and ecclesiastical history, and the admissions of the ablest critics and divines of his own denomination, led him to embrace Baptist sentiments; and with his usual integrity and conscientiousness, to conform his practice to the convictions of his mind, something that few are willing to do. In his business he was enterprising and shrewd, and withal, eminent for his straightforwardness and honesty. Every one had a feeling of perfect confidence and security in all intercourse and dealings with him. He strove to keep his conscience enlightened by the full Gospel, and sensitive, and yet void of offence. This gave him weight of character and influence. Men believed and honored his profession of piety. His judgment was accurate. He seemed to have an intuition of the right, and at a glance, to perceive the principle involved in a sentiment or a transaction, and that, although the difference between two things seemed to be but trifling, there was indeed all the difference there is between right and wrong—the one bearing God's blessing—the other burdened with His curse. He was free from vanity and pride. It was of no consequence to him that the world should know what he was doing, and he never made his own pre-eminence, or his own way of doing a thing the condition of his co-operation or contribution. The manliness of his piety was refreshing. He was impatient of cant and art, and management for effect. He had no heights or depths of experience. The ordinary level of his spiritual joy was higher than that reached by many in their excitements. He acted from principle and not from mere impulse of feeling; hence he bore fruit in winter as well as summer. In secret and in his family he was a devout man. Never, under any circumstances, was it too late or too early to worship God at the family altar. If detained from home until all had retired to rest, he would be heard reading the Scriptures alone and praying at that altar. His letters from the seat of war breathe the spirit of a heavenly mind. In the midst of confusion and bloodshed, and arduous duties, and surrounded by all classes, he maintained his walk with God, and said, not long ago, 'Of late I have been drawn nearer to Christ than ever before.' As a citizen he was universally esteemed, and frequently honored by his townsmen with the charge of their public affairs. He hazarded and lost his life for his country. It was the homage he paid to the Constitution and Laws of the land, and the testimony in deeds which he uttered against the wickedness of the rebellion and the iniquity of slavery, the avowed and sole cause of it. As a friend he was warm-hearted and generous, and noble and genial. The poor and the troubled will miss him, and the rich mourn the loss of his pleasant society. We had counted on his long life, he was so vigorous and pure, and so many interests clung to him for support; and death seems to have achieved a great victory; but, 'every man, at his best estate, is altogether vanity.' His place is made vacant that others may find opportunity for trial and service like his. Young men of the churches—close up the broken ranks! If we should be suddenly called away, will the church and the world, anticipating our welcome by the Judge, truly say of us, 'Well done, good and faithful servants?' To his companion we tender our sincere, though unavailing, sympathies; commending her to the God of all comfort. We share her grief and bear a part of her burden. And when the bitterness of this hour shall have passed, she will turn to these expressions of esteem, and in the homage paid to his goodness and worth by all who knew him, find a treasure for her memory and a heritage for her children. We have had the vision of a good man. It has faded and darkness broods, but we will not be disobedient to the bright example and influence. We have another vision. Not that of a feeble man on the deck of an armed vessel, sailing away; not that of a few kind words, tearfully burying him on the low bank of the river, but of a glorified soul in Heaven, blood-washed and clothed in white, treading the dazzling steps to the Saviour's throne, and ascending to the astonishing joy of joint exaltation with Him. His mortal remains slumber near the spot where the Great River empties into the Gulf. And there, too, is the spot where, like that river, his noble spirit, after flowing through the valley of life and enriching its territory, entered the boundless eternity."

STATISTICS.—From the Assessors book, I gather the following statistics. Number of Pells, 489. Poll Tax, \$2.00. Total Tax, on Pells, \$978. Tax on \$1000, \$9.30.

Town Tax, \$10200.00  
 State " 3078.00  
 County " 1264.78  
 Overlayings, 701.94  
 Total Tax, \$15,244.72

Amount assessed on Residents, \$13,132.52; on Non-Residents, \$2112.20. Value of Real Estate, \$1,248,024; of Personal Estate, \$286,052. Total valuation, May 1st, 1862, of Real and Personal Estates, \$1,536,076. Number of Dwelling Houses, 349; Horses, 154, Cows, 163, Oxen, 30, Steers and Heifers, 21, Swine, 132, Acres of Land, 2517 23/40.

In my next, I purpose to give a list of our "sold men."

WAR ITEMS.—A large meeting of our citizens was held on Friday evening of last week to devise ways and means to raise the town's quota of volunteers. T. P. Ayer, Esq., presided; J. Hovey, Sec'y. Patriotic speeches were made by Messrs. C. P. Curtis, Jr., Dr. A. Chapin, O. R. Clark, J. A. Woodbury, C. C. Woodman and A. Norton. A committee of nine were appointed to report at a Town Meeting on Wednesday evening of this week the amount of bounty and the best course to pursue in the matter.

At the Town Meeting on Wednesday evening last, C. P. Curtis, Jr., Esq., was Moderator. The Committee of nine appointed at the previous meeting of the citizens reported through Hon. O. R. Clark, their chairman, two votes which they recommended to the town for adoption. They were in substance as follows:

That the Selectmen in behalf of the town be authorized to give a bounty of \$100 to any one who has been, or hereinafter shall be enlisted and mustered into the service of the United States as a part of the quota of this town under the recent call for volunteers.—

That the Treasurer be authorized under the direction of the Selectmen, to borrow a sum not exceeding \$3000 for three years and to give the note of the town for the same. Said money to be paid for the benefit of the families or dependants of those who have been or hereafter shall be enlisted and mustered into the United States service as a part of the quota of the town under the recent call for volunteers. Both votes were adopted unanimously, after some remarks from Hon. O. P. Prince and Dr. Chapin, and the Moderator. Mr. T. P. Ayer said he had been appointed recruiting officer, and as soon as he received the necessary papers would be ready to receive enlistments. On motion of T. P. Ayer, Esq., a Rallying Committee of 25 was chosen to procure enlistments, each member being expected to obtain at least one recruit. Mr. Hovey pledged himself to go in person or provide a substitute. Committee, T. P. Ayer, S. T. Sanborn, P. Holland, S. H. Cutter, H. G. Andrews, A. F. Boon, H. Hatch, A. Norton, E. Dwight, S. W. Twombly, J. Hovey, J. Hoston, A. Thompson, 3d, J. A. Woodbury, M. Fitzgerald, J. C. Stanton, Jr., G. W. Spurr, R. Cowdry, J. F. Stone, L. R. Symmes, M. N. Gage, W. Pratt, J. Fitzgerald, J. D. Sharon, Wm. Ingalls.—

The meeting was largely attended and very unanimous in its action. Five persons gave in their names that evening.

CHILDREN MISSING AND FOUND.—The two youngest children of Mrs. O'Neal, aged 8 and 9 years went out in the woods near their house to pick berries on Wednesday afternoon and did not return so that they could not return. In the evening near the close of Town meeting, notice was given of the fact and the church bell was rung to call the people out to make search. Thorough search was made by a large number of our citizens, and about 10 o'clock the wanderers were found at a house in Stoneham near Spot Pond, where they had been taken in and put to bed.

ROLL or HESON.—The following is a corrected list of the volunteers from this town now in the U. S. service.

Alfred E. Ansoorge, 16th Regt., Co. E.  
 Benj. Abrahams, 21st, Co. I.  
 James Abrahams, 21st, Co. I.  
 David C. B. Abrahams, 22d, Co. G.  
 John A. Bolles, attached to the staff of Gen. Dix.  
 Geo. H. Burnham, 2d Regt., Co. G, on special duty











# Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XI: : No. 43.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1862.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR  
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS.

## Poetry.

### The Widow's Gift.

I have no gold, no glittering hoard,  
No delicate dish does my locker afford,—  
Scant is my fare and my walls are bare,  
Yet poverty never has ventured there.  
For I am rich—I've an only son—  
Nobler, man never cast eyes upon,  
Obedient and bright, a heavenly light  
Making radiant the darkest night,  
A guiding star, to the home above,—  
Yes I am rich in my son's true love.

Wouldst thou know what this darling is to me?  
What is the soil to the forest tree?  
What the springs to the streams that run—  
Husband, father, brother, and son.  
My stay, the guide by which I am led,  
My all in all, my daily bread,  
The breath I draw—by which I live—  
Yet him and more will I gladly give;  
No selfish thought shall the gift alloy,  
My country needs—she shall have my boy.

For such a strong—true comfort to me,  
I thank my God on bended knee;  
A boon more precious could never be,  
But I grant it willingly joyfully.  
My boy, my valiant one brave and true,  
My heart shall quicken at thoughts of—  
Though thou come back to me lifeless—  
dumb—  
A shudder shall ne'er my heart o'ercome!  
Let no thought of me thy peace annoy.  
Go, aid thy country. God bless you, boy!  
—Transcript.

## Select Literature.

### THE WITNESS.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART III.—CONCLUDED.

I know not how to describe the state of my mind in which I was left when I had finished this manuscript. It now appears very strange to me that I was not more shocked by the dreadful crime it narrated, by the miseries described by the unhappy lady, and by the almost supernatural detection of her guilt. All was fearful, harrowing, overwhelming. Yet these thoughts came to me only by fits and starts. It was the living witness of her crime, the young creature who had passed seven or eight years, from childhood to womanhood, without sight or speech of human kind: alone in those remote chambers night and day, summer and winter, the long years pressing on without change and without hope! separated, by her own singular delirium, from the only being she could have looked upon or spoken to—"She is here! she is under this very roof," I repeated to myself. "She is now at this instant, perhaps, within a few yards of me, dragging through one of her many hundred long and weary nights; a few hours, and I shall see her, speak to her. What will she be like?—Have her senses failed? Will she understand our words? Will she believe us, and admit us?" I remembered the little thin pale child in that picture at the cottage; I portrayed to myself such a face and figure, only taller and older-looking—looking, perhaps, prematurely old—a worn, withered woman of nineteen!

Sleep was impossible that night; I did not even go to bed, but only refreshed myself by washing and a change of dress, before I was joined by Mr. Davis very early in the morning. He looked as if he had as little rest as myself. At first, we only shook hands, and were silent. The unfolded papers lay on the table. We turned our eyes involuntarily towards them, and at length I said, in a kind of whisper: "What shall we do?"

"Sit down, my dear Miss Vernon," said he; and he drew a chair and seated himself beside me. "We must talk this terrible business quietly over. Captain Sinclair has left the whole management to us. To release the poor victim of that wretched woman's guilt, must of course be our first object; but it needs much consideration. How to effect it, without exposing the truth, seems almost impracticable; yet poor Sinclair's last words to me, wringing my hand in his, were an entreaty to prevent exposure if possible. What would you propose? Can you suggest anything? Mr. Davis, who is now perfectly composed and clear in mind, thinks we had better confide in the Daltons."

"That is just what I was going to propose," said I. "It seems to me that we can scarcely, unaided, remove this poor girl, and provide for her even a temporary refuge without some help. The rector and his wife are excellent and thoroughly trustworthy people, warm-hearted and sensible. I am sure that they are kind, and they are safe; they will harbor no idea of bringing that wretched woman to justice." As I spoke, I saw a strange and peculiar expression pass over Mr. Davis's countenance, and I paused.

"That wretched woman," said he, "is safe from every evil of this world."

"Oh!" I exclaimed, "she had poison with her; she implies it in her story."

"Yes," he said, "she was taken dead out of the carriage. An express arrived late last night with this note;" and he put a letter into my hand. It was scarcely legible, but with some difficulty I read as follows:

"DEAR DAVIS—My wife is dead; she set in total silence till we were near L—, then she put her hand into mine. I could not reject it; she pressed it, and clasped it closely for a few minutes, when I felt the fingers relaxing from their hold, and I withdrew mine just as we stopped at the hotel. I got out

first, and the people came round. There was some confusion and exclamations that I was too bewildered to understand, till I saw her lifted out—dead, quite dead. There was a small phial in her other hand. I remain here; the people are very civil. Do what you can for me; spare her if you can. Consult Miss Vernon. I scarcely know what I am writing. God bless you, C.S."

When I arrived at Greyfriars, I met Captain Sinclair in the hall, looking the picture of amazement and terror. He had a roll of papers in his hand, and seizing my arm, he dragged me into the nearest parlor, where he sat down, saying: "Read this with me."

I took a seat by his side, scarcely knowing what I did, and we looked together through those details of Lady Dighton's life which I left for you last night. His hands shook so that I was obliged to assist him in holding the papers. His anxiety seemed to be to get towards the end, and he passed over many pages, till his eye caught the name of Greyfriars; then he seemed to nerve himself, and he read with comparative composure. I read with him as I sat by his side. As we approached the dreadful termination, he trembled all over, but he mastered his feelings with more resolution than might have been expected from him. When we had finished, he was so still, that I believed, and I still think, he was nearly fainting.

At that moment, however, Lady Dighton's maid came suddenly in, saying, very abruptly: "Oh, you are here, sir; I have been all over the house after you. What are we to do? My lady is ordering things to be packed, and the chaise to be got ready. Are we going away, sir? What is to be done?"

"Yes, said he in a low voice to me—"yes, that will be best. I must go with her; you will remain and act for me."

I told him I would go and endeavor to ascertain Lady Dighton's wishes; he assented feebly, and signed for me to go. You may guess with what strange and bewildered feelings I went towards her apartments; but Mr. Davis met me on the way. He was perfectly calm and collected.

"Have you been with Captain Sinclair?" Do you know all?" he said.

I answered, "Yes."

"You know they are preparing to leave this place?"

"Yes," said I again.

"It is well," he answered; "it is her doing, and I think she has decided wisely."

I entered his chamber with him as he spoke, and he shut the door and continued. "When I reached the house, I went straight up to her apartments, and without knocking, or in any way announcing myself, Sinclair happened to be with her. I was acting under an irresistible impulse; hereafter, I may be better able to recall the particulars. My impression is that I accused her in plain terms of her two-fold crime. I know I spoke of the murder of Sir Thomas, and of Grace Wilson's concealment. I believe there never was such a woman before, and never will be again. I was fairly roused from my own trance-like sensations by her coldness and resolution. She looked at me with an unmoved countenance—cold, haughty, and determined; then rising from her seat, she lifted up the lid of a writing-box on the table before her, and taking thence a large packet, gave it to Sinclair, saying very quietly: "Read the two or three last sheets of these papers; and take me away."

"She then passed, with a slow and steady step, into the adjoining room. Sinclair left the room with the papers in his hand, like a man in a dream. I waited for some time, thinking that she might perhaps return or send for me. In truth, I was glad to be alone, and sit down, and endeavor to collect my thoughts, and consider what it would be best to do. Soon, however, a maid-servant came from the inner chamber in haste and disturbance. She started at seeing me, but appeared too much occupied with her own troubles to think much about it, and seeming glad to pour them out to anybody, she began telling me that she believed her lady had gone out of mind. She had suddenly ordered horses to be put to the carriages, and preparations to be made for an immediate departure from the abbey. I asked if her lady was ill.

"Not a bit of it," she answered in an angry tone; "there is nothing in the world the matter with her that I can see. Of all her strange whims, this is the strangest; but I shall go to the captain, and hear what he says to it."

"She then left the room, and I soon followed her, intending to seek for poor unhappy Sinclair, when I met you." I told him that the servant had been to her master, and I believed he was actually going to take Lady Dighton from the abbey. We then went to the parlor in which I had left Sinclair, and found him again reading the manuscript. He was manifestly overpowered, and unable to think or even to speak collectedly. We made him take some wine, and reasoned with and tried to console him, but it was some time before he could comprehend what we said, or speak rationally himself; and when at length he was calmer, and could listen to us, he acquiesced in everything that we proposed with the helplessness of a child.

Mr. Davis here paused, and taking up Captain Sinclair's letter, he showed me a postscript, in which he implored him and Mr. M'livar and myself to act for him in every particular, and on the opposite page was an order to a large amount on his banker's in

London. "This agrees," he continued, "with the terms on which we parted; we were to undertake the painful and perplexing business here, and he to remain for the present with Lady Dighton at the hotel at L—."

Mr. Davis stopped with a visible shudder. "It is terrible to think of her," he said, "either living or dead; but it is impossible not to feel that her death removes one great difficulty. That which remains seems almost insurmountable. What is to be done with that unfortunate child?"

"Child?" I interrupted; "she must be nearly twenty."

"Yes," said he thoughtfully; "true—too true. We must act quickly, Miss Vernon, for the measure we had recourse to in order to relieve our late perplexities is no small addition to those of the present moment; M'livar's brother may be here the day after to-morrow."

"Oh, he may indeed," said I; "I had never thought of that."

"I think," said Mr. Davis, after a pause of some moments, "that we cannot do better than adopt your first suggestion. We must have some help from without to assist in the secret removal of our poor prisoner, and to secure her some asylum for the present; and you think so highly of the Daltons, that we may surely venture to confide in them."

I repeated my conviction of their worth and good feelings; and Mr. Davis soon left me to go to the rectory, where he had an interview with Mr. Dalton. Great, as may well be imagined, was his horror and astonishment; and so soon as he was able, after listening to so fearful a secret, he revealed it as cautiously as he could to his wife. She was a person of great good sense, warm-hearted, and energetic, and was better able to collect her thoughts and arrange our plans than her husband. They both remembered the disappearance of poor Grace Wilson, and had several times seen her; but owing to the repulsive character of her grandmother, they had not much personal knowledge of her. Mrs. Dalton's first suggestions removed several of our greatest difficulties. She said that it was a common practise with her husband, when they expected guests at the rectory, to go to meet the London coaches at a spot about three miles from the village, in his own four-wheeled chaise, built purposely to suit the ruts and obstacles in the narrow lanes which led to the high London road. The last coach passed the junction with the lane between eleven and twelve at night; and she proposed that he should leave home at the proper time, announcing that he should bring back a lady-visitor, for whom due preparations would be made at the rectory. Meanwhile, we were to prepare our prisoner for her release, and bring her to the place at which Mr. Dalton would be awaiting her in his carriage.

Mrs. Dalton had done little more than sketch this plan, when Mr. Davis proposed that she should accompany him to Greyfriars to talk it over with me. During his absence, I had taken a hasty breakfast with my pupils, and had broken to them as well as I could the sudden death of their stepmother. They were naturally startled and awe-struck by the news, but they were too young and too honest to affect a sorrow they did not feel. The servants had heard of the event from the man who brought Captain Sinclair's letter; they assumed grave faces very dutifully, and nothing more could be expected of them. That unhappy woman had won neither love nor reverence from any one.

I was still giving directions as to the mourning and other matters, when I was informed of the arrival of the Daltons. I found Mr. Davis and M'livar with them, and scarcely greeting each other, we entered at once upon the consideration of Mrs. Dalton's proposal. I suggested some slight additions to it—namely, that the expected visitor at the rectory should lose her luggage by some means or other on the road, and consequently be obliged to be supplied with linen and other necessities by Mrs. Dalton, and also that the servants should be prepared for the arrival of an invalid lady, who would probably go immediately to bed. During all our projects and arrangements, I could not help thinking how wholly in the dark we were talking and deciding. "In what state shall we find this poor creature? How shall we communicate with her? Will she admit us? Shall we be able to remove her?" These and a thousand other anxious and doubtful questions were continually forcing themselves upon my mind. It seemed to be tacitly accepted as a matter of course that Mr. Davis and I were to be left to adopt whatever means of imparting to the prisoner the great change impending over her should appear best to us, and it was equally obvious to all that a communication by letter in the first instance would be most advisable and considerate.

After the Daltons had left us, therefore, I wrote in as kind terms as I could devise, preparing her for good and wonderful news. I then informed her of Lady Dighton's death, and enclosed one of the papers she had left behind her, with a minute description of the means of access to the secret chambers, and a confession that there was a person imprisoned there. I told her who I was, and how deeply I felt for her, and that she would for the present have a refuge with Mr. and Mrs. Dalton, whom she could no doubt remember, at the rectory; that there was a thought of taking her to her grandmother, but that she would be entirely provided for in future by friends who would treat her with

the tenderest care, and urge nothing upon her contrary to her wishes. I explained to her the plan for her removal that night, and implored her in the most earnest and affectionate terms to remove the inner fastenings of her chamber at the appointed time. I said her friends would return in an hour for her answer, and that no attempt would be made to see her at that time, nor till after the family were in bed.

When we were sure that all the servants were at dinner, a very important and lengthened business at Greyfriars, Mr. Davis and I, guided by the clear and minute directions of Lady Dighton, threaded the curious labyrinth leading to the secret chambers, and arrived at the apparent solid wall which communicated with them. He soon discovered the spring which revealed the turning-machine, and put the letter within it. In breathless silence, we awaited the event. I trembled so much, that I was obliged to sit down upon the floor of the passage, and he leaned against the wall with clenched hands and eyes nailed upon the outer door of the machine. A pause that seemed interminable—a silence that might be heard—followed. I know not how long it lasted. At length the wheel moved, and a piece of paper fell through to the ground, upon which was written in a good plain, though evidently trembling hand: "I will unfasten the bolts at ten o'clock to-night. God pardon you if you are deceiving me."

There was something very touching to me in these few words—timid trustfulness, yet natural mis-giving. It may seem strange to say, but I was startled by the conviction they afforded that the whole dreadful story was real. There she was, within that wall, Grace Wilson, the poor child, the witness of the murder, the prisoner of eight years. I should soon see her, speak to her. These thoughts and feelings crowded so upon me that Mr. Davis had to speak almost harshly to me; he could arouse me to the exertion of rising and leaving the place. All our plans were successfully put in practice. Mr. Davis came to me when the children were gone to bed, and all was quiet in the abbey, and we immediately enclosed ourselves within the passage leading to the secret chambers. There we waited in silence till the old abbey clock tolled out the hour of ten, its deep hoarse tones deavied by the thick walls around us. Mr. Davis had previously moved the spring, which caused the surface of the apparently massive wall to slide aside, discovering a strong narrow door in the actual wall of the chamber. We drew near to it and listened, and very soon we heard harsh grating noises within, like the removal of heavy bolts and bars. The sounds ceased, and Mr. Davis laid his hand upon the handle of the door, and after a moment's hesitation, turned the lock. It yielded to his touch, and turning to me he gently drew me through the door at the same moment with himself, but a step or two behind him. My heart beat so fast and violently, that it somewhat diverted my attention; my head throbbled, and my eyes were dazzled. I saw only that I was entering a lighted chamber, but I could not at first distinguish a single object within it.

It was not till several hours later, and when I was alone for the night, that I could attempt to recall with any accuracy the circumstances of our admission to that apartment, the scene of so much strange guilt and suffering. I heard, and saw, and acted like one in a dream; and it still seems to me like putting the fragments of a dream together when I endeavor to relate this portion of my story.

I entered, as I have said, behind Mr. Davis; he paused after a few steps, and drew me forward. The room was well lighted, and the first thing I observed was a low, narrow bed, with its side against the wall, opposite the door. Upon it sat a shapeless kind of figure in a silk dressing-gown, hanging loosely about her. The thin delicate child in the picture at the cottage was vividly present in my mind. I saw a heavy-looking creature with light hair, a large hollow face, and eyes swollen and scarcely visible. She was shaking from head to foot; she neither looked at us nor spoke to us. I took one of her hands, and it clasped mine—oh, so closely; and then she bowed her poor head upon it, and uttered a sound, something between a groan and a cry, such as I never before heard, and while I live can never forget. I pressed her hands to my bosom; I kissed her forehead; I tried to speak, but could not; and I thanked Mr. Davis say: "My poor girl, fear nothing; you are safe, you are free, and with friends eager to help you; call yourself, and come with us." He then gave me a bonnet and shawl that he had brought with us. It was some time before I could attempt to put them on to her. She kept clinging to my hands, to my shoulder, to my dress; still without speaking a single word. Her breath grew shorter and shorter, and at length, with a loud and fearful shudder, she went into violent hysterics. We had taken the precaution to bring hartshorn and restoratives with us, but for some time they were wholly without effect. At length, the worst paroxysm seemed passed; she became quieter, and we laid her gently on the bed. Her face was turned to the wall, and she uttered no sound, although every two or three minutes the shudder came all over by convulsive twinges.

"We cannot attempt to move her in this state," I whispered to Mr. Davis.

"No," he answered. "Would you object to remaining with her while I go and explain to Dalton the cause of the delay?"

This was agreed upon. I cannot call it fear, but I own to a very uncomfortable feeling when the door of that chamber closed upon me. The poor creature continued perfectly still, except for the involuntary movements; those soon became less violent, and at length ceased. I believed she had fallen asleep. I looked around me. The room was small, but lofty; and the outer air must have been in some degree admitted near the ceiling, as a lamp hanging from thence flared and burned unevenly, while the flame of a candle on a table in the room was still. There were two or three tables, and several chairs; shelves against the wall, on which there were many books; and doors to closets, that must have been made in the wall, as they did not project beyond it. One of these was open, and appeared to be filled with glass and crockery. At the further end of the room, an open door showed the interior of another lighted chamber; this, she told me afterwards, was the winter-room, one side of it being formed by the back of the great kitchen chimney, and consequently always warm. In that room, also, was a sink, and a pump of excellent water. In the angles of the wall of the kitchen chimney were closets, in which the bed-linen, blankets, and coverlets were kept, and an extra mattress always aired and ready for use; and some contrivance in the ceiling admitted air into this chamber, but not so freely as in the other, which was called the summer-room. I am here briefly summing up much that I heard at different times afterwards; and I must not forget to mention that for the comfort, and to promote the health of the inmates of these chambers, there was admission from the inner room to a long passage running within the wall of the chapel, into which the outer air was freely admitted. It was only wide enough for one person, and was wholly unfurnished, and evidently contrived as a promenade for the concealed or imprisoned there. The mode of conveying air to all these places must have been exceedingly curious and circuitous, for in no part was there ever visible one single ray of light. That unhappy girl, from the moment in which she fell senseless by the side of her murdered father, never again beheld a glimpse of God's blessed daylight.

She still continued quiet and silent, and I remained anxiously watching by her. At length she said in a sort of hoarse whisper: "I am not asleep; I think I can move now."

I raised her up in my arms; I felt as if I knew not how to be kind enough to her, and I could not restrain my tears as I gently kissed her brow. She felt them falling on her face, and she said: "I believe you—I trust you;" and she laid her head on my shoulder and wept calmly—"I might say sweetly, so much the tears seemed to soothe and relieve her. Very soon I was able to prepare her for her removal. She tied the bonnet securely, and helped me with the shawl. I saw plainly that her dress was one of Lady Dighton's silk wrapping-gowns, and it hung awkwardly upon her; but her head was very neat, and her hair nicely brushed and arranged. By this time, Mr. Davis again made his appearance, and was greatly pleased to find her composed and ready to depart. I asked her if there was anything she wished to take away with her. She looked around, and shaking her head, said: "No—O no!" Mr. Davis lowered the lamps, and extinguished them, and put out the candle. We left the room by the light of a lantern we had brought with us. Mr. Davis fastened the door, and replaced the contrivances for concealment, and the silent chambers became tenantless, and returned to their original mysterious secrecy.

Mr. Dalton, in accordance with our arrangement, was in readiness with his chaise near the abbey. We helped the poor girl in, and I got in also, and sat beside her, putting my arm round her waist. I explained our plan to her as we drove on, and told her of the kind Mrs. Dalton who would receive and take care of her. By a circuitous route, Mr. Dalton reached the lane leading from the high London road to the rectory; I got out at the gate, and being joined by Mr. Davis, who had walked thither to the abbey, and almost without speaking to each other, crept quietly to our bedrooms.

I believe that I have said before that I can never quite understand the effect which these strange events produced upon my mind while they were occurring. I scarcely thought of the frightful guilt of Lady Dighton, or of the peculiarly painful position of poor good kind Captain Sinclair. The sufferings and the feelings of Grace Wilson engrossed almost all my thoughts. When I went to bed, however, I slept soundly, for I was quite worn out by fatigue and anxiety. I awoke with a strange confusion of feeling and recollection, and hardly able to believe in the occurrences of the last twenty-four hours. I met my pupils at breakfast, and released them from any lessons for that day. They asked anxiously after their father, and then went off to some work of colored papers, paste and paste-board. Mr. Davis and Mr. M'livar were engaged in looking through papers and letters for Captain Sinclair, from whom they had received a packet, giving them full powers to act for him, and requesting them to settle whatever was necessary with the steward and housekeeper.

Soon after breakfast, Mrs. Dalton came to me as we had previously agreed upon. She had not much to tell. She believed Grace had slept well, and she had induced her to continue in bed, and have the daylight cau-

tiously admitted to her chamber. All agitation had passed away; she lay quite still, and spoke little. It appeared to Mrs. Dalton that her mind was profoundly occupied in endeavoring to realize the great change of circumstances around her. I returned to the rectory with Mrs. Dalton, and found her still silent and quiet. When I took her hand, she grasped mine strongly, and kissed it, but without speaking. She got up after dusk, and the next morning arose before breakfast. Mrs. Dalton had made a shade for her eyes, and in a few days she could endure the daylight very tolerably; but she continued to speak little, and appeared to be continually wrapped in a sort of heavy reverie. I had afterwards to think that much of this was habit, and that a great portion of her time in her prison-chamber had been passed in this manner, which frequently ended in a dozing kind of sleep. It was long before she would enter into anything like conversation, and very long before she would give any particulars of her sufferings during those eight long years of silence and solitude, when, shut up in two small chambers, she never heard a human voice, or caught a glimpse of daylight.

Of the scene of the murder, she never could be induced to say more than a few whispering words, and no one who saw the dreadful expression of horror in her face if the slightest allusion were made to it, could persevere in pressing the subject upon her. Only once did she speak to me of her feelings and impressions when she recovered her senses in the secret chamber; she said she soon began to understand that she had been carried into some place of confinement, and she expected nothing but a cruel death from the same ruthless hand that had, before her eyes, destroyed her father. After a time, however, she perceived the strong inner fastenings to the door. She drew the bolts and fixed the bars in a kind of frenzy, and, seizing the light, she rushed about the rooms to see if there was any other entrance. When satisfied that she was so far secure, she said she knelt down and said the Lord's Prayer, and then seated herself with her eyes fixed on the door, fully expecting to be starved to death, and deliberately preferring this fearful alternative, to any sort of communication with Lady Dighton. How long she would have persevered in this determination, had there been no means of conveying food to her, is probably very doubtful; but it is very likely that it might have continued till she was too weak to remove the heavy fastenings. It was evident that she never ceased to believe that her life would be sacrificed the moment she admitted her jailer.

"But," said I, "did you not take hope from her regularly supplying you with food, linen, lights, and everything you could require?"

"Never," she answered. "I believed it was all done to entrap me, and because even her stony heart could not endure to leave me to die without help. Many notes were written to me with entreaties, promises, even solemn oaths—but how could I trust her after what I had seen: my only friend, the only person who had ever loved me, helpless in his bed?"

And here she stopped, as she always did when she approached the subject of the murder. I wondered that the idea of poison seemed never to have occurred to her, but I afterwards found that it had been present with her during the whole of her imprisonment; but she had fortunately imbibed some ignorant notion that it could only be conveyed in liquids. She drank nothing but water and tea, which she had means of preparing for herself; and she said that there were dozens of wine, with which she had been supplied at different times, standing in one of the many closets in the chambers. She was regularly supplied with books, which she used to return when read; and one of her few amusements was to make extracts from them. She knitted stockings and mittens for herself; and having been furnished with a pack of cards, she played a great deal at a solitary game called Patience.

There was a singular sort of quietness in her disposition and habits, which must have been partly natural to her, though, of course, it had been greatly nourished and increased by the strange solitude of her life. A mind of any superior stamp could never have succumbed, as hers did, into the dead calm in which she appears to have spent the greater portion of her time; and one of only average energy and spirit would assuredly have resisted, in some measure, the numbing influences which surrounded her, and have gained as much as, under such cruel disadvantages, could be acquired from books, mental effort, and memory. On the other hand, a more sensitive and impulsive temperament would, no doubt, have suffered fearfully in mind and body, perhaps even to insanity or death. Grace Wilson had, however, a peculiar and decided stillness of character, most singularly suited to the extraordinary trial she was destined to undergo. She had good moderate abilities, and had so far profited by the education Sir Thomas had secured to her, that she could read and write very fairly; it was plain that she had not been either an idle or a stupid child up to the moment in which she was separated from all her fellow-beings; but it was equally evident that she had made little or no progress beyond that moment.

As I knew her better, I perceived more and more that she had good common sense, a kind and grateful heart, and an honest and truthful nature; but she evinced no wish to improve herself, and was, in many respects, supine even to dullness. She had obediently, and probably very slowly, learned whatever had been taught her, and she carried the results of that teaching into her prison; if she added to them at all, it was done insensibly, and without any particular effort of her own. The quietude of her nature was, I suppose, physically a preservative to her, for, strange to say, her health never suffered, and although, as she got older, she grew fat and heavy, she had never needed, nor taken, any kind of medicine.

We spent several months together while Captain Sinclair was endeavoring to arrange the perplexing business that had fallen upon him, and to make up his mind as to the future. In accordance with the advice of Mr. Davis, to whom he turned almost helplessly for guidance, he requested me to go with Grace and my pupils to a distant town, where we were wholly unknown. Lady Dighton had left him a large fortune, but she was correct in her conviction that he would never profit by the bequest. However, in a letter which was found with her will, she stated that having ascertained that she could secure any legacies she might leave to Ellen and Janet, and their heirs, so that their father could have no power to reject them, she had accordingly directed the lawyer, with whom she had communicated by letter on the subject of her will, to divide twenty thousand pounds of her funded property between them, under stringent conditions in the hands of trustees. Except these legacies to his daughters, Captain Sinclair retained only a third ten thousand pounds, which he felt more than justified in settling upon Grace Wilson. The whole of the large remainder of Lady Dighton's settlement, after all necessary expenses had been defrayed, he paid over to the heir of the baronetcy and its hereditary estates. He had only two friends whom he could consult in his heavy troubles, and they were those who had been the unconscious means of bringing them upon him. Both Mr. Davis and Mr. M'livar, while they agreed in the propriety of his honorable resignation of Lady Dighton's bequest to himself, uniting in urging him to avail himself of an offer from the trustees of his children, of whom Mr. Dalton was one, to allow a large portion of the interest of their legacies for their board and education; and he ultimately yielded, in some measure, to their arguments, but it was with painful reluctance. Mr. M'livar, feeling that he had brought so much suffering upon a most amiable and high principled man, exerted all his interest, which was considerable, to procure for him some situation under government, and nothing could have been accorded better with poor Captain Sinclair's wishes than the consoling offer to him at a post in the east of Europe. It removed him from England, which had become hateful to him, and from all possibility of intercourse with the few who were acquainted with Lady Dighton's story. He never could be induced to see Grace Wilson, and he did not meet me again till he came only for a few hours after we had removed to a lodging recommended by the Daltons in a distant village. He was a sadly changed man, and I could see almost in the first greeting that his manner was totally altered towards me. He was most grateful and liberal, and meant to be very kind, but he could not meet my eye, and seemed to dread every word I said to him. His plans were then unsettled, and soon afterwards came the offer from Mr. M'livar of which he had just spoken. Mr. Davis told me that "it made another man of him." He brightened up from that moment, gave an immediate and most thankful answer in assent, and employed himself incessantly in preparations for a speedy departure to his official post.

When all was completed, he came to fetch his daughters. He was much overcome when he parted from me; and Ellen and Janet were as sorry as such young girls could be with a prospect before them which their father had in his letters depicted in the most favorable colours. We parted: I felt that it was a final parting, and such it proved to be. His liberality towards me had been far beyond what I could either expect or accept, and I believe he had a real regard and esteem for me; but I was not surprised when our intercourse by letter gradually died away. The girls wrote frequently and affectionately to me for a few months, but their letters became more and more brief and far between, and in less than two years ceased altogether. I have occasionally heard of them, and I believe that both are well married to foreigners. Their father is always spoken of with respect and esteem.

I had consented to remain with Grace Wilson for at least twelve months after Captain Sinclair's departure from England. We went on very quietly and very amiably together; and I have little to add to what I have already said of her, except that, owing, I suppose, to a more healthy and natural mode of life, she improved very considerably in her personal appearance. She lost much of her disfiguring fat, and her complexion became healthy looking, with a slight tinge of color. Her eyes were larger and brighter, and she had no longer a heavy expression of countenance, nor a dragging, loitering way of walking and moving. Certainly, I could have made poor Grace a far more interesting personage if I were composing a tale, instead of narrating actual occurrences for the private perusal of a few friends. Nevertheless, the circumstances which render it so peculiar,

(Continued on Last page.)



## The Middlesex Journal.

E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR,  
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.  
No paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

## RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (14 lines this type) one insertion, \$1.00  
Each subsequent insertion, 75 cts.  
Half a square (seven lines), one insertion, 75 cts.  
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One square one year, 10.00  
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One square three months, 4.00  
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Half a square three months, 2.00  
Less than half a square charged as a square; more than half a square charged as a square and one.SPECIAL NOTICES, loaded, 10 cents per line for one insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents.  
All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted under the name and charged accordingly.AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.  
South Reading—Dr. J. D. MANFIELD.  
Stonham—E. T. WHITTELL.  
Winchester—J. H. HOBBS.  
Reading—THOMAS RICHARDSON.

S. M. PETTENGILL &amp; Co., Boston and New York; S. R. LILES, (successor to W. B. Palmer), Seelye's Building, Court Street, Boston, are duly empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL, at the rates specified by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JOB PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms and in good style.  
We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.  
Subscribers are requested to remit direct to the office of publication.

## The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1862.

## WOBURN AROUSED.

Last Thursday evening the attention of our citizens was arrested by the sound of martial music, emanating from the Lawrence Brass Band, which was stationed in Lyceum Hall discussing good music, while our recruits were enjoying the bountiful collation "furnished forth" by our patriotic citizen, Mr. W. B. Harris. After the collation, the recruits formed in line, and headed by the Band and followed by a few patriotic citizens, took up their line of march through some of our streets. After marching they entered the Hall, and it was but a few moments before it was filled to its utmost capacity—ingress and egress being next to impossible. As soon as the meeting became settled, it was called to order by John Cummings, Jr., Esq., in a few brief remarks. C. C. Woodman, Esq., was then introduced and spoke with good effect for twenty minutes. He was followed by Rev. Mr. Squire of Stonham, in a glowing and pointed speech. This gentleman carried everything before him, and raised the enthusiasm of the audience to the highest pitch. His remarks were received throughout with rounds of applause, and those who had any idea of enlisting could not resist the temptation and accordingly walked up and put down their names. John Cummings, Jr., offered, at the close of Mr. Squire's remarks, \$5 for the next ten men that enlisted, and it was but a very short time before that number and more were enrolled, some of whom added their \$5 to the sum previously offered for the next one that enlisted after them. And thus the good work received an impetus that kept it rolling on until the close of the meeting. There is nothing like putting one's whole body and soul into such a matter as this, to make it succeed; a few determined spirits will do more than scores of passive men who merely work mechanically. There are enough men in Woburn to fill our quota twice over, but they need prompting by such meetings as that of Thursday evening.

The following resolution was introduced by Joshua Littlefield, Esq., and adopted by the meeting:

Resolved, That we the citizens of Woburn, form ourselves into a Society to Aid Society, for the purpose of rendering aid to the families of such of our men as are in the Army and Navy of the United States, to whom the law prohibits the Selectmen of the town from rendering aid, by monthly contribution to be collected and distributed by a committee of fifteen, chosen by the citizens of Woburn.

In accordance with this resolution the following persons were chosen as the Committee: Centre of Town—Horace Conn, P. H. Claffey, Albert Johnson, Patrick Calnan, Daniel Richardson, Patrick McDaniel, M. S. Webster, Luke Balf, A. E. Thompson; West Side—William Elliott, John Mahoney; North Woburn—M. F. Winn, James Murray; East Woburn—Henry Ramsdell, Hugh Rafferty.

The number of recruits at the commencement of the meeting was 35,—at its close 52. Thus with very little trouble 17 names were obtained. The meeting adjourned until next Tuesday evening, when we hope to see Woburn's quota filled up and the men ready to go into camp.

The following is a full list of the names obtained up to last evening—five having enlisted since Thursday's meeting:

L. F. Wyman, S. Richardson, Jr., Chas. K. Conn, James F. Leslie, W. H. Jones, Jere Crowley, Albert S. Leslie, A. D. Carpenter, Wm. P. Brown, T. M. Parker, M. B. Baldwin, Albert P. Barrett, Irving Foster, George E. Hooper, Wm. Lawton, Roscoe L. Bryant, Benjamin Stevens, Wm. S. Wilson, Oscar Parsons, John I. Richardson, Joseph G. Dean, Theodore Parker, E. J. Broughton, Patrick Bradley, Samuel Hooper, Peter Parker, Jr., B. F. Warren, F. M. Bryant, J. C. Libbey,

## A Word to Woburn Men.

We would much rather appeal directly to your patriotism, but as that is something which you all possess, we have now to deal with your pockets, and through these hope to induce you to enlist in your country's cause. She needs your services more than ever, and is willing to pay you well for whatever sacrifices you may make in her behalf. She offers you wages such as few of you can command even in the "piping times of peace." She is pouring out her gold with a lavish hand, and a share of it is for you if you will but rally to her support. Everything and everybody call upon you to enlist now—this is the hour of need, and to be found shirking duty at such a time is to sink manhood into the depths of shame and disgrace. The remnant of that great band which has so heroically withstood disease and the bullets of the enemy for many long and weary months, call upon you to rally to their support and aid them in unfurling the glorious old flag over Virginia's capitol. The cause of humanity, not only in this land, but throughout the whole world, calls upon you to be up and doing, with buckled armor and your face toward the foe. To urge you on, let us look for a moment at the pay you will receive for one year, supposing the war lasts that long—

The government bounty, part of which is paid in advance, for every private, is \$100 00  
The town adds to this \$125 00  
A man at home must support his family. For an absent soldier, with a family of four, the State allows, \$12 per month, which gives for the year 144 00  
A man at home must pay his board and tailor's bills. The government's allowance for rations, when the ration is not drawn, is 40 cts. per day, which for the year 146 00  
The allowance for clothing is \$2.50 per month, which for the year is 30 00  
The pay of a private is \$13 a month, 156 00

This makes the total yearly pay of a private, \$701 00  
As promotions from the ranks are now frequent, it will not be out of place to add the additional pay of a Sergeant, which is \$8 a month, making for the year, 96 00  
This brings up the total pay of an enlisted man to \$797 00

This is sure—there is nothing uncertain about it; rain or shine, sick or well, it is all the same. And besides all this, at the end of the war, you receive liberal pensions. If, together with your love of country, is not sufficient to make you enroll yourselves under the starry folds of the old flag, then there is nothing sufficient under heaven except drafting.

## Town Meeting.

The following is a report of the doings at the Town Meeting, held on Thursday afternoon last:

On Art. 1.—Chose J. B. Winn, moderator.  
On Art. 2.—Voted, That the town of Woburn will give each person who may enlist to make up the quota of men called for by the Governor, or to make up a full company of one hundred and one men, one hundred and twenty-five dollars each as soon as they are sworn into the United States service, and the Selectmen be instructed to draw orders therefor.

On Art. 3.—Voted, That the Treasurer be authorized to hire money to pay the proposed bounty.

On Art. 4.—In relation to changing a portion of the town debt, Voted, That the Treasurer be authorized to change a portion of the town debt to a lower rate of interest.

The matter of establishing a camp in town for the company until it was full, came up, and after some discussion the whole matter was referred to the Selectmen. Dissolved.

WOBURN SOLDIERS.—Below we present our weekly statement of facts concerning Woburn Soldiers:—

Sick and in Hospital.—At Philadelphia, E. S. Danforth, Co. E, 16th Mass. Regt.; J. E. Thayer, Co. F, 22d Regt.; J. P. Kelley, Co. G, 22d Regt. At Washington, D. W. Moody, Co. D, 12th Regt. At New York, J. McSweeney, Co. A, 29th Regt.

Wounded and Released Prisoners from Richmond.—Capt. S. I. Thompson, Co. F, 22d Regt.; P. B. Phillips, Co. D, 1st Regt.

Wounded and Prisoners at Richmond.—Corp. J. L. Parker, Co. F, 22d Regt., in left leg; Daniel Wright, Co. F, 22d Regt., in right arm.

Prisoner at Richmond—1st Lieut. J. P. Crane, Co. F, 22d Regt.

Dead—Corp. Alexander Barker, Co. F, 22d Regt., died at Baltimore, 12th inst., of typhoid fever.

BURLINGTON.—This town, though small in numbers, is large in patriotism. Yesterday her recruits were carried to camp at Lynnfield, and there delivered into the hands of the authorities. This is well, and speaks much for the promptitude of her citizens.

At a town meeting held on Monday, it was voted to pay each man that enlisted a town bounty of \$150. The vote was taken by yeas and nays, and out of fifty-six votes, only two voted nay. It was also voted to open enlistment papers under the direction of the Selectmen, and that they—Nathan Blanchard, William Winn, and Abner Shedd—with John F. Snow, Otis Cutter, Silas Cutter, Chas. G. Foster, Nathan J. Simonds, Stephen Carter, and Marshall Wood, act as a rallying committee. The meeting agreed that each one of this committee should either procure a recruit or go himself. Of course this brought every man up to the mark, and the result was as above. The meeting was adjourned to this evening. Which town follows Burlington? Shall we answer, Woburn?

FISHING EXCURSION.—A number of the Young Men's Literary Association of this town, with some of their friends, went down Boston Harbor last Wednesday on a fishing excursion. A jolly time was passed by all, not even excepting those upon whom Old Neptune had laid a heavy embargo.

## Where Are You Going this Summer?

Now that the hot weather has come on, gentlemen with leisure and without repeat to one another the above question, as a relaxation from the theme of war. People "go somewhere" in the summer with very different objects. Some go to have a good time—to drink and smoke without hindrance, and to cut up such antics as they are ashamed to indulge in at home. Some go to be diverted—to relax the faculties that for a whole year have been tense with the strain of care and labor—to give up the mind to the handling of pleasant associations, and to dream. Others, still, go to get rid of turmoil and bustle, and to seek in profound quietude for the simple visions of nature, pure air and rest. Now if a man or woman is going away to spend a few weeks or months of summer, they should know exactly what they are going for, and make their arrangements accordingly. Nothing can be more senseless and absurd than fashion in summer recreation. The White Mountains may be in fashion one year, Saratoga the next, and Newport the next; but these places are intended by nature, or adapted by nature, for the recreation of entirely different classes of individuals.

Do you want fashionable dissipation? Go to Newport, and when you get tired of that, go to Saratoga. There you will have it all—you are able to pay for. You can dance and dress, you can gamble and drink, you can be skinned and cleaned out; in fact, there is hardly anything you cannot get in these places, besides the bathing in one and the Congress water in the other. Comfort at such places is, of course, not to be thought of, unless a modest hotel is adopted and company discarded.

Do you want exercise in the open air? Have you been shut up in your counting room or warehouse for a whole year, and do you long for fatigue out of doors, and views of nature that shall refresh you, and enlarge you, and make you forget the little walls where you have fretted and striven for a twelve-month? Go to the White mountains. Take a walk through Nature's cathedral with the Connecticut river valley for the porch. Roam over the hills. Go all about upper Vermont as well as New Hampshire, and you shall have your fill of a bracing atmosphere, and the grandest beauties which can absorb the mind.

Are you sick and weak—pining for the sea breeze? Go to some quiet place with a chosen friend—to some old light-house keeper's domicile, or to any of the thousand little hamlets scattered along the coast; eat plain sea food, fish in your landlord's boat, sleep in his best room, and live for weeks with a family which will take an interest in you. Dream among the rocks, read in your room, gradually increase your exercise, and at the end of two months, you will come back to your friends as brown as a berry, and with strength enough in your arms to flog your best friend. But do not, under any circumstances, go alone. Better stay at home, unless of a peculiar happy and adaptable temperament.

Have you a family of children whose sole play out of doors has been confined to the street and the sidewalk? Do you wish to see them healthy and happy?—Bethink you then of some quiet farm-house among the hills of the country, where your money will bring you more pure air, sweeter rooms and beds, milk fresher from healthy cows, warmer friends and a wider range for the busy little feet, than it can purchase for any where else in the world. Pack up what will be necessary for your comfort to carry, and leave for this blessed spot, without a thought of the fashionable folks who live up in a steam-heated hotel in rooms scarcely larger than their trunks. Go there, and take care of your children. Let them work on the farm, in their way, if they will. Let them go fishing—go anywhere—and bring them home in early autumn as black as your hat, with a stock of animal life on hand that will keep you busy for nine months in feeding their hungry mouths. Go to the quiet country church. Go to the school-house. Teach the people who look at you askance your own true politeness. Raise, if you can, the standard of taste and manners. Show your young friends, if you are a woman, your apparel, and teach them how to improve their own. Be one with your associates, and you will return with a heart full of love, and will wonder how any one can call country life dull.

If you want rest, go where rest is to be found. If you want diversion, go where you can find congenial diversion. If you do not know what you want, stay at home, and enjoy your own quiet house—your own cool bedroom—your own garden, if you have one—your own church on Sunday—and your old slippers and old clothes when you have a mind for them. In so doing, you will save much money, escape much vexation, and keep company with an exceedingly sensible—because he can't help it—editor.

THE BACCALAUREATE SERMONS AND THE ORATION AND POEM.—CLASS OF 1862.—Our interest in this little work centers in the poem, coming as it did from one of our town's boys—John Richard Dennett. It is full of truthful and glowing pictures, and every line is worth the perusal and much more. It does infinite honor to the author, and will ever remain a something that he need never look back upon except with feelings of pride and satisfaction.

MR. J. L. PARKER.—We are exceedingly happy to be able to chronicle the safety of Mr. J. L. Parker, one of the editors of the Woburn Budget. A letter received from him on Wednesday, and dated Richmond, July 12, makes known the fact that he was taken prisoner and carried to Richmond, after receiving a flesh wound in the leg. He reports himself as receiving excellent care and doing well. We congratulate his family and friends on the happy news and their removal from doubt and weary suspense.

Let every man become a recruiting agent, and bring himself.

## HARRISON'S LANDING, July 18th, 1862.

My last few lines were from a sick bed, but the next day found me in the ranks going to Mechanicsville June 26th to inaugurate the eventful week the Army has passed through. That night we lost some of our brave comrades and slept on the battle ground to start early in the morning for camp by Gaines's Mill, where we packed up and—fell back—wondering where and why, to our position for the battle of Gaines Mill. We held and drove back the enemy as they came to our front twice during the afternoon refusing reinforcements till nearly dark when we were relieved; just at that moment came the order to fall back the rebels were breaking through to the left in Martindale's and Butterfield's Brigades. We followed our colors back for a better position losing men and officers, when we met the gallant Meagher's Brigade who charged and drove the rebels back to their former position—shells were exploding and musketry flashing till it was quite dark when we, tired and worn lay down on the sand, minus blankets and everything to sleep. Ambulances and Artillery were rattling in change of position and duty. Men tired and powder grimed or leaning on their comrades were passing and repassing, but we lay down in our places and were soon asleep. We are up at 1 o'clock and in the dust and darkness cross the Chickahominy still wandering where and why, confident still in the General. Again we sleep to wake after sunrise June 28th to count the number present, and to clean our rifles for use. In the afternoon we fall in in light marching order and cross White Oak Swamp on our way evidently to James River, for the R. R. communication with White House is cut and we have passed the wounded at Savage Station. Sunday we march all day. There is fighting behind us and day until late at night and we get vague and conflicting rumors from the battle fields. Sunday night we have another toilsome, tedious march. We lose the road and have to counter-march, and at last lie down to sleep an hour till daybreak. Up early for a march across lots to another road, and then a tramp till 9 o'clock where we have a cheering view of the James River and the Gunboats—a promise of rest for our tired bodies. We go into a pine grove as the only shelter from a sun and storm, and also for rest. That afternoon, Monday, at 4 o'clock, we cross the swamps and climb the steep steps of what we afterwards knew as Malvern Hill. By and by the rebels open a masked battery on the left; down lie the infantry, and the batteries and gunboats reply. What a sound those shot make from the boats, rushing and crashing through the woods. That night we sleep in the field again, and for the first time have a full night's rest. In the morning we change position to support a battery and lay through the day, musketry to the right of us during the afternoon and at about 3 o'clock the rebels come out to try our position. The battery moves them down. They come and at last rise and give them volley after volley. The 9th Mass. on our right charge them through three times their own force and then rally back. Our gallant Col. Woodbury is killed while attempting to rally them and prevent our own right from breaking. We stand fast and fire till cart-ridge boxes are empty and guns unfit for service, and we begin to glance around for relief; four times have the rebel colors fallen and now all who are living are dead and firing from stumps or behind their dead comrades. They advance no further, and another regiment take our place to win colors and honors for our day's toil. We leave well-nigh 100 men upon that bloody battle ground of Malvern Hill. All in Morrell's Division including the 9th, 18th and 22d Mass. were engaged and suffered severely in these engagements of Mechanicsville, June 28th. Game's Mill June 27th, and Malvern Hill July 1st. After the fight, which raged fiercely, lighting up the dark and smoky air with strange flashes till late, very late, we lay down to sleep. On that day the rebels had gained no ground and had met with terrible slaughter. We were woke up again by one o'clock to another night march to arrive at about 9 o'clock in mud and rain upon the Harrison's Landing.

On the morning of the 29th we were engaged and suffered severely in these engagements of Mechanicsville, June 28th. Game's Mill June 27th, and Malvern Hill July 1st. After the fight, which raged fiercely, lighting up the dark and smoky air with strange flashes till late, very late, we lay down to sleep. On that day the rebels had gained no ground and had met with terrible slaughter. We were woke up again by one o'clock to another night march to arrive at about 9 o'clock in mud and rain upon the Harrison's Landing.

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## WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

OUR SOLID MEN.—The following Estates of individuals, residents, are taxed to the amount of \$50 and upwards, viz:

William Adams, \$64.81—Hiram Andrews, \$1.12—John H. Bacon, 157.01—Estate of Robert Bacon, 135.02—J. G. Baxter, 174.28—W. C. Boon, 106.16—Heirs of Oliver Bacon, 111.60—W. Boynton, 67.64—J. H. Cunningham, 96.51—O. R. Clark & S. H. Cutter, 119.97—Cephas Church, 135.22—C. P. Curtis, Jr., 71.13—Stephen Cutter, 324.80—Henry Cutter, 211.72—Edmund Dwight, 76.63—Widow of E. B. Everett, 161.82—Loring Emerson, 102.17—A. S. Fletcher, 95.65—Jefferson Ford, 61.06—David Fisher, 113.61—Heirs of Henry Gardner, 55.96—Patience Gardner, 53.24—Charles Goddard, 132.72—T. O. & J. H. Hutchinson, 66.68—Wm. Ingalls, 87.79—Nathan B. Johnson, 160.70—J. B. Judkins, 96.86—Levi Johnson, 56.64—James Kelsey, 68.77—Jona. Locke, 142.78—Josiah, Asa & D. W. Locke, 271.38—Lydia Locke, 53.43—Heirs of W. W. B. Lindley, 97.00—Prop. of Lyceum Hall, 66.03—V. P. Locke & A. C. Cox, 67.10—A. Norton, 58.62—O. Prince, 80.25—N. T. Dow & F. O. Prince, 102.95—E. S. Parker & Thos. Collins, 76.26—H. Parker, 242.64—Edmund Parker, 55.26—F. O. & W. E. Prince, 63.01—Chas. Presley, 56.98—Sam'l. Richardson, 77.19—J. S. Richardson, 88.45—N. A. Richardson, 91.41—Sumner Richardson, 54.91—Luther Richardson, 81.72—Heirs of Chas. Russell, 59.99—S. S. Richardson 147.87—Do. as Guardian of Heirs of J. P. Stanton, 46.50—Calvin Richardson, 97.84—S. P. Ruggles, 306.68—Joseph Stone, 217.19—S. T. Sanborn, 134.83—Wm. Symmes, 86.05—M. Symmes, Jr., 69.03—Heirs of Zachariah Symmes, 63.47—D. N. Skillings, 66.92—O. Stearns, 65.03—Samuel Smith, 68.59—S. R. Smith, 61.95—J. F. Stone, 56.13—A. N. Shepard, 97.81—Shattuck, 97.32—E. C. Stevens, 107.09—Andrew Todd, 86.40—S. W. T. Thompkins, 56.45—T. P. Tenney, 86.10—B. F. Thompson, 148.27—M. Wyman, 79.49—J. A. Woodbury, 68.96—Joel Whitney, 57.80—Estate of A. D. Weld, 65.94—Jonas Wood, 53.15—Josiah Walker, 66.87—Samuel Wells, 53.61.

The total amount of the above named taxes on 76 Estates, is \$7707.94, or little more than one half the whole amount raised. 21 Estates are taxed between \$40 and \$50; 34 between \$30 and \$40; 64 between \$20 and \$30; 63 between \$10 and \$20; 91 less than \$10; 212 only a poll tax.

NON-RESIDENTS.—Edward Everett, Boston, \$263.56—Charles Kimball, Lowell, 65.68—Heirs of Gorham Brooks, Medford, 200.18—Wm. A. Russell, Medford, 61.63—John Dugan, Somerville, 55.13.

The total amount of the tax on the above named Estates of Non-Residents, is \$646.06. SCHOOLS.—All the teachers of the last term have been re-elected with the exception before noted. Some thirty-four pupils from the several schools have been admitted to the High School.

WAR ITEMS.—Sailing Master Ford was here on a brief visit to his family the first part of the week. The vessel to which he is attached has been undergoing repairs at Philadelphia.

Capt. John A. Bolles has been appointed Provost Judge at Fortress Monroe and there by authorized to hold a Court "for the trial of all cases, civil and criminal (not military) that may arise within the limits" of the department under Gen. Dix.

The quota of volunteers under the recent call from this place (25), has been raised, and are good men and true. Our town has set an example to her neighbors worthy of imitation. In my next I will give their names in connection with the list previously reported. Much credit is due to two or three of our citizens through whose well directed efforts the required number of volunteers was speedily obtained.

Small Fox has already sacrificed some of his best and bravest troops. Soldiers, listen to the voice of reason, supply yourselves with Holloway's Pills & Ointment. The Pills purify the blood and strengthen the stomach, while the Ointment removes all pain, and prevents pit marks. Only 25 cents per Box or Pot.

## UNION.

Generally the office-seeker who gets nothing gets what is good for him, and just what he is good for.

In Stonham, the firm of John Hill & Co., have loaned to the Town the sum of \$2500, to assist in paying the volunteers.

## TOWN MEETING AT BILLERICA.—At a town meeting held in this town on Monday, P. M., it was voted to give \$125 to every one, not exceeding eighteen, that would enlist in the service of the United States for a term of three years, if not sooner discharged,—the money to be paid as soon as called for after being sworn into service. Thomas Talbot, Esq., also offered \$10 to each in addition to that offered by the town. Joshua Bennett also gave \$10. James R. Faulkner \$5, and George P. Elliot \$2, to all that would put their names down before leaving the hall. Their offer was, however, extended till Saturday night. Only four names were put upon the paper before the meeting was adjourned. Their names are Elijah Stone, Geo. Brown, George Miller, and Joseph Wilson. Seven more names were added to the list before night. It is thought there will be no trouble in getting the quota of men from this town. None have yet gone into camp, though they may before the week is out.

An article on a "New Public School System," by W. B. Wait, principal of Greenwood Seminary in South Reading, has been prepared for some time, but has been crowded out. We hope to find room for it next week.

Rev. S. P. Fay, of Fall River, will preach to-morrow in the First Cong. Church, Woburn.

## STONEHAM.

For the Middlesex Journal.

At a legal meeting of the inhabitants of Stoneham, held on Thursday, July 17, L. F. Lynde was chosen Moderator.

Resolved, That the town appropriate and pay the sum of One Hundred Dollars to each of the 37 volunteers, the quota required by the order of the Governor of Massachusetts in the General Order Number 26, for the call of 15,000 volunteers, which enlist, are accepted and sworn into the service of the United States under said order.

Resolved, That the Selectmen be a Committee to draw out of the Town Treasury the money raised for the Volunteers and pay the same.

The following Preamble and Resolutions were then read to the meeting, after which, on motion of Samuel Tidd, Esq., it was

Resolved, That said Preamble and Resolutions be adopted and placed upon the Records of the Town.

Whereas, The President of these United States has issued a new call for 300,000 volunteers to be used for the suppression of the blackest treason and a most wicked rebellion;—and, whereas, our beloved country stands in imminent danger from these wicked conspiracies, and the stern exigencies of the hour call for a rapid enlistment of this new levy;—and, whereas, Stoneham, anxious and determined to do her share in the new demand which Freedom and Country have laid upon her, has, at this early hour filled and sent in her quota, therefore,

Resolved, That we heartily endorse this call from our President, and will stand by the Government, cost what it may of blood or treasure, till this rebellion is crushed and the authority of the Constitution, in the revolted states, once more restored.

Resolved, That in the promptness, with which, in our midst, this call has been answered, we see again the spirit of our fathers—a spirit we can but admire;—for as, on April 19th, 1775, Stoneham blood was spilled on Lexington green, so on April 19th, 1861, the streets of Baltimore were baptized with the blood of her sons; and, though their lives have been offered up, on their country's altar, in almost every battle fought for national existence, yet, they stand ready for further sacrifice and willingly leave home and friends to battle for Freedom and Right.

Resolved, That we, the citizens of Stoneham, tender to those who have enrolled their names among the heroic defenders of their country's cause, our sincere thanks for their prompt response at this time; and we, whom age, infirmity, or other impediments render unable to go, pledge ourselves that nothing shall be wanting on our part, to render themselves or families any aid their condition may require.

Silas Dean, Town Clerk.  
Stoneham, July 22d, 1862.

## SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

THE 16TH.—We have received a long communication from an uncommissioned officer in the 16th Mass. Regiment, near Richmond, extracts of whose letters have sometimes appeared in the Middlesex Journal. This indulges in complaints against the Report of Major Lawson to Governor Andrew, found in print in the Boston Journal of July 14th in which the praise for bravery is confined almost entirely to the Left Wing, while three companies on the Right, though in a very dangerous and exposed position, held their ground unflinchingly, showing the most determined coolness and bravery, yet are not mentioned in the Report. The writer intimates that the Major was too far out of sight at the time of the engagement to judge properly who was deserving of praise, and on that ground only could the one-sided Report be justified. He declares however that they are not fighting to obtain praise, but for their country, and that they intend to do their whole duty, and be rewarded by the consciousness of having done it. The letter entire is withheld from print in the belief that its influence would be such as would not be desired even by the writer himself. It is a pity, if true that our army has not the best, most experienced, and self-sacrificing officers, and that in matters of the utmost importance in the existing crisis, the good of the country alone is not consulted.

WAR MEETINGS.—Another of a series of meetings was held in the Town Hall on Tuesday evening to feed the spirit of patriotism in our midst. Lieut. James Oliver of the 16th Mass. Regt., was present, and in earnest words, urged the importance of furnishing recruits immediately to take the places of those who had fallen in battle, or by disease. "Our sons, our brothers, our neighbors were in the army of the Potomac, unable to cope with an overpowering foe, and appealed to us for aid. Shall it be withheld in this hour of trial and danger? He trusted not. He expected to return to the Regiment in about a week and wanted to carry back with him the cheering intelligence that Massachusetts had promptly responded to the call of the President for additional troops to crush this unholy rebellion." Mr. Oliver, just recovering from sickness, was so feeble to make a long speech, but his remarks were of the right kind for the times and were listened to with deep interest. He gave an account of the terrible battle of Tuesday, of which he was an eye-witness, being on horse-back, having charge of the baggage train. After addresses from several other gentlemen, the meeting was adjourned to Saturday evening when other speakers may be expected, and perhaps other measures adopted to give interest to the occasion.

Our volunteers are coming forward slowly, but we hope they will surely come.

HORTICULTURAL.—At a meeting of the Horticultural Society on Monday evening Mr. Wheelock resigned his position as Secretary on account of the press of other business. The resignation was accepted and J. S. Eaton Esq., was elected to fill the vacancy. In the Report of the Committee of arrangements, they recommended that the Second Exhibition take place on Wednesday Aug. 6th, at the armory of the Richardson Light Guard; that the third be held at the same place on Wednesday Sept. 3d; and that the fourth and closing exhibition of the season, take place in the Town Hall on Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 23d and 24th; that at the last exhibition only fancy work be admitted, and then all be invited to contribute. The report was adopted.

## STATION MASTER.—Mr. Jonathan Fowle,

our Depot Master for about 12 years on the Boston & Maine, at South Reading, who on account of his fidelity to duty, and constancy at his post, was considered as almost a fixed institution among us, has been promoted, or at least removed to a higher latitude, and Mr. Geo. W. Aborn, a recently returned prisoner of war from the South has been appointed to his place. Going to the Depot, and not finding Mr. Fowle there, passengers naturally concluded that they have made a mistake and got to the wrong station. But we trust the new official will make himself so agreeable that these numerous passengers will soon feel themselves quite at home again.

May Mr. Fowle be as successful in his new position at Andover, as he has been in discharging his duty to the corporation and the traveling public, in the position which he leaves.

BOUNTY.—In addition to the sum of \$100 raised by citizens for each Volunteer, the Yale Engine Company have offered a further inducement of \$25 to each of their members who will now enlist in the service of their country.

DRILL.—The Regimental drill of Officers belonging to the Seventh Regiment took place in South Reading on Wednesday under command of Col. Messer of Haverhill. They dined in the Riding House of Doctor S. O. Richardson.

ORATION PRO NOBIS.

July 24th, 1862.

## READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Several public meetings have been held











# Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stonham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmingdon, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XI: : No. 44.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1862.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR  
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS.

## Poetry.

### Wanted—A Minister.

[The following piece of poetry, though old, can, most likely, with a few alterations, be adapted to the situation of some of the Woburn congregations at the present time.]

We have been without a Pastor,  
Some thirteen weeks or more,  
Though candidates are plenty—  
We've heard at least a score—  
All of them "tip top" preachers,  
Or so their letters ran—  
But all have this objection,  
They can't suit every man.

The first who came among us,  
By no means was the worst,  
But then we didn't think of him  
Because he was the first;  
It being quite the custom,  
To sacrifice a few,  
Before a church in earnest  
Determines what to do.

There was a smart young fellow,  
With serious, earnest ways,  
Who but for one great blunder  
Had surely won the day;  
Who left so good impression,  
On Monday one or two  
Went round among the people,  
To see if he would do.

The pious, godly portion  
Had not a fault to find;  
His clear and searching preaching  
They thought the very best;  
And all went smooth and pleasant  
Until they heard the views  
Of some influential sinners,  
Who rent the highest pews.

On these, his pungent dealing  
Made but a sorry hit;  
The cost of gospel teaching  
Was quite too tight a fit.  
Of course his fate was settled.  
Attend, ye Parsons all!  
And preach to please the sinners,  
If you would get a call!

Next we dispatched committees  
By two and threes, to urge  
The labor for a Sabbath  
Of the Rev. Shallow Spurge.  
He came—a marked sensation,  
So wonderful his style,  
Followed the creaking of his boots  
As he passed up the aisle.

His tones were so affecting,  
His gestures so divine,  
A lady fainted in the hymn,  
Before the second line.  
And on that day he gave us,  
In accents clear and loud,  
The greatest prayer ever addressed  
To an unenlightened crowd.

He preached a double sermon,  
And gave us angel's food,  
On such a lovely topic,  
"The joys of solitude."  
All full of sweet descriptions  
Of flowers, and pearly streams,  
Of warbling birds, and moon-lit groves,  
And golden sunset beams.

Of faith, and true repentance,  
He nothing had to say;  
He rounded all the corners,  
And smoothed the rugged way;  
Managed with great adroitness,  
To entertain and please,  
And leave the sinner's conscience  
Completely at its ease.

Ten hundred is the salary  
We gave in former days,  
We thought it very liberal,  
And found it hard to raise;  
But when we took the paper,  
We had no need to urge,  
To raise a cool two thousand  
For the Rev. Shallow Spurge.

In vain were all our efforts,  
We had no chance at all,  
We found ten city churches  
Had given him a call;  
And he in prayerful waiting,  
Was keeping all in tow,  
But where they bid the highest  
"Twas whispered he would go.

And now good Christian brothers,  
We ask your earnest prayers,  
That God would send a Shepard,  
To guide our church affairs;  
With this clear understanding:  
A man to meet our views,  
Must preach to please the sinners,  
And fill the vacant pews.

## Select Literature.

### THE DUELLIST'S REVENGE.

The bitter animosity existing in France between the royalists and imperialists, found its culmination on the restoration of Louis the Eighteenth, and innumerable quarrels and bloody duels were the results. In Paris the two factions met more numerous at the Palais Royal than any other given point, and here the insult, the challenge, and its acceptance followed each other in rapid succession, and both parties, immediately adjourning to some convenient locality in the vicinity, not unfrequently settled the whole affair within the hour.

In this state of affairs it behooved every man of mark to be a good swordsman, and a dead-shot, as about the only means of prolonging his life, for if known to be inferior in the use of deadly weapons, he was almost certain to be involved in a quarrel with some skilful antagonist who would take both pride and pleasure in sending him out of existence.

Wherever duelling is fashionable, there are always more or less professed duellists—men who have trained themselves to fight with deadly weapons, who know all the nice points of advantage, and how to obtain them, who have schooled their nerves to an iron rigidity, and their features, manners, and language to express a perfect confidence in their success, and who boast of glory in their individual prowess, and the number of victims they have murderously sent out of the world. Yet

these same apparently bold, daring, reckless and bloody-minded men are generally cowards at heart, and have really as much fear of danger as those whose timidity is made glaringly manifest; but, like the professional gambler, they have been trained to calculate the chances for and against themselves, and seldom venture on what gives promise of a doubtful issue, so that to save yourself from the annoyance of these gentry, it is only necessary to have it generally known that in an affair of honor you would be quite as likely to kill as get killed.

There were many of this class in Paris at that day who actually made a living by duelling—they had their price, like the Italian assassins of a former period, for getting rid of persons obnoxious to their employers—though, as we have already stated, they generally took good care to know all the fighting qualities and idiosyncrasies of the proposed victim before actually closing the bargain of blood, and if they discovered too much danger in the case, they readily invented such an excuse as would save both their lives and credit; for who would dare question the motives and courage of men so famous for bloody deeds? Sometimes, however, they made serious mistakes, notwithstanding all their nice calculations, and then the world became a trifle better for suddenly getting rid of a human curse.

There were others who fought for the mere love of fighting, because their combative and destructive organs would never let them rest in peace; and these were always ready for anybody and any mode, it being immaterial to them whether they were to fight at their antagonist at ten paces, cross swords with him at one, or be tied to him for a quick settlement with dirks. Then, again, there were others who fought to revenge slights, both real and fancied, or to settle personal or political animosities, or because they were embittered by disappointments, or because they were tired of living, and did not care to commit suicide. And of course, in all this range of character, there were many eccentricities displayed, for where duelling was so common that an ordinary meeting would scarcely be mentioned on the following day, certain persons were sure to seek to make themselves remembered by some peculiarity that could not fail to be long talked of for its novelty.

Most of these duels, as we have intimated, were between partisans—between royalists and imperialists—and when they met at the Palais Royal, the great headquarters of Paris, the mode of insult was simple and easy. A saucy look, a grimace, or a smile of contempt, was frequently sufficient to draw forth a challenge; but if these failed, a jostle, a push, or a tread on the foot, was always certain to be a success.

One day an imperialist officer, one Captain Honiton, who was suffering from gout, was slowly hobbling along under the famous wooden gallery of the palace in question, when, being somewhat pressed by the crowd, and fearful of being injured in his suffering limb, he took a sudden step aside, and accidentally trod on the foot of an officer of the royal guard. Quick as lightning the latter, a young man of spirit and fire, seized the former by the nose, and then cuffed him on both sides of the head. The face of the imperialist turned deadly pale, as he said, quite calmly and politely, evidently controlling his passion by a master effort of the will:

"I would have apologized for what was really an accident, had not monsieur put it out of my power."

"I do not want an apology from such as you," was the insulting reply.

"Your name?" demanded the other.

"Lieutenant Duvals, of the royal guard, at your service."

"I shall remember!" rejoined Captain Honiton, as he turned to depart.

"Pray do not forget," said the lieutenant, at the same time treading heavily upon the gouty foot of the captain, and thus drawing from him an involuntary cry of pain.

Duvals then walked away with a proud and haughty air, leaving the other suffering fearfully from pain and rage. As soon as he could extricate himself from the crowd, the captain called for a carriage, and was quickly driven out of sight.

For a whole week, Lieutenant Duvals remained in momentary expectation of a challenge from the man he had so grossly insulted, but none came. Another week passed away, and the imperialist was not heard from.

"He is a coward, and unworthy of my notice," said the dashing young officer, with a proud smile of contempt.

"Why, what could you expect of a man who doubtless disgraced himself at Waterloo?" rejoined one of his brother officers, with a sneer. "Bah! this comes of plebeian blood, Henri!"

Months passed away, and Henri Duvals, who was the youngest son of an ancient and honorable family of royalists, was promoted to a captaincy. He had fought two duels since his insult to Captain Honiton, but still nothing had been heard of that officer, and the little affair was nearly forgotten, or remembered only as a sneering jest. More months passed, and Captain Duvals, affianced to a beautiful lady of rank, began to prepare for his wedding.

The morning of the intended wedding-day arrived, and Captain Henri Duvals rose early to prepare for nuptials that were to make him the happiest man in Paris. While engaged at the toilet, a servant announced a visitor—a stranger.

"I am engaged, and can see no one now," was the reply.

"I beg your pardon, Monsieur le Capitaine," said the voice of the stranger, who had followed on the heels of the servant; "but I know you will see me."

"And who are you, sir? and why this intrusion?" demanded the young officer, in an imperious tone, as he coldly ran his eye over the person of a middle-aged man in plain citizen's dress.

"I am Captain Honiton, formerly of the imperial guard, at your service."

"Well, sir?"

"Monsieur le Capitaine seems not to know me; but yet monsieur may have the happiness to remember the pleasure he once had in pulling the nose, boxing the ears, and treading on the foot of a quiet-looking gentleman, under the gallery of the Palais Royal, some twelve months since."

This was said with the most freezing politeness; but there was something awfully wicked in the cold gray eye of the speaker, as it all the time rested quietly and steadily upon the other.

"Ha!" said Duvals, flushing to the temples, "I know you now; but to save your reputation, you should have come sooner."

"My reputation, fortunately, was not in the keeping of a rather forward boy," returned the other with a grim smile and mocking bow. "I have come at last to ask the pleasure of Monsieur le Capitaine Henri Duvals to a little quiet walk, thinking the beautiful bride elect might be pleased to hear of the prowess of her lover on his wedding-day."

Duvals bit his lip.

"I think," he said, "I should be justified in putting you off for the present; but I will not balk your kind intentions. We need not go far, nor wait long. Here are small swords, and twenty paces hence is the garden."

"Monsieur le Capitaine is so obliging," bowed the other. "Perhaps they lied who said monsieur was a coward and would not fight!"

"You shall see!" cried the young royalist, almost bursting with suppressed passion. "Coward or no coward, I have sent your letters to the devil, and you shall soon follow."

In less than ten minutes the two antagonists were in the garden, and their swords crossed. Honiton was perfectly cool and self-possessed, but Duvals was almost blind with rage. The latter was accounted the best swordsman in his corps, and there were the fewest number that could cope with him, which was one cause of his overbearing insolence; but in less than a minute he discovered to his horror that he was only a mere child in the hands of his antagonist, who seemed rather disposed to play with than fight him. In the course of five minutes, however, he received a disabling wound; and then, like lightning, the blade of the other flashed close before his eyes and severed his nose clean down to his face.

"Monsieur le Capitaine did me the honor to pull my nose—I have done myself the honor to cut off his. Good-day, captain. I will send your servant to look after you. When you are well, I will call again. My compliments to the bride, and how does she like your beauty?"

This affair created a great sensation in the upper circles of Paris. The wedding, of course, did not come off on the appointed day, and subsequently the lady declined to marry a man whose features were so terribly disfigured.

From his sudden disappearance on the morning of the duel, nothing was seen or heard of Captain Honiton till his adversary had so far recovered as to be again abroad, when, at a late early hour in the day, he was suddenly reappeared.

"I have been expecting you," said Captain Duvals, when they again met.

"Monsieur le Capitaine does me too much honor. I hope my visits do not prove troublesome."

"Follow me," returned Duvals, keeping himself fearfully calm.

He conducted his visitor into an empty hall, and produced a pair of pistols. Handing one to his enemy, he requested him to load it, while he proceeded to charge the other.

"You are more than a match for me with swords," he said, "and so we will try these. It is my wish that one of us may not quit this hall alive. We will take our places and fire at the word."

"And Monsieur le Capitaine shall give the word," replied Honiton, with the most perfect sang-froid.

At the first fire, the imperialist received a flesh wound in the shoulder, and the royalist lost a portion of his right ear.

"Monsieur le Capitaine did me the honor to box my right ear," said Honiton, coolly; "I have done myself the honor to shoot off his."

In a couple of minutes the pistols were again loaded, and the foes in their respective places. This time Captain Honiton received a wound in the neck, not necessarily mortal, and Captain Duvals lost a portion of his left ear.

The imperialist coolly repeated his taunting words.

As they were taking their positions for the third fire, Captain Honiton remarked, with bitter emphasis:

"Now, then, Monsieur le Capitaine, I will remember the foot!"

Both pistols cracked together at the word, and both antagonists fell back dead—the one shot through the heart, the other through the brain.

So terminated this singular combat, the closing scenes of which were reported by a servant who saw and heard all.

### Ladies' Complexions.

The whole art and mystery of "beauty skin deep" has been brought before the public, in the late prosecution of the Hon. Mrs. Carnegie by the professed embellisher, Madame Rachel—the latter wanting an extortionate price for her services. The London Morning Star thus concludes its notice of the trial:—"Madame Rachel talked some good sense, we freely admit, when giving her evidence. At least, she paid a tribute to the value of cleanliness. Her process, which, she adds, 'is a very ancient custom,' truly cleansing the skin is indeed a very ancient custom, but a custom which, ancient though it be, is very far from being universal. Nine hundred and thirty-eight pounds, five shillings, sterling, is a rather heavy sum to pay for having one's neck and shoulders washed, however needful the operation may be. Even the milk baths of the voluptuous Roman dames must have cost a very much lower figure. Madame Rachel is frank and distinct about the washing process. Her operations begin, she states, by removing every vestige of dirt. It is somewhat startling to hear the purification spoken of thus broadly in regard to very fine ladies. But we own to an extensive incredulity as to the general character of Madame Rachel's customers. We do not in the least believe that 'the elite' of our female aristocracy are in the habit of submitting their persons to be scraped and plastered by the hands of the owner of the den of Sahara. There may, of course, be many individual instances of vanity and folly sufficiently extravagant. In Bulwer's 'Pelham' we are told of a lady of rank who insists upon having a sudden eruption driven out at all hazards, declaring she prefers death to a night's disfigurement; and who is humored accordingly at the cost of an incurable paralysis. But we should be both slow and sorry to believe that among the educated women of our aristocratic and wealthy classes there are many vain and foolish enough to become competitors for everlasting beauty in four coats of enamel. Captain Carnegie acted like a man of sense and spirit in electing to encounter the exposure rather than submit to the extortion. Whatever the number and rank of Madame Rachel's patients, we scarcely think the publicity given to this case, and the result of it, will much increase her list of customers. Even vain and foolish ladies will probably find that it is much wiser to wash their skins at home. Soft soap and a sponge will be found far better than the magnetic rock; and cold water will do more to preserve a complexion than the Arabian liquid."

### Massachusetts Bravery.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune gives the following statistics and anecdote in evidence of the bravery of Massachusetts troops in battle:

"Hooker's division, as was expected of them, fought like brave men, long and well, and heaped the ground with rebel slain." This division is known here as the fighting division, and as an evidence of their work it may be proper to state that they came on to the Peninsula 11,000 strong, and now number less than 5000 effective men. Among the regiments of this division which suffered most severely, were the Massachusetts 1st, 11th and 16th. Of the latter regiment about eighty were either killed or seriously wounded.

A little incident will show the spirit of the Massachusetts 16th. When the Massachusetts 1st were ordered to charge, the men of the 16th, addressing the Colonel of the 1st, said: "May we not charge with you? You are not strong enough to charge that solid column of rebels alone. We have no officers left. Our Colonel is dead, and our Lieut. Colonel and Adjutant wounded. So if you will lead us, we would like to charge with you." They did charge, with an effect that the rebels will be likely to remember for some time. I would say more about the splendid fighting of the Massachusetts troops on this occasion, only for the fact that the Old Bay State has a history which the world knows by heart, and to tell our readers that Massachusetts soldiers are brave, and that they do their duty, is to tell them what they do instinctively know. God bless the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!"

DEAFNESS OF THE AGED.—Nothing is more common than to hear old people utter querulous complaints with regard to their increasing deafness; but those who do so are not perhaps aware that this infirmity is the result of an express and wise arrangement of Providence in constructing the human body. The gradual loss of hearing is effected for the best purpose, it being intended to give ease and quietude to the decline of life, when any noise or sounds from without would but depress the enfeebled mind, and prevent peaceful meditation. Indeed, the gradual withdrawal of all the senses and the decay of the frame in old age, have been wisely ordained, in order to wean the human mind from the concerns and pleasures of the world, and to induce a longing for a perfect state of existence.

### Gunshot Wounds.

We copy the following from Chambers' Journal. The facts are taken from the Ambulance Surgeon, by L. P. Appis, M. D.

Bullets have a knack of imbedding themselves in the body and limbs, so that the surgeon and the wounded man are both alike ignorant of their presence; for pain, he it remembered, is but a late symptom of a gunshot injury, coming on as inflammation is developed. Larrey relates minutely of an artilleryman who was struck by a ball on his right thigh. The femur was broken; as for the ball, it pierced the thickness of flesh, turned round the bone, and ended by dipping into the hollow of the thigh. "When he was brought to the ambulance, neither he nor his surgeons suspected the presence of a foreign body. The patient even was of opinion that the same ball had passed on and struck another bombardier. It was only when performing amputation that Larrey discovered a ball five pounds in weight. Dupuytren relates that a ball of nine pounds' weight was so completely concealed in a patient's thigh that the surgeon did not at first discover its presence. On the morning after the taking of the Mamelon Vert, a soldier applied at the ambulance said to be wounded in his left thigh. About its middle was found a small circular aperture, like that from a round ball not a wound of exit. On examination, they could feel an obscure swelling in the political space, but otherwise there was no swelling, redness, or special amount of pain. A large incision enabled them to discover and extract an enormous shot, which had run round the femur without breaking it. From the external appearances, perhaps, out of a hundred surgeons, fifty might have thought no ball had entered, but assuredly a hundred would have denied that there lay there a biscuit; but it was so, nevertheless."

Sometimes, again, the bullet will wind in a wonderful manner. "One frequently meets with two apertures so placed with regard to each other as to appear quite independent. Thus a ball which has entered the ankle-joint, goes out at the knee; another, piercing the forehead, escapes at the temple."

Among the more general remarks scattered about the volume, and interesting even to the non-professional reader, we learn that the average mortality among those wounded by firearms is about 1 in 8; and that those who are failed to do so, die soon.

The moral condition of the wounded has a great deal of influence in the matter; and soldiers depressed by defeat or privation easily succumb. Dr. Appis himself is probably a conservative in politics, for he asserts that the insurgents in 1848 were found more difficult to heal than the defenders of public order. "Dr. Serrier, senior assistant-surgeon, speaks of a wounded soldier, in 1834 at Mentz, with merely an abrasion on the front of his leg. He was so affected by the description of amputation some persons discussed before him, and which he thought applied to his own case, that cerebral symptoms appeared, and in two days the poor fellow died. Another man was admitted, in 1839, to the Hotel Dieu of Marseille for a gunshot wound of his leg. Everything appeared to do well, when a visit from one of his daughters, who wept for two hours on his pillow, affected him so much, that he died from mental excitement in a few days."

The wound of exit, says our author, is generally larger than that of entrance, although this is much disputed. In the case of the heart, it matters but little, for any injury whatever to it is fatal, and the same is true of the spinal marrow. M. Jobert, indeed, cites an instance where a bullet remained three years in a heart without producing suppuration—but the patient must have been an exceptionally hard-hearted person. A ball may pass right through the face, and the wound heal with great exfoliation; but the case becomes serious when it involves the frontal region and the eyes. "At the capture of the Mamelon Vert, an officer of the Turcos had his face completely taken off by a ball—chin, mouth, nose, cheeks, eyes, tongue, all had disappeared; only the skull and neck remained. The wretched man breathed; and by his changes of posture, and the significant movements of his hands, showed he was aware of his condition. He sank twenty hours afterwards."

The question discussed at some length in this volume, as to the relative advantages of primary and secondary (or delayed) amputation, is of immense importance, but it will scarcely attract the non-medical reader; on the other hand, the directions for bearing away the wounded should interest every man who aspires to be a volunteer. No wounded man ought ever to be suffered to walk away, nor, if it can be avoided, be entrusted to one man only. It is especially necessary that the surgeon should indicate to the bearers in what manner their charge should be carried, since every case will demand a different method of procedure.—"There is one point," says Dr. Appis, "on which I most strongly insist, because it is one too often disregarded—namely, never to proceed to the removal or transport of the wounded before having agreed with the bearers on their line of conduct. This is the time for the surgeon to prove that he is a calm, determined man, who silences all useless talk and discussion, cautious and reflecting in the midst of the excitement and thoughtlessness by which he is often surrounded."

Immediately upon a ball striking a human

body, a convulsive trembling supervenes, to which presently succeed all the symptoms of extreme nervous depression. Insensibility, however, does not generally accompany this, unless in the case of extensive mutilations, and not always even then. Guthrie tells of having seen a young sailor in London who had had his entire upper extremity carried away by a round ball, fired from one of the forts of Guadeloupe, in March 1808. "His body felt no special sensation, and his senses were not very embarrassed." We suppose, however, that this young man's "entire upper extremity" must mean something else than his head.

It is some slight consolation to find that modern science, which has devised so many new and fatal methods of dealing death, has exploded one very disagreeable notion upon the subject. Nobody can be, nor ever has been killed, it seems, by the wind of a ball. It is really a pleasant thing to be assured of, that the "ping" of a bullet, or even the whirr of a cannon ball, is no more dangerous than thunder. "It had been observed that heavy projectiles, especially balls, could produce deep and serious injuries to the soft parts, and even to bones, without necessarily breaking the skin, and these undeniable facts were accounted for by the extreme pressure which the air in front of the projectile underwent. But one need not be a natural philosopher to see that air is too delicate and elastic a medium not to separate on either side of a bullet, rather than undergo extreme compression from it." Internal injuries formerly attributed to the pressure of the air, or wind of the ball, are evidently due to the obliquity with which the bullet impinges on the body, and the diminution of its force at that moment. Another piece of satisfactory information is, that although wounds are worse now a days than they used to be, the remedies are not so bad. It was wont to be believed that gunshot injuries possessed the character of poisoned wounds. Caustics at a white heat were prepared to destroy the infected tissues, and deep incisions were made to facilitate the elimination of the poison, for which boiling oil of turpentine was considered an antidote. Comparatively easy must have been death in those soldiers who had the good fortune to die without benefit of surgeon.

DON'T DRINK MUCH WATER.—A person in good health, and in the moderate pursuit of business, does not feel like drinking water, even in Summer-time, if not very thirsty. In fact great habitual thirst in Summer is the sign of a depraved appetite, resulting from bad habits; or it is a proof of internal fever; and the indulgence of even so simple a thing as drinking cold water largely in Summer-time, especially in the early part of the day, will produce a disordered condition of the system. Most persons have experienced more or less discomfort from drinking largely of cold water. If we drink a great deal, we must perspire a great deal; this perspiration induces a greater evaporation of heat from the surface than some have to spare; the result is a chill, then comes the reaction of fever. Many a person arises from the dinner or tea-table, in June, chilly because too much cold fluids have been taken. Those who drink little or nothing, even of cold water, in Summer, till the afternoon, will be more vigorous, more full of health, and much more free from bodily discomfort, than those who place no restraint on their potations.—Hall's Journal of Health.

COMMON COLDS.—Messrs. Editors:—Every one is practically familiar with common colds. The chilliness and shivering, the dullness and languor, the soreness of throat, pain in the head, stuffed nostrils, and, still worse, the irritability of temper and the general discomfort, have not only experienced by every one at some time, but it has been the misfortune of most people to pass through this unpleasant ordeal repeatedly, and frequently.

It is certainly quite unnecessary for us to prepare an article upon the symptoms of a common cold, and although a consideration of the pathology and means of cure of this complaint might be interesting and profitable, I only propose at present to indicate what my own observation and experience appear to teach is a valuable and efficient preventive of this disorder.

It is simply sulphuric ether. It should be taken by inhalation. A very little of the remedy will answer the entire purpose. The patient should not make an approach to etherization, but only apply the nose to a bottle containing the liquid and make a few inspirations. This must be done (in order to be completely effectual) when the first symptoms of the cold manifest themselves. The result is an almost immediate and complete removal of all the symptoms, and no unpleasant effect ensues.

[J. BLACKMER, in Boston Medical Journal.

A PATRIOT.—An Irish volunteer from Abington, writes home to some of his friends that all he asks of the town is to "take care of his wife and the children, and he will take care of himself and the country."

It is said that the average number of battles a soldier goes through is five. We know an old maid who has withstood fourteen engagements, and has powder enough left for as many more.

A HIT AT FIFTH AVENUE.—Mr. Trollope, (says the reviewer in the Tribune), respectfully declines to give the Fifth Avenue his unqualified admiration. He thinks it is certainly a very fine street. The houses in it are magnificent, with an air of comfortable luxury and commercial wealth, though without the aristocratic look of many of the detached London residences, or the palatial appearance of an old fashioned hotel in Paris. The churches on each side of Fifth Avenue add much to the beauty of the street. But all the splendor of the place makes no impression but that of the pride of wealth. No great man, no celebrated statesman, no philanthropist of peculiar note, as far as known to the author, ever lived in Fifth Avenue. The gentleman on the right made a million of dollars by inventing a shirt-collar; the one on the left electrified the world by a lotion; as to the gentleman at the corner, there are rumors about him and the Cuban slave-trade; but they have not yet been proved to be true. Mr. Trollope pensively confesses that if he could make a million of dollars by an eyewash or a hair-dye, he would be entitled to a place among the denizens of Fifth Avenue.

AMERICAN BABIES.—I must protest that American babies are an unhappy race. They eat and drink just as they please; they are never punished; they are never banished, snubbed and kept in the background as children are kept with us; and yet they are wretched and uncomfortable. My heart has bled for them as I have heard them squalling by the hour together in agonies of discontent and dyspepsia. Can it be, I wonder, that children are happier when they are made to obey orders and are sent to bed at six o'clock, than when allowed to regulate their own conduct; that bread and milk is more favorable to laughter and soft childish ways than beef-steak and pickles three times a day; that an occasional whipping, even, will conduce to rosy cheeks? It is an idea which I should never dare to broach to an American mother; but I must confess that after my travels on the western continent my opinions have a tendency in that direction. Beef-steaks and pickles produce smart little men and women. Let that be taken for granted. But rosy laughter and winning childish ways are, I fancy, the produce of bread and milk.—Anthony Trollope.

AIDES-DE-CAMP.—A secession reporter, vexed at the expulsion of newspaper correspondents by General Beauregard, thus hits the authors of the mischief, in the Grenada appeal:—"There is hardly a general officer in the service who is not surrounded by a multitude of volunteer aides, with whip and spur, (the latest style of riding), who follow in the train of their chiefs like a comet, and who, though ornamental, are seldom useful. For the most part they are young men who have wealthy parents, and who have not the patriotism to enter the ranks and perform the duties of a true man and a soldier. They are pet, insolent and impudent; they ride fine horses with gay trappings, use an immense amount of gold lace, wear like a trooper, and render themselves generally disagreeable and ridiculous. This is true not only of the volunteer aides, but of many officers whose heads have been turned by their sudden elevation, and who think they are required to exercise their power every hour in the day, lest somebody forget what mighty men of valor they are. These characters are generally known in the army by the vulgar but expressive name of squirts."

CLEARING A DARTON'S PRISON.—The work of clearing the Queen's Bench Prison, London, of its inhabitants is now verging toward a close. Strange to say, it has been a very difficult task. Many of the prisoners sternly refused to be made bankrupts, though, by giving their consent, they could have immediately obtained their release. The most curious case was that of Wm. Miller, who had been in prison since July, 1814—forty-eight years! He had lost all desire to go out, and would sign nothing which would have the effect of making him a free man. When at last he was absolutely forced to acquiesce, he begged to be allowed to remain in the prison a few days longer; and when his time was up he still lingered fondly within the gates to bid the officials farewell, and to shake hands over and over again. Until he passed the outer gates of the Queen's Bench Prison, a few weeks since, Wm. Miller, who was born nearly eighty years ago, never saw a street gas-lamp, nor an omnibus, much less a steamship or a railway.—Railway Exchange.

A correspondent of the Times writes,—"The most wonderful stories are related of the brave Kearney, who literally bears the character of a salamander. He was to be seen, with his one arm, holding his bridle in his teeth, everywhere during the hottest of the fight. At one time he came very near to being taken at White Oak Swamp. He was surrounded by no fewer than thirty of the rebels, but fairly cut his way through them, asking if they thought 'he looked the kind of man to fall into their hands?' The men all love him for his undaunted bravery, but complain a little of his forgetting that everybody is not made of cast iron like himself."

"Now, mind you," whispered a servant girl to her neighbor, "I don't say as how missus drinks; but, between you and I, the deaconer don't keep full all day."



## The Middlesex Journal.

E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR.

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

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TO ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JOB PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms, and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

Subscribers are requested to remit direct to the office of publication.

## The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, AUG. 2, 1862.

It is intimated by correspondents, and certain movements of the rebel army lead us to look with some degree of belief upon the report, that Stonewall Jackson intends to make another raid upon Washington. We hope that he has some design in view and that he will speedily attempt to carry it out as such a movement would fill up our army to the required number quicker than any thing else. Men would flock in thousands to the recruiting offices, and before forty-eight hours had passed, we would be able to marshal a host that would hurl the base invaders back to their dens, discomfited, defeated, and perhaps annihilated. This was demonstrated in the former raid down the Shenandoah, when Danks was forced to retreat with his handful of men. We would be extremely sorry to see the capital of the nation fall into the hands of the rebels, and under ordinary circumstances even to see it threatened; but the fact of it, our people have been so puffed up by false assurances that they have leaned for security upon a myth, a something that has had existence only in the brains of over excited—it may be bought—correspondents. They have been led to believe that McClellan's army was strong enough for all exigencies and that his position on the Chickahominy was impregnable, and that he himself was equal to all odds;—the cost of obliterating these delusions is well known to the people, and we will not attempt to repeat it. If McClellan and Pope's armies are not strong enough to meet the force the enemy can bring against them, and if the Government has not men enough to reinforce them adequately, then it is the duty of those in authority to make the fact known and that speedily. The country should be aroused to its situation and made to understand all necessities. Delays are dangerous, and have cost as much. If the three hundred thousand men are needed to-morrow we should know it, and be made to feel the consequences of delay. To tell the people that our armies are secure is only blinding their eyes to what the enemy attacks and defeats them. As we said before, the best thing the rebels can do is to threaten Washington seriously. This would bring us to our senses, and bring men in thousands to our rescue. If our line of operations is too long, let us condense it; better far give up New Orleans than Richmond. In every place that we have occupied so far, we have found few Unionists, and many Secessionists; and have been compelled to garrison each with large bodies of troops, thus weakening our armies in Virginia, who need every man that can possibly be spared to them. We must curtail our operations, combine our forces, and hurl them against the rebel strongholds. The blow for nationality must be struck now or never. We have the opportunity, and time will tell how well we use it.

Already around Richmond the signs of some gigantic movement on the part of the rebels become apparent. Troops are hurrying there from all directions, and doubtless a sudden dash is to be made upon some exposed portion of our lines. "The signs of the times" conjure us to be up and doing. Our enemies are terribly in earnest. Every nerve is strained to its utmost tension; every man is working as though the result of the rebellion hung upon his individual exertions. But it is not so with us. We have too much business on hand; we are turning in too many dollars, and we are too far removed from the smell of gunpowder, to be terribly in earnest too. Our government and our generals need prompting, and we ourselves are not doing as the great exigencies of the case demand. If we continue fiddling, while our birthright is undergoing destruction, we deserve to be scorned as those who had freedom but did not know its value. The nation has to undergo a tremendous awakening before it will realize its precarious situation, and it had better begin that awakening ere it is too late.

PICNIC.—The Unitarian Sabbath School enjoyed a Picnic in Menchen's Grove, on Tuesday afternoon last. The attendance was not confined to the children, and all spent a pleasant afternoon, notwithstanding the shower which passed over.

## "The work goes bravely on."

Another rousing meeting was held in Lyceum Hall, last Tuesday evening. The enthusiasm was unlimited and everything was achieved that the most ardent could desire—fifteen names being added to the roll. The meeting was addressed by Judge Russell of Boston, Capt. J. C. Wyman, of the 33d Mass., C. C. Woodman, Esq. of Woburn, Mr. Manning of Berdan's Sharpshooters, and Rev. Mr. Squire of Stoneham. The remarks of the different speakers were enthusiastically received. Dea. Jesse Converse offered \$5 for the first recruit, and also addressed the meeting. This offer was responded to by William McDevitt, one of our three months' men. The Lawrence Brass Band was in attendance, and discoursed some good music. At a late hour the meeting adjourned to meet again on Friday.

## THE WORK IS DONE!

Woburn's Quota ready to go into Camp.

Last evening another Grand Rally was held in Lyceum Hall, which resulted in the filling up of Woburn's quota. The hall was crowded again, every available spot being occupied. The enthusiasm was unbounded, and every man went into the work with a will and a determination to succeed. Addresses were given by C. C. Woodman, Mr. Norton, of Winchester, Col. Brastow, of Somerville, and others. After the business of the evening was commenced—that is, recruiting—it was but a short time before the number of recruits was swelled to one hundred and one; each recruit receiving lusty cheers as he enrolled his name. As soon as the roll was filled, the bells rang out a merry peal to tell the good inhabitants of the town who were not present, that the work was done, that old Woburn stood nobly by the flag;—and fireworks, sent up by one or two patriotic citizens, added *deus ex machina* to the occasion. The list of names comprises some of the best men in the town, and altogether the company is made up of as good material as we can afford, and will doubtless represent our town with honor wherever it may be called upon to act. Let no one say after this that there is a lack of patriotism in Woburn, or that her sons are not ready to shoulder their muskets at their country's call. Below we give the complete list of names:

L. E. Wyman, Thomas Sheehan, Wm. B. Parker, Wm. B. Parker, George Powers, Sylvester Murray, Chas. R. Boston, Peter Doherty, Henry Elliott, Wm. McDevitt, Freeman Riebelly, Newton G. Colby, Jonas Bacon, David N. Cady, G. W. Lincoff, Wm. E. Stacey, Wm. O'Brien, John Gilcrest, John Barry, Thomas Ahern, Patrick Cahalan, Geo. Baneroff, E. J. Houghton, Patrick Bradley, Samuel Hooper, Peter Parks, Jr., B. P. Ward, F. M. Bryant, J. C. Libbey, Richard Lombard, Timothy Mahoney, Thomas Coy, J. H. Dean, Luke H. Tidd, John Thornton, John Johnson, 2d, Michael Avery, Joseph Harrison, Silas Wait, John S. Longfellow, Wm. P. Warren, Edwin Flagg, Wm. T. Barrett, Oron Sanborn, Asa Boutwell, O. Harris, J. B. Davis, F. Spokesfield, Henry Howard, F. W. Hoskins, Thos. Marion, Albert H. Richardson, John Branigan, Wm. Choate, John H. Deland, John Riley.

We understand that the company elect their officers to-night and go into camp at an early day. May success attend their every movement, and may they return to their homes, when the horrors of war are passed, with untarnished honor and with victory's laurels encircling their brows.

DRAFTING.—As this subject is claiming attention at this moment, we give below two sections of the militia act relating thereto:

The order of the commander-in-chief may be directed to the mayor and alderman of cities or to the selectmen of towns, who shall hereupon appoint a time and place for parade, for the militia, in their city or town, and order them to appear at the time and place, either by issuing a written notice, or orally, and then there proceed to draft as many thereof, or accept as many volunteers, as is required by the order of the commander-in-chief; and shall forthwith notify the commander-in-chief that they have performed such duty.

Every soldier ordered out, or who volunteers, or is detached, or drafted, who does not appear at the time and place designated by the mayor and alderman, or selectmen, or who has not some able-bodied and proper substitute, at such time and place, or does not pay to such mayor and alderman, or selectmen, for the use of the commonwealth, the sum of seventy-five dollars, within twenty-four hours from such time, shall be taken to be a soldier absent without leave, and dealt with accordingly.

CORRECTION.—Last week, in our report of the meeting held in Lyceum Hall, we stated that John Cummings, Jr., "offered \$5 each for the next ten men that enlisted." This, in common with others, we, at the time, considered to be the fact, but Mr. Cummings stated at the meeting on Tuesday evening that such was not the case, that the money was handed to him by different persons. We are sorry this error occurred, because it was our intention to credit any person with that which was not his due.

See the advertisement headed "Notice" under our special notice head.

## America at the Bar of the House of Commons.

The following article, which we copy from the Boston Advertiser of Wednesday, we consider of enough importance to transfer to our columns. It takes the only legitimate view of the subject that can be taken, and accordingly we commend it to the candid consideration of every man, who longs for the restoration of Federal power over every vestige of the land. The day of our salvation is today, and if we allow the golden opportunity to pass unused, our doom is sealed and we sink to a second rate power to be respected by few and honored by none. It is high time that every man had shouldered his musket and marched forth, singing,

We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more,  
From Mississippi's winding stream and from New England's rocky shore.

It is useless for us to expect foreign nations to delay intervention, if we do not assert our superiority at once by signal victories in the field. We must say, and follow it up by unmistakable reality, "We have met with our last defeat; we will have no more Bull Run affairs." This alone will save us from ruin and disgrace, and keep European hands at bay. It is nonsense and mere bragado to sit down contentedly with the self-assurance that we can defend ourselves against a world in arms, should it attempt to be heard us, when we do not even make headway against a domestic foe, who has neither intercourse with the world, nor a navy to help him. Let us quell this rebellion, and then defy Europe.

"It has been a very common remark for some time that the stock exchange has been discounting bad news from abroad in advance. For a few days past there has been some reaction from this needless depression. The intelligence brought yesterday by the Australasian was in a still further recovery. A motion looking to the speedy recognition of Southern independence, brought forward by Mr. Lindsay, lately a missionary to these shores on behalf of British free trade, has met a substantial defeat, and the whole matter has been left in the hands of the ministry, after a declaration by Lord Palmerston that the time for interference has not yet come. This result was attained after the reception of the adverse news from Richmond; and we may therefore look upon it with some confidence, as a refusal to interfere at the moment when our prospects, as we have a right to believe, were of their darkest.

But let us not mistake the real purport of this cheering intelligence. The decision was not influenced by any sympathy with us, or any failure of inclination toward the South. Lord Palmerston indeed made no secret of his belief that no conclusion is possible for this war; amicable separation and not the restoration of the Union is the consummation which he thinks most desirable; and he objects to parliamentary action, because it will impede the attainment of that end. His judgment that the time for recognition has not yet come is unquestionably valuable to us, as an opinion upon the present aspect of the struggle, given by one who has had no small experience in judging of questions of this nature; but it is an opinion, it will be remembered, which receives not the faintest coloring from any predilection in our favor, from any friendly sympathy with our government, or from any large and liberal views of the real issues of this contest.

We have no question on the other hand that the disposition made of this matter was influenced in a great degree, by a deliberate resolution to avoid all active interference such as might lead to complications with this country. But let us not mistake such a resolution for a determination to treat us impartially, much less for a disposition to favor us. If the calamity of intervention ever comes, some other power than England's will probably be found at the post of danger, and some other interests than hers will be endangered by what may ensue. It will be her office to encourage the impatience of others, to gracefully give them the initiative, and by their instrumentality to secure whatever advantages intervention may offer, without herself incurring any hazard of fresh loss or inconvenience. The blunt, not to say the blundering, course of parliamentary proceedings is not well calculated for carrying out such a policy; the quiet progress of ministerial management, to which the matter is now left, may promise better success.

The result is that the people of this country can again say that breathing time is given for recovering the lost vantage-ground. But let it not be forgotten that every time that this question comes up before any foreign power, as it did before the English House of Commons, brings us one step nearer to that which we deprecate, unless we are able to show most marked success in our operations. The question may now have been limited to some future day for judgment; but when the day comes, the conditions of a favorable conclusion will be severer than now. The inquiry then will be whether the rebels have held their own; to us the searching question will be put, whether we have advanced visibly towards the suppression of the rebellion. It is for the people and the government of this country now to determine the answers to be given to these questions. Quick and determined use of the gigantic power of which the nation is so fully conscious may now, and perhaps for the last time,—determine the issue of this question of foreign intervention, which has so long haunted us."

Last evening, after the meeting in Lyceum Hall, some of the boys belonging to Niagara Engine Co., secured John B. Davis' team, and enjoyed a pleasant ride. They were accompanied by the Woburn Social Orchestra, and while off paid a flying visit to Major T. J. Pierce, and also to Mr. James Mosher, a former member of the Co. A good time was the result.

Rev. W. M. Barber, of South Danvers, will preach in the First Congregational Church, to-morrow.

CALL.—On Saturday evening last, at a meeting of the First Congregational Parish it was voted to extend an invitation to Rev. Rufus W. Clark, D. D., of Brooklyn, N. Y., to become their Pastor; and Wm. A. Stone, Horace Conn, Walter Wyman, and A. G. Carter, were appointed a Committee to carry the vote into effect.

Dr. Clark has under consideration a call from the First Dutch Reformed Church, of Philadelphia, and also one from a prominent church in California. He is considered one of the ablest divines in the country belonging to this denomination, and should he accept the call tendered him by the Society in this place, will prove quite an acquisition to the talent of our town.

MEXICO.—We do not like the appearance of things in and around Mexico. What object the Emperor of the French has in view in sending such a powerful army and navy to this distracted country, a force doubly ample for all emergencies, we are at a loss to conjecture, unless he has an eye on this country and intends to be prepared for all contingencies. It is hinted that Mr. Seward has already sent a remonstrance to the French Government regarding the large fleet it has been pleased to send to the Gulf; and if we would not hear the thunder of this formidable armament, we must strike a blow at Secession that will cause it to reel and tumble over. Verily European Governments are itching to have a finger in our pie.

"INDISCREET BLARNEY."—In another column a correspondent gives some important hints under this head. Our adopted citizens are men of understanding and are no more susceptible to soft soap than some others we know of. They cannot fail to discern why so much flattery is bestowed upon them just at this particular moment, and neither is their power of calculation so scant that they cannot tell its worth. We must remember that there is a hereafter to this war when things will be changed, and that it is better to appeal to men's reason than to their vanity.

The ladies have a subscription paper in circulation for the purpose of obtaining a banner for our newly formed company. Let the money come in freely, they are worthy of a good emblem.

JAMESON & RICHARDSON.—These well known caterers, of Spring Lane, Boston, afford superior inducements to Business Men to take their meals at their place. Every attention and every delicacy is supplied to all customers, and no one ever leaves their table dissatisfied with the fare. As our readers can judge better by experience, we advise them to give these gentlemen a call when in the city.

THE CONTINENTAL.—We have received the August number of this magazine. The contents are varied, of a high order, and of general interest. "Among the Pines" is concluded, and the author commences another work entitled "A Merchant's Story." The publishers say that "it will depict Southern White Society, and be a truthful history of some eminent Northern Merchants, who are largely in the cotton trade and sugar line."

BURLINGTON RECRUITS.—The following is a list of Burlington's Recruits:—Edward A. Libbey, Geo. W. Libbey, E. W. Davis, John Williams, G. A. Page, Amasa M. Knowlton, Celesta Catrack.

HOME MONTHLY.—We have received the August number of this periodical and have heard a peruser say that the contents are such as should be pondered over by every household in the land.

On our outside this week, a variety of interesting matter will be found, some of which cannot fail to suit the taste of every reader.

WADE BLOCK.—This Block is being renovated by a coat of paint which much improves its appearance.

Rev. Mr. Brown of Canada West, will preach in the Baptist church to-morrow.

THE NEW ACT GRANTING PENSIONS TO SOLDIERS.—A copy of the act of Congress, passed at the last session, granting pensions to those enlisted in the service of the Government, either in the land or naval service, has been published. For total disability in the service, a Lieutenant Colonel and officers of higher rank in the army, receive \$30 a month; Major, \$25; Captain, \$20; First Lieutenant, \$17; Second, do, \$15; Non-commissioned Officers, Musicians and Privates, \$8 per month. Captain, Commander, Surgeon, Paymaster, and Chief Engineer, respectively ranking with Commander by law, \$20 per month; Lieutenant Commanding and Master Commanding, \$30; Lieutenant, Surgeon, Paymaster and Chief Engineer, ranking with Lieutenant by law, and Passed Assistant Surgeon, \$25; Professor of Mathematics, Master, Assistant Surgeon, Assistant Paymaster, and Chaplain, \$20; First Engineer and Pilot, \$15; Passed Midshipman, Capt., and Paymaster's Clerk, Second and Third Assistant Engineer, Master's Mate, and all warrant officers, \$10; all others employed in the naval service, \$5 a month. The pension descends to the widow, or if no widow, to the children, if the death is by reason of wounds or sickness contracted in the Government service. This law, it will be seen, embraces all the soldiers now enlisted or who may hereafter enlist in the present war.

WARLIKE LADIES.—The ladies of the Perkins street Baptist Society, East Somerville, adopted the following spirited and warlike resolution on Monday evening:—Resolved, If the men of Somerville will not enlist to rescue our country from her extreme peril, the women will; and when they go, will leave their superfluous garments to those men who choose inglorious ease at home.

## WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

WAR ITEMS.—A letter was received last week from David C. B. Abrahams of the 22d Regt., who was reported wounded and missing in the recent battles before Richmond. He was shot through the cheek, the ball passing from right to the left side of his lower jaw knocking out three of his teeth. He was taken prisoner, and was then in a rebel hospital near Richmond under the care of one of our Surgeons. He was unable to swallow or even talk for several days but his wounds were doing well and he wrote in good spirits. His arrival at some of our hospitals is daily expected. His brother Benjamin of the 21st Regt., is Quartermaster's Clerk at Fortress Monroe, and the other brother James is with his Regiment at Newport News.

Capt. John A. Bolles whose appointment as Provost Judge was noted last week, has been promoted to the rank of a Major.

VOLUNTEERS.—As one of the volunteers (Henry M. Wyman) who first signed the enlistment roll has backed out although legally bound to go and as four others have not been mustered into service and it is uncertain what Regiment they may unite with, I shall refrain from publishing the complete list of all the volunteers from this town until these few individuals make up their minds and complete their enlistment.

The names of those who have been mustered into service under the recent call, are as follows, viz: Melvin P. Burnham, John Gordon, Duncan McDougall, Jesse Richardson, Sorell Gove, George C. Lawrence, Girardo J. Watson, Thos. Cannon, Daniel McLaughlin, Francis A. Hatch, Joseph D. Sharon, Samuel H. Brookings, Jr., John Fitzgerald in the 2d Regiment; Henry Chase, Charles Goodwin, Thomas O'Brien, Samuel McFarland in the 12th Regiment; Darius Hatley in the 33d Regiment; David B. Brooks in the 35th Regiment.

The aforesaid volunteers went into Camp Cameron on Tuesday morning.

The occupation of these are as follows, viz: 4 Farmers, 2 Machinists, 4 Clerks, 1 Shoemaker, 4 Laborers, 1 Hair Dresser, 1 Cook, 1 Wheelwright, 1 Painter, 1 Mason,—10 of them are married and 10 single men.

Those who have signed the Enlistment Roll but had not up to this date (Wednesday) been mustered into service, are as follows, viz: N. A. Richardson, Farmer, S. W. Richardson, Farmer, Asa Fletcher, Carpenter, and Thomas Conley, Carrier,—2 married and 2 single men. The latter one the recruiting officer declined to accept, and this with the one noted above will make two short of the quota. These will no doubt be obtained before the close of this week.

Since penning the above, two additional recruits have been obtained and mustered into service, thus again completing our quota. Their names are John Harbird, and Michael Horgan, both laborers, who have joined the 24th Regiment. This makes 22 mustered into service and the remaining three mentioned above will not back out but will report themselves for duty very soon. Our recruiting officer, Mr. Ayer the Chairman of the Board of Selectmen, is entitled to great credit for the faithful manner in which he has discharged this unexpected and laborious duty devolving upon him which required a great deal of time and attention. Each recruit has had the privilege of selecting his own Regiment and great care has been evinced in the preparation of the necessary papers which are often sadly deficient. The bounty of the town has been promptly paid over to the volunteers as soon as they were mustered into service, together with the \$25 bounty of the Government, and the bounty of \$2, which is paid to every one who brings in a volunteer, in which case the soldier receives instead of some one else, as Mr. Ayer received it and paid it to the men, making in all \$127. The Government having provided no Paymaster to pay the month's wages in advance as promised, that has not been received. Those enlisted in the 2d Regiment some sixteen in number were expecting to leave camp to join the Regiment on Thursday of this week.

PRESENTATION.—Excelsior Engine Company met at their house on Friday evening of last week, and presented to Messrs. Sorell Gove, J. D. Sharon and F. A. Hatch three of their active and efficient members who had enlisted under the recent call for volunteers, each a portable writing desk fitted with articles complete, as mementoes of their regard. The remainder of the evening was spent in a social manner, gratifying to all concerned.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—The locomotive "Woburn" attached to the 8.15 P. M. train for Woburn on Monday evening in consequence of the misplacement of the switch, ran off the track on to the turn-out of the Stoneman Branch and thence through the end of the new building in process of erection over the turn-table, into the water. Only a portion of the engine went into the water as the stone abutments near the water somewhat checked its progress and blocked it in. The cars were taken to Woburn by the Engine of the Stoneman Branch, and the "Woburn" was rescued from its watery bed on Wednesday by much hard pulling, and found to be considerably damaged.

For the Middlesex Journal.

## Indiscreet Blarney.

MR. EDITOR.—You have doubtless noticed and execrated the great amount and variety of blarney, some of it nauseating, used by our public speakers, at the present time to influence our Irish population to enlist in our armies? And you have, too, felt with others the exceeding bad taste and unfitness of it. Our Irish citizens do not need or wish such manifestations. They are not deficient in common sense, and they can judge for themselves what consequence to attach to the past, and no sophistry or subterfuge or flattery will cover it up. Such a course implies, on our part that we have heretofore been either fools or knaves, and per consequence may be expected to be so again—on their part, that they are destitute of the higher qualities, patriotism and love for civil order.

For the Middlesex Journal.

## Indiscreet Blarney.

MR. EDITOR.—You will see by this that I with the rest of my wounded companions have been released from the prison hospital in Richmond. Some say one thing and some another, and I hardly know what the arrangement is between our government and

and are to be coaxed and cajoled into compliance. When they ask for explanation and concessions, it will be time to give them. Till then, let the past alone. If we have been unwise or unjust hitherto, we may as fairly now, and let the future tell for itself. Let our appeals be to their magnanimity, to the justice and importance of the struggle in which we are engaged—to its exceeding importance as affecting them and to its vital consequences as affecting the future of their adopted country.

Winchester, Aug. 2d, 1862.

For the Middlesex Journal.

## SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

VALUATION, TAXES, &c.—By the politeness of D. B. Wheelock, Esq., Chairman of Board of Assessors, and E. A. Upton, Esq., Collector, the following items are furnished:

Total number of Polls in South Reading, May 1862, 686.—Poll tax, \$2. Total valuation of Personal Estate, \$467,599. Total valuation of Real Estate, \$1,264,780. Total valuation, 1,732,376. Rate of taxation \$8.40 on \$1000. Number of Dwelling Houses, 646; No. of Cows, 227; No. of Horses, 182. No. of acres of land taxed in town, 3535. Total tax for State, County and town purposes including Highway tax, \$16,923.11. Not even one pair of oxen returned this year.

The following Persons and Estates, pay the sum of \$50 or more. John G. Aborn, \$89.58—Lucius Beebe, \$372.06—Estate of Elias Boardman, \$52.50—A. J. Blanchard, \$62.69—John G. Brown, \$57.44—George O. Carpenter, \$98.07—Carlton Dole, \$54.92—Carlton Dole, Attorney, \$2.32—Lilly Eaton, \$67.32—Lilly Eaton, Guardian, \$70.64—Thomas Emerson, \$118.53—Thomas Emerson, Jr., \$120.80—Thomas Emerson's Sons, \$97.52—James F. Emerson, \$54.22—Joshua N. Eames, \$55.07—Peter Folsom, \$51.73—Boston and Maine Foundry Co., \$130.29—Samuel Gardner, \$96.88—Charles W. Green, \$92.14—Jeremiah Green, \$73.87—Citizens Gas Light Co., \$336.00—Wm. Heath, \$50.30—Francis P. Hurd, \$154.59—Francis P. Hurd, Attorney, \$90.13—Samuel Kingman, \$69.20—Edward Mansfield, \$131.05—Edward Mansfield, Attorney, \$57.06—Edward Mansfield, Adm'r, \$60.48—Jonathan Nichols, 2d, \$138.50—Daniel Nichols, \$52.58—Josiah Norcross, \$89.87—Oliver Perkins, \$33.24—Solon O. Richardson, \$543.50—P. H. Sweetser, \$64.39—Edward Upton, \$84.32—E. P. Upton and others, \$55.47—Joseph W. Vinton, \$65.67—Leonard Walton, \$54.96—Estate of John White, \$91.08—Mrs. Nancy White, \$63.03—Miss Nancy White, \$70.50—Leonard Walton, \$81.06—William H. Willis, \$57.32—Cyrus Wakefield, \$843.08—Estate of B. Yale, \$422.94.

NON-RESIDENTS.—John Perkins, \$82.07—J. G. Russell, \$126.20—Cornelius Sweetser, \$84.51.

Ten per cent will be saved on all taxes paid before the 15th of Sept.

WAR MEETINGS, &c.—Another War Meeting was held at the Town Hall on Saturday evening. It was preceded by some outdoor demonstrations, the Stoneman Band being in attendance. The Hall was well filled. Addresses were made by Mr. Allen of South Reading, Mr. Cram of Boston and others. Music by the Band, and a song, "The Sword of Bunker Hill" by Mr. Adams of South Reading. The list of volunteers increases gradually. Something will yet be done to fill up our quota. A Town Meeting is called for next Monday evening, to see, among other things, if the town will assume the amount pledged and subscribed by individuals, as bounty to volunteers. If the town should do this, doubtless the persons thus relieved, will make special effort in other directions to encourage enlistments. We have not heard however that the subscribers have asked this of the town, but the feeling is now general, that as most cities and towns have taken the whole matter in charge, justice requires it of this town, besides securing a uniformity throughout the Commonwealth. This town has already sent so many to the war, that it can ill spare more at the present time, but it must be done if necessary for the support of the Government. The little District of Montrose alone, has sent 30 men to "battle for the right," which may be put down as a large proportion for their sparse population.

WAR SERMONS.—Rev. Mr. Bliss and Rev. Mr. Phillips, preached war Sermons to their respective congregations last Sabbath afternoon. Both productions are highly commended as worthy the heads and hearts of the authors.

The Daguerreian Saloon of Mr. Knowlton has just been removed to another field of promise. Mr. K. has done a good business here, and tarried much longer than he first anticipated, but the lease of the saloon having expired, he will soon join his brother at Woburn.

The funeral service of Mr. Aaron Burditt, who recently died at a hospital near New York, took place at the residence of his brother on Sabbath afternoon, the body having arrived the day before. The Richardson Light Guard turned out in citizens dress.

The second Horticultural exhibition will be held at the armory of the Richardson Light Guard on Wednesday afternoon next.

## READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

The following are some extracts from a letter received from my son who was wounded and taken prisoner during the recent battles before Richmond, which, as they contain some items of public interest, I take the liberty to publish, notwithstanding his aversion to notoriety.

"DAVIDS ISLAND, N. Y., July 26, '62.

"Dear Mother,—You will see by this that I with the rest of my wounded companions have been released from the prison hospital in Richmond. Some say one thing and some another, and I hardly know what the arrangement is between our government and

the Confederates, but one thing I do know, and that is I am not lying on a nasty lousy floor in Richmond. We left Richmond on the 19th, and took the cars for City Point, at which place we arrived on the afternoon of same day. The steamer Vanderbilt was lying at the wharf ready to receive us; those who were wounded the worst were carried on board first; next came the crutch battalion, of which I was a member. After we got on board and were assigned a bed, we were ordered to divest ourselves of every article of clothing we had on; which we were very willing to do, considering it the best way of getting rid of the Richmond Grey Backs, commonly called lice. The room which I was in was so thick with them that they actually dropped from the floor above our heads. We generally had an inspection of shirt and pants every morning, and I usually found some on my shirt collar, who I suppose were posted as my shirt collar guard, the reserve being in the seat of my breeches, and after a hard battle I always claimed a victory over the grey backs. But you would like to know how we lived in Richmond. I will tell you. Jeff allowed us half a loaf of bread per day, but the nurses, who are some of our own soldiers and prisoners, with us, cut the loaves into four, five, six and eight pieces, so that they could have as much as they could eat, caring not whether the poor fellows who were obliged to lay on their backs all day got enough to eat or not. I think I know something of how a hungry man feels. Let me give the rebel soldiers credit for treating us far better than our own men did. I bought two loaves of bread of a rebel soldier for five cents a loaf; had I bought the same of a Union soldier, I would have had to pay ten or twelve cents.

I want father to write me as soon as this letter is received and tell me all about the Reading boys in my company, for I do not know what happened to any of them. If I had given up all hopes of coming home I would have father come on here, but I do not know what the arrangement is to be.

Friday, the 27th of June, was a day that I shall not soon forget, and hope never to see like again. On the morning of that day Cos. A, F, D and I, received orders to go to camp, (we were on picket duty on the Chickahominy); accordingly we repaired to camp where we found the rest of the regiment waiting for us. We packed up in double quick and marched about a mile and took a position along the edge of the woods, before which lay an open field where we made a sort of barricade by felling some of the largest trees and filling in with rails, &c. This being done, we formed in line of battle behind and awaited the approach of the rebels. On they came in double quick. The line of battle in front of us fired on them and drove them back. Then they tried the right and left; then the right and centre and succeeded in breaking through our lines; then came the order to retreat, which was done on the double quick. I had not gone more than ten rods before I was hit in the left leg and fell to the ground. The rebels came on in less than no time. I spoke to one of them to try their disposition; he asked me where I was wounded, looked at my leg and passed on. All around me lay the dead and dying. Some of the wounded rebel and Union soldiers lay side by side talking together like old friends. I had not been long on the field when I saw our drum-major going to the rear under guard. I called to him for help, at the same time raising myself up and throwing off my equipments, and hobbling along on one leg gave myself up. The rebel who helped me off the field was one of the cleverest fellows I ever met with. He, with a rebel lieutenant, took me up in their arms and carried me across a ditch and placed me on board an ambulance. We soon arrived at the hospital, and one of our surgeons probed my wound but did not succeed in extracting the ball. I laid all night on the ground with nothing but a blouse to cover me. Next night I slept in an old shed, and on Sabbath morning was taken to Richmond in a baggage wagon. The rebel soldiers used us tip-top, but the people did not. Send me the Middlesex Journal; direct it to Davids Island, New York, Tent No. 33."

Rev. Mr. Barrows is now having his annual furlough of three or four weeks, and Mr. Charles Manning, our Representative, will supply the pulpit during his absence.

Recruits are falling into line slowly and it is earnestly hoped our quota of 40 will be made up without delay. The Selectmen will continue to pay the



**GARDINER'S**  
**Rheumatic and Neuralgia Compound**

A SURE cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia in its worst form. The undersigned hereby certifies that they have used "Gardiner's Rheumatic and Neuralgia Compound" for the cure of Rheumatism and Neuralgia, and have in every case found immediate and permanent relief. We are fully convinced of its healing qualities, and would recommend it to all who are afflicted with these harassing diseases, as one of the best and best medicines ever offered to the public.

S. HANCOCK, JR., 20 South Market St. Boston

Have been afflicted with Rheumatism in its worst form and was entirely cured by the use of one bottle of W. E. HODGKINS' Rheumatic Compound, Chemist, Boston.

Gardner's Rheumatic and Neuralgia Compound has entirely relieved me from sufferings of several years' standing. W. E. HODGKINS, No. 10 State House, Boston.

After suffering with Rheumatism for twenty years I was entirely cured by the use of two bottles of Gardner's Rheumatic and Neuralgia Compound. NORMAN T. AYERS, 75 Franklin street, Boston.

The Rheumatic and Neuralgia Compound has taken from me hundreds of sufferings from Rheumatism with great benefit. It may be given to children with perfect safety.

At wholesale by MACY & JENKINS, 17 Liberty st., New York; for sale in Woburn by B. W. COHEN, 20 E. MAIN, in North Woburn, by E. H. THOMPSON; in Wilmington by S. B. NICHOLES; Winchester, JOSIAH HOOKY, and the Principal Depot, 87 Killy st., Boston.

Stop at once unless signified to the contrary. Sept. 8—ly CHAS. F. GARDNER.


**CHILSON'S**  
PATENT  
**CONE FURNACES,**  
PATENTED IN THE

UNITED STATES,  
ENGLAND AND  
FRANCE.

The extensive use of this superior Furnace in the U. States, has acquired for it a reputation so well known and favorable, that it is scarcely necessary at this time, to call the special attention of those in want of a safe and economical mode of warming buildings, public buildings, &c., to the great *heat, healthful heat, (free from that scorching dry, red hot iron heat, and coal gas, so common to hot air furnaces)* to an examination of this superior invention, which represents a cluster of six small furnaces, radiating over a broad, flaring shallow fire pot. These cones being large at the base, and small at the top, escape the great and impetuous draught, and holding the smoke and gases back, in contact with the fire, and thus increasing the heat, and forming the gases, while their heat is compressed up, into the cones, and made to impinge against, and radiate from the tapering interior surface, *giving twice the heat from a given amount of coal, that can be obtained from any other plan of heating.* This furnace is very simple in its construction and easily managed, and much less liable to need repairs than any other.

Also, five sizes of Portable Furnaces, on the same principle, that are giving perfect satisfaction.

**Chilson's**  
**PATENT ELBOWED**  
**DOUBLE OVEN**



### Cooking Range.

Housekeepers and others interested in the use of Ranges or Stoves, whether wishing to purchase or patents, are invited to examine the great improvements secured by five patented claims in this truly superior Range, now in so general use.

The subscriber confidently asserts these improvements to be far in advance of any other plan of Range or Stove in the United States and believes an examination of them, together with the many thousand testimonials received, will induce him to send you his Circular, Price List, and also adapt

ed for Hotels, Dwellings, Restaurants, or any public or private institution. Fitted when desired with water jackets, for heating and other various purposes; hot air fixtures, for heating additional rooms, or for drying and warming clothes.

Also the celebrated Cone Furnaces, Portable Parlor Stoves, Stoves, Grates, Registers, Ventilators, &c., &c., for sale or order at the lowest prices.

No. 99 and 101 Blackstone street, Boston, or at his foundry in Mansfield, Mass.

W. GARDNER CHILSON.

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CHILSON'S NEW PARLOR STOVE has great improvements over any other Stove in the market. It is a safe, economical, and beautiful stove. At night, and warming the cold air near the floor for a great distance around the stove. An oven and boiler added when desired.

No. 99 and 101 Blackstone St.

**BOSTON.**  
OR, AT THE FOUNDRY, MANSFIELD, MASS.  
Special attention given to putting up Furnaces  
and Ranges in any part of the country.  
33-1y GARDNER CHILSON.

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**ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW**  
No. 4 NILES BLOCK, BOSTON  
Entrance from Court Square and 33 School Street  
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**Central Market,**  
Main Street, Woburn.

**THE** subscriber having taken the store formerly occupied by E. O. SOLES, will keep constantly on hand West India Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Vegetables, &c. H. WATFORD, tf

**HORACE COLLAMORE.**  
**DEPUTY SHERIFF FOR MIDDLESEX COUNTY.**  
OFFICE:—4 WADE'S BLOCK,  
Woburn Centre  
Jan. 21, 1869. tf

**WM. PRATT.**  
**WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELLER,**  
And Dealer in Watches, Jewelry, Fancy Goods, &c.  
347 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.

PARTICULAR attention given to repairing fine Watches, Clocks and Jewelry.  
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Musical Instruments, Fancy Goods, &c.  
*For Melodians For Sale and to Let.*  
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Nov.1, 1896. ytf

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Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to promptly on reasonable terms.

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**Diaries---1862.**  
**A** LOT OF DIARIES FOR 1862, can be had at the counter.

307-03







# Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmingon, Burlington and Lexington.

Vol. XI: : No. 45.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1862.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR  
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS.

## Poetry.

### "Glory Hallelujah."

God is in the din of battle; I have heard his  
conquering car  
As it rushed along the heavens from realms  
of glory far,  
I have heard the stately steppings of his  
coursers to the war,  
As he went marching on.  
"Glory, glory hallelujah! glory, glory hal-  
lelujah! glory, glory hallelujah!"  
As he went marching on.  
God is by the blazing camp-fire; I have  
heard his "still, small voice,"  
As he whispered to the sterner, "Make the  
paths of right your choice."  
I have seen the contrite wanderer in his par-  
don free rejoice,  
As he went marching on.  
I have seen him by the death-bed where the  
wounded soldier lay;  
I have seen the peaceful smile wreath the  
lips of pallid clay;  
I have watched the franchised spirit as it to  
the realms of day  
Went swiftly marching on.  
I have seen him in the struggle, when retreat  
was close cut off,  
And the captive legions listened to their con-  
querors' taunting scoff;  
I have heard him say, "This potion to the  
dregs my foes must quaff,  
As they go marching on."  
I have heard him in the victory when the  
flag was floating high,  
And the people's joyous peans on the air  
bore far and high;  
"Give the praise and the glory to him who  
for your life did die,  
As we go marching on."  
We are treading in the wine-press, where  
"our surety" trod before;  
We are walking in the furnace, where the  
gold is melted o'er,  
And he sits to see his image on our spirit's  
inner core,  
As we go marching on.  
O thou, who with thine armies in the days  
ago didst dwell,  
Thy glorious Lord and Leader, when the  
hosts before them fell,  
Thou, whose name was proudly mentioned  
in the song's triumphant swell,  
As they went marching on,—  
Go with us through the conflict, the wine-  
press and the flame;  
Make our banner proudly glorious with thine  
all-prevailing name;  
Nor quench the raging furnace, till our coun-  
try, free from shame,  
Goes proudly marching on.

## Select Literature.

### TETE A TETE WITH A LION.

In the year 18—, I set out from King Wil-  
liam's Town, in British Caffraria, in company  
with a brother-officer, on a shooting expedi-  
tion in quest of "big game"—a name given  
at the Cape to elephants, elands, giraffes, har-  
tebeests, and larger species of antelopes.  
The excursion had been long planned and  
looked forward to; and at last the leave of  
absence "on urgent private affairs" being  
granted, one fine spring morning we set out.  
The party consisted of C— and myself, who  
travelled on horseback; our English servant,  
who had charge of our two led horses; and  
two Hottentots, one of whom drove the wagon,  
and the other acted as conductor to the  
leading pair out of the fourteen oxen by  
which it was drawn. In the wagon were  
stowed away some cooking utensils of the  
roughest description, a belt-tent, some biscuit  
and flour for ourselves, and a small supply  
of oats for the horses, to be reserved for a  
*bonne bouche* after extra hard work. Our  
party was completed by six pointers, destined  
to assist in the capture of the smaller game.  
For the more solid parts of our daily meals  
we trusted to our guns, which kept us pretty  
well supplied; and at evening we always  
looked out for some spot well supplied with  
wood and water, where we could encamp for  
the night. Perhaps those evening halts were  
the pleasantest hours in the whole expedition,  
when the wagon was *outrigged*, as the Cape  
phrase goes, the fire lighted, the game cooked  
and eaten, and our party drew round the fire  
of acacia-wood, to discuss the day's adventures  
over a cup of coffee and a pipe of cav-  
endish. Sometimes, when our way lay  
through inhabited districts, our impromptu  
soirees were attended by Bushmen, Hotten-  
tots, or friendly Caffres, who had accompani-  
ed us during the day, pointing out the likeli-  
est places for game, or "pooping" an eland  
or a hartebeest, over ground where no Euro-  
pean eye could discover the slightest trace of  
the footprints of any living creature. They  
were most useful to us, and thought them-  
selves amply recompensed by a share in our  
supper, and a place by our fire. They often  
proved most entertaining companions; and as  
C— spoke a little Caffre, and several of  
them spoke broken Dutch, we were able to  
make out their stories. Told as they were in  
those strange lonely places, by the wood-fire,  
which cast its weird shadows on the tawny  
face of the narrator, with the darkness all  
round us, and the strange noises breaking  
now and then on that vast silence and soli-  
tude, every tale of peril and adventure, of  
doing and daring, sounded terribly real; far  
more so than I can make them appear, when  
read in an English drawing-room so many  
thousand miles from the great wilds to which  
they belong.  
Nevertheless, one of these stories made  
such an impression on me, that I am tempted  
to record it here, hoping to convey to others

some faint degree of the breathless interest  
with which it was listened to by C— and  
myself, as it was narrated by one of these  
chance acquaintances, a wily little Hottentot,  
who sat crouching over the fire, helping out  
his story by graceful gesticulation, which in-  
creased in energy as our absorbed attention  
flattered and pleased him.

Some years back, he told us, when he was  
a mere lad, he was in the service of a Dutch  
farmer in the Orange River Territory, a part  
of the country much infested by lions. It  
was his duty to drive his master's cattle to  
pasture every morning, and to bring them  
back to the farm at night, an employment  
which left a good many idle hours on his  
hands; and what boy, Hottentot or Euro-  
pean, could, under such circumstances, have  
resisted an occasional ramble after the de-  
caying honey-bird, or in search of ostrich  
eggs, or of some of the other numerous treas-  
ures so congenial to boy-nature, with which  
those regions abound. The cattle who, dur-  
ing their keeper's absence, were, of course,  
left to their own devices, generally proved  
quite capable of taking care of themselves;  
but on one occasion, when the Hottentot  
counted them over before driving them home,  
he perceived that a fine milch cow was miss-  
ing, having doubtless availed herself of one  
of his transient absences to wander away from  
the rest. To search for her then was impos-  
sible, and he could only trust to the care-  
lessness of the upper servants, who often  
neglected to count over the animals as they  
entered the kraal. In this hope he was not  
deceived; the loss passed unnoticed; and he  
resolved that it should be replaced, if possi-  
ble, before he had again to risk the chance of  
discovery. Animate by the remembrance  
of former punishments, he set out alone, and  
without telling any one, in quest of the miss-  
ing cow. He took with him a little dried  
meat, and a gourd containing water, and  
started at a pace which few of his country-  
men could have equalled, fleet of foot as they  
are; the immediate dread of the "samboch,"  
or whip of rhinoceros hide, quite putting the  
more remote dangers of his lonely journey  
out of his head. An hour or two of daylight  
still remained, and he had no difficulty in  
finding the "spoor" of the lost animal, which  
the unerring intelligence of his race enabled  
him to distinguish from that of any other of  
the herd; and he followed it steadily, until  
the falling light made it undistinguishable  
from the footmarks of the wildebeest or gu  
which crossed and recrossed it perpetually.  
It became necessary to halt, and give up the  
pursuit for that night, and he did so, though  
feeling thoroughly disheartened at the non-  
appearance of the cow, for whose safety he  
now felt the most serious uneasiness. His  
own also became a matter of anxiety, as night  
closed in, with the sudden darkness of a  
tropical climate, and found him alone in that  
desolate country, far from all human help,  
and without any means of defence. He was  
not long in resolving what to do: he was  
determined, at all hazards, to find his lost  
charge, and would almost have preferred dy-  
ing where he was to returning without her;  
besides which, it would have been madness to  
attempt to retrace his steps in the dark; so,  
after marking with his stick the spot on which  
he had left the "spoor," he looked about for  
some tree in which he could pass the night.  
He soon selected an acacia tree, which grew  
close by, and lost no time in climbing up and  
settling himself in a fork of the branches.  
He ate and drank sparingly, keeping a supply  
for the necessities of the morrow, and  
then completing his preparations by lashing  
himself to the main branch with his waist-  
belt, he drew his sheepskin blanket over his  
head, and composed himself to sleep. It was  
a still night; the silence only broken at in-  
tervals by the shrill notes of the screech-  
owl, the howl of the jackal, or the dreary  
laugh of the hyena—sounds to which our  
friend was too well accustomed to be kept  
awake by them.

How long he slept, he did not know, but  
he was awakened by a noise far different  
from any of those which had been mixing  
with his dreams—a noise which, once heard,  
could never be forgotten. Full, deep, and  
ominously near, rose the dreadful sound,  
which all the echoes for miles around, yet  
seeming to come from under his very feet—  
the terrible roar of a hungry lion.  
Loud as it was, it failed to rouse the tired  
boy into full consciousness, though it made  
him start till he strained the belt which fas-  
tened him to the tree. Scared and bewil-  
dered, and still only half awake, he fancied  
for a moment that he was actually falling into  
the jaws of a lion; then asked himself, was  
the terrible sound a dream, conjured up by  
his unwonted sleeping place? A second roar  
thoroughly awakened him, and looking down,  
he saw in the moonlight a large, black-  
maned lion seated at the foot of the tree, his  
eyes fixed on himself, and his body motion-  
less, save for an occasional angry lash of his  
tail.

It was a dreadful moment; and the hours  
which followed were more dreadful still.  
All through that terrible night the savage  
beast sat watching his intended victim, and  
the terrified boy sat motionless also, afraid to  
stir, and almost to breathe, lest he should  
exasperate the lion. Once his cramped atti-  
tude became unbearable; come what might,  
he felt that he must stretch his stiffened limbs  
for a moment; and, as noiselessly as possi-  
ble, he shifted his position; but he paid  
dearly for his momentary relief, for at his  
first cautious movement, the lion rose with a

roar, and sprang at the tree, high enough to  
make the Hottentot's blood run cold, though  
not high enough to reach him. As he threw  
himself back, and coiled his limbs into a  
still more cramped position, he could hear  
the deadly claws scraping down the tree,  
with a sound which might well make his  
heart die within him. Again the disappoint-  
ed animal took up his post at the foot of the  
tree; and now the moon began to wane, and  
again the sudden darkness came down on  
the face of the earth, and brought a little  
respite to the prisoner in the acacia tree.  
Under its friendly shelter, he could at least  
stretch his stiff legs, and in spite of the hor-  
ror of his situation, he dozed from time to  
time, always waking with a start to the same  
bewildered wonder, as to whether all this  
was a reality or a dream. He was finally  
wakened by the raw, cold air which precedes  
the dawn, and by the rushing by of a herd  
of antelopes, fleeing before the face of the  
common enemy. It may be imagined in  
what breathless suspense he watched for the  
day which would probably decide his fate,  
how eagerly he listened for some sound which  
might show him whether or not the lion had  
abandoned his post. Once the cry of a  
sprinkbok fawn, calling its mother, gave him  
hope; if the lion was still there, would not  
the creature's instinct warn it to flee? All  
too soon, however, the light grew stronger,  
and, by degrees, showed him the grim form  
at the foot of the tree—first in outline only,  
then the gleaming white teeth became visible,  
the cruel eyes still glaring up at him, the  
black mane, the savage face. Through all  
that long night the lion had not stirred.

More wretched hours, and then the sun  
rose hot and scorching, darting its unsparring  
rays on the poor Hottentot, till his brain  
throbbed painfully. The lion, too, was evi-  
dently distressed; his tongue was lolling out  
of his mouth, his tail lashed his flanks un-  
easily. At last, toward noon, heat and thirst  
seemed to overcome him; and, with a throb-  
bing heart, he saw him moving slowly  
off. But he was mistaken if he supposed  
that the relentless animal would abandon his  
prey so easily; he stalked away a few paces,  
and then stopped, looking back with a low  
growl, a precaution which he repeated every  
minute or two, until he reached a pool of  
water, about two hundred yards from the  
tree, when he quenched his thirst, and hur-  
ried back to his post. All hope seemed gone  
now; and, almost in despair, the Hottentot  
saw day fade into evening, and evening into  
night.

It is useless to describe that second night;  
it was worse than the first, inasmuch as the  
terrible deed seemed more certain, and mind  
and body were alike worn out with terror  
and utter weariness; but on the other hand,  
he was somewhat reassured by the failure of  
the lion's repeated attempts to reach him with  
a spring; and when daylight returned he  
ventured, after refreshing himself with a lit-  
tle food and water, to climb higher up to a  
post whence he could look in the direction of  
his master's farm. His last hope now was  
that the farmer or some of his fellow servants  
might discover his absence, and come in search  
of him; and long and wearily did he strain  
his eyes in that direction. The rage of the  
lion, when he saw his prisoner move, was  
fearful to witness: he tore up the ground,  
bit the tree, and furrowed it with his claws;  
but the Hottentot felt more secure in his po-  
sition than he had done at first, and besides,  
the very despair of his situation gave him  
courage. Through all the hot hours of that  
long day he remained on the look out, often  
fancying that the indistinct forms of the har-  
tebeests or gnus were those of his master, or  
some of his stalwart sons, with their long ri-  
fles, coming to the rescue.

But every hope ended in disappointment;  
and at last, late in the afternoon, he gave it  
up in utter despair, and prepared, with a  
sinking heart, to return to his former place,  
the only one in which he could fasten him-  
self securely. As he began his cautious de-  
scent, his eyes were caught by four dark ob-  
jects in the distance coming towards him.—  
His strained and dizzy eyes could hardly dis-  
tinguish them; but surely, surely, they were  
advancing; did his longing hope deceive him  
again, or was their line too even, their ad-  
vance too regular, for that of a troop of wild  
animals? This time he was not mistaken;  
they came on slowly, but surely, and present-  
ly he could distinguish their forms, could see  
that they were four men on horseback. A  
slight rising ground hid the lion from any one  
in that direction until within twenty yards  
of him. In all the tumult of his sudden relief  
the Hottentot could perceive that; and tak-  
ing off his sheepskin, he waved it over his  
head, shouting with all his strength, "A lion!  
a lion!" long before his voice could reach his  
deliverers. They, meanwhile, came steadily  
on; and now he could recognize them, the  
old farmer himself heading the party, two of  
his tall sons, rifle in hand—a welcome sight  
—and a Hottentot servant carrying a flint  
musket. The lion was raging furiously, mad-  
dened by the cries and gestures of his pris-  
oner, who only thought of warning the ad-  
vancing party of their danger, before they  
came on the animal unawares.

Suddenly the Hottentot, who had dis-  
mounted, and was following the "spoor" on  
foot, stopped and looked up. Either the  
boy's cries had reached his ear, or his quick  
eye had caught sight of his figure, for he  
pointed towards the tree, and then, in an in-  
stant, he was on his horse, and the whole  
party advanced at a brisk gallop. This was

a moment of great suspense to the poor worn-  
out Hottentot, who could hardly find voice  
to send out his warning cry: "A lion! a  
lion!" He saw the advancing party gallop  
on till, on gaining the rising ground, they  
suddenly halted—they had seen the lion.

The magnificent beast became aware of  
their presence at the same moment, and,  
with leisurely pace, advanced to meet them;  
then stood still, moving his tail slowly from  
side to side, and uttering a suppressed growl.  
His rage was a splendid sight; but it may be  
believed that his adversaries did not lose  
much time in contemplating it. They had  
hastily dismounted, and tied their horses to-  
gether, with their heads turned away from  
the lion, lest terror should render them un-  
manageable, and now they advanced on foot.  
The old farmer, who had shot many a lion in  
his day, headed the party; close behind fol-  
lowed his eldest son, and the remaining two  
brought up the rear; all moving firmly and  
cautiously, and each with a finger on his  
trigger. The lion moved a step or two to  
meet them, then suddenly crouched, with his  
head resting on his fore-paws, and remained  
so still, when his enemies had approached to  
within twenty paces of him, he began slowly  
and noiselessly to rise his feet. As slowly,  
as noiselessly, did the old farmer drop on his  
knee, the others following his example; at  
the same moment all four raised their guns to  
their shoulders, and, as the lion was in the  
act of springing, the sharp crack of the three  
rifles and the dead report of the flint musket  
were heard at once. There was a terrible  
roar of pain and baffled rage, and the noble  
animal bounded forward in his agony, and  
fell at the feet of the farmer and his son.—  
How the Hottentot got down from the tree  
he never knew: he remembered nothing af-  
terwards until he stood by the dying lion and  
saw him receive his *coup de grace* by a ball  
through the head. The farmer pronounced  
him the finest lion he had ever seen, and was  
so rejoiced at his death and at the safety of  
his servant, that our friend escaped the puni-  
ishment from dread of which he had nearly  
so horrible a fate. Of the traitor cow,  
less fortunate than her keeper, only the larger  
bones were found not far from the scene of  
this adventure.

**SOLDIERS WANTED, NOT OFFICERS.**—There  
are said to be applicants enough at the State  
House, for commissions, to fill out a brigade.  
Gen. MEAGHER made a speech in New York  
on Tuesday evening, in the course of  
which he said:

"We don't want any more officers. We  
have enough of them in the army of the Po-  
tomac, and more than enough, if we are to  
judge of the schools in which they are coming  
down James river, and spreading themselves  
all over these safe and delicious sanctuaries of  
the looter, the military schemer, the impostor  
and poltroon. (Groans and hisses.) We want  
no raw recruits with unblemished  
buttons and virgin blades. (Continued  
groans.) We want men—strong, honest,  
vigorous, hearty men—men with muskets,  
instead of straps, across their shoulders.—  
(Cheers.) The officers now in commission,  
who have conducted themselves with ability  
in the field and have fought with honor,  
should have the first promotions. They should  
be advanced before every other claimant for  
military distinction, no matter how useful,  
enterprising or potential the citizen, now de-  
voted with the love of danger and immor-  
tality, and panting for double bars of gold  
or silver eagles, should chance to be. (Cheers.)  
Then come the non-commissioned officers.  
They should have the first commissions vac-  
ant in their regiments. (Cheers.) The so-  
ber, diligent, brave sergeant, who has been in  
battle and stood the tempest as calmly as  
though it were a dress parade he was going  
through, should take the lead in the army  
list, of judges, bankers, the most influential  
of politicians, or the most warlike of  
Senators themselves. (Prolonged cheering.)  
That is the way to do it. This is the way to  
recuperate the army of the Potomac, and  
make it stronger and bolder than ever it has  
been. Never mind new recruits until the  
old ones, that have proved their metal and  
baptized their colors, shall have been suf-  
ficiently recruited. Never mind sending us  
new officers until the vacancies now existing  
shall have been filled up by the tried officers,  
commissioned and non-commissioned who  
are on the ground. (Cries of "That's it.")

**A STRIKING FIGURE.**—Victor Hugo, de-  
scribing a battle between two armies, says  
that "two armies upon a field of battle are  
two wrestlers. Their arms are locked; each  
seeks to throw the other. They grasp at  
every aid; a thickset is a point of support;  
a corner of a wall is a brace for the shoulder;  
for lack of a few shreds to lean upon, a regi-  
ment loses its footing; a depression in the  
plain, a movement of the soil, a convenient  
cross path, a wood, a ravine, may catch the  
heel of this colossal which is called an army,  
and prevent him from falling. He who leaves  
the field is beaten. Hence, for the responsi-  
ble chief, the necessity of examining the  
slightest tufts of trees, and appreciating the  
slightest details of contour."

Our soldiers, in front of Richmond, it  
is said, do not know the day of the week or  
month, there being no "Sundays in war,"  
and hence no starting place to reckon from.  
This does not trouble them much, however,  
as they are not fighting by the day, but by  
the job.

### "Fast" Woman, in London.

A remonstrative letter, addressed to the  
London Times, thus describes a celebrity, of  
questionable reputation:—"Early in the sea-  
son of 1861 a young lady, whom I must call  
Anonyma, for I have never been able to learn  
her name, made her appearance in Hyde  
Park. She was a charming creature, beau-  
tifully dressed, and she drove with ease and  
spirit two of the handsomest brown ponies  
eye ever beheld. Nobody in society had ever  
seen her before; nobody in society knew her  
name, or to whom she belonged; but there  
she was, prettier, better dressed, and sitting  
more gracefully in her carriage than any of  
the fine ladies who envied her looks, her skill,  
or her equipage. A good many young gen-  
tlemen seemed to be acquainted with her; but  
their recognition was generally limited to a  
respectful bow as she passed by, or to a few  
friendly words slyly interchanged on the step  
of her pony-carriage when she drew up in  
some remote corner of the Park. Anonyma  
seemed at first to be rather a shy damsel. She  
is somewhat bolder now. Last year she  
avoided crowds, and affected unfrequented  
roads, where she could more freely exhibit  
her ponies' marvellous action, and talk to her  
male acquaintances with becoming privacy.—  
When all the fashionable world were saunter-  
ing on foot, on horseback, and in carriages  
along the Ladies' Mile by the side of the Ser-  
pentine, Anonyma used to betake herself to  
the deserted thoroughfare leading from Aps-  
ley House to Kensington. But, as the fame  
of her beauty and her equipage spread, this  
privacy became impossible to her. The fash-  
ionable world would eagerly migrate in  
search of her from the Ladies' Mile to the  
Kensington road. The highest ladies in the  
land enlisted themselves as her disciples.—  
Driving became the rage. Three, four, five,  
six hundred guineas were freely given for  
pairs of ponies, on the simple condition that  
they should be as handsome as Anonyma's.  
If she wore a pork-pie hat, they wore pork-  
pie hats; if her *palette* were made by Poole,  
their *palettes* were made by Poole; if she re-  
verted to more feminine attire, they reverted  
to it, also. Where she drove, they followed;  
and I must confess that, as yet, Anonyma  
has fairly distanced her fair competitors.—  
They can none of them sit, dress, drive, or  
look as well as she does; nor can any of  
them procure for money such ponies as  
Anonyma contrives to get—for love. But  
the result of all this pretty play causes  
a great public nuisance, and it is on that  
account, and not at all on account of my  
admiration for Anonyma and her stepping  
ponies, that I now address you. I have said  
that up to the beginning of last year the  
fashionable world chiefly affected the Ladies'  
Mile in the Park, and that the thoroughfare  
from Apsley House to Kensington was com-  
paratively unfrequented, save by Anonyma.  
But this year, when that road is more espe-  
cially required to be kept open for the con-  
venience of visitors to the exhibition, it is  
daily choked with fashionable carriages—from  
five to seven—all on account of Anonyma.  
Chairs are placed along it on their side; the  
best *partis* that England knows, the toadies  
who cling to them, the snobs who copy them  
—all sit there, watching for Anonyma.  
About six P. M. a rumor arises that Anonyma  
is coming.

Expectation is raised to its highest pitch;  
a handsome woman drives rapidly by in a  
carriage drawn by thoroughbred ponies of  
surpassing shape and action; the driver is at-  
tired in the pork-pie hat and the Poole *palette*  
introduced by Anonyma; but, alas! she  
causes no effect at all, for she is not Anony-  
ma; she is only the Duchess of A—, the  
Marchioness of B—, the Countess of C—,  
or some other of Anonyma's many eager imi-  
tators. The crowd, disappointed, resent  
themselves, and wait. Another pony car-  
riage succeeds—and another—with the same  
depressing result. At last their patience is  
rewarded. Anonyma and her ponies appear,  
and they are satisfied. She threads her way  
dexterously, with an unconscious air, through  
the throng, commented upon by hundreds  
who envy her. She pulls up her ponies to  
speak to an acquaintance, and her carriage is  
instantly surrounded by a multitude; she  
turns and drives back toward Apsley House,  
and then—away into the unknown world,  
nobody knows whither. Meantime, thou-  
sands returning from the exhibition are in-  
tolerably delayed by the crowd collected to  
gaze on this pretty creature and her pretty  
ponies, and the efforts of Sir Richard Mayne  
and his police to keep the thoroughfare open  
are utterly frustrated. Could not you, sir,  
whose business it is to know everything and  
everybody, and who possibly, therefore, may  
know Anonyma herself, prevail on her to  
drive in some other portion of the Park as  
long as the exhibition lasts? If she will but  
consent to do this, the fashionable crowd will  
certainly follow her, and the road to the ex-  
hibition will be set free for the use of the  
public. I am, sir, your obedient servant. H."

[Upon this, the Evening Post thus com-  
ments:—"When we met with this, the other  
day, we supposed it was an allegorical per-  
formance, and we began to puzzle ourselves  
to find out who could be this Anonyma of  
nations, or, perhaps, politics, who was rais-  
ing such a dust. We now learn that the ar-  
ticle is a sketch from life a fashionable dem-  
i-mop, who, backed up by loose nobility and  
their imitators, the wealthy *roues* of the West  
End, has turned the heads of even the most

quiet Londoners. The British aristocracy,  
in all the reigns within a hundred and fifty  
years past, have been much devoted to this  
sort of people. Even royalty has amused  
itself after the same manner, and has left  
many scions to perpetuate the private tastes  
of the sovereigns from generation to genera-  
tion. The bar sinister is one of the most  
usual found upon the escutcheons of certain  
nobles. But we had supposed that in the  
reigns of the wisest and most virtuous of  
queens such a scene as that of which  
Anonyma is the principal figure could not  
have been acted in England, or have had so  
large an audience. Nor did we suppose,  
either, that so knightly a journal as the  
Times would have lowered its lance to such  
a woman. But it does, and we may con-  
clude that, while its chief business has been  
to abuse the republicans of the North for ex-  
posing the indecency and licentiousness of the  
slaveryocracy the South, it is perfectly con-  
sistent in recording the conduct of the British  
aristocracy when they throng Hyde Park  
to give their plaudits to, and express their  
admiration for, a modern *Lais* with a ribald  
tongue."

### A Mowing Machine and a Bobolink.

[Henry Ward Beecher, on seeing a mow-  
ing machine cutting toward a bobolink's nest,  
is moved to write as follows:]  
Here is a Mrs. Bobolink, who has sailed  
around me for the last ten minutes, alighting  
on the ground, with nervous tilting of tail  
and half flutter of wings. Now she springs  
into the air, and sails to yonder apple tree.  
Her black and white draped husband sits  
waiting for her. There is evidently a nest  
hidden in this grass, and younglings! Poor  
thing, your wiles and arts are now all against  
you. You would draw me away from the  
right spot, when you should show it to me.  
I would protect it. A stake and a little  
grove of grass should remain to hide your  
young till they can fly. But now, I cannot  
imagine where the little brood hides, and all  
your running and flying from one blade of  
grass to another, and trillings and exclaima-  
tions, serve only to make the doom inevita-  
ble! See, the inexorable machine is coming!  
It spares nothing. Tell me, is the nest along  
the edge? It will sheer a yard's depth close.  
Fool! to sit on that twig singing "pit-ee,  
pit-ee!" I know it is a pity, but it can't be  
helped, if you will not show me! You  
think I have a prejudice against your hus-  
band because he wears a black coat! None  
in the world! It is because he changes his  
coat that I blame him! Here he comes to  
the North, in May, with a black coat faced  
with white, a great friend of both races, and  
famous in his public predilections. To hear  
him discourse you would think him a very  
enthusiast for liberty! He sings on the wing.  
Few birds do that. That may be called im-  
provisation. He cannot hold his peace.  
Out of the abundance of his heart he singeth,  
and can lose no time.

And yet no sooner has he reared this little  
family of bobolinks, amid Northern institu-  
tions, than off he goes to the rice-swamps of  
Carolina, and the reeds and fens of the south-  
west, and changes his coat—not a feather of  
black left, but a russet brown—changes his  
very name—and as a sober rice-bird, con-  
forms to the society of Southern latitudes.  
Where are all your high-flown speeches now?  
—for shame on you! But, my dear Mrs.  
Bobolink, I don't blame you. You stick to  
your colors, North and South. I believe  
that you are a dutiful, faithful, and affection-  
ate wife, and I will take hold and help you  
out of this danger, and all the little future  
turncoats in your nest, if you will stop  
your deluding ways, and come right to the  
point. For the last time, I ask you where  
are they?

It is too late! Even while I was expostu-  
lating with you, the blade had cut sheer  
across the nest, and left you desolate. You  
know it, I see. Your flutter is stopped.  
You are mute. I am sorry for you.

But you are not sorry in your misery.  
Just so are we poor wretches cut down every  
day by inexorable laws that come driving  
right along over hidden nests. The great  
globe itself is but a huge rolling machine  
that sheers off to the very root myriads of  
plans and hopes. Time carries an unwetted  
beam of knives, that seem never to grow dull  
by sheering all things. Men and cities and  
nations and generations go down before it,  
and there is no escape. And did you expect,  
O poor birdie, to escape? Men have no ad-  
vantage over you. They, too, are made de-  
solate as in a moment. Nay; you will forget  
your troubles by to-morrow. Your troubles  
are for only a day. One sleep will brood on  
you, and you will be well. Alas! men's  
sorrows will not cure so easily. Time cures  
some. Some it nourishes and increases.  
There is but one hospital, in which all get  
well. It is the grave. All are healed there  
of whatsoever ill they had.

"No Loss to Nobody."—"Caesar," said  
a planter to his negro, "climb up that tree  
and thin out the branches." The negro  
showed no disposition to comply, and upon  
being pressed for a reason, answered: "Well,  
look here, massa, if I go up dar and fall down  
and broke my neck, dat'll be a thousand out  
of your pocket. Now, why don't you hire  
an Irishman to go up, an' den if he falls and  
kills hisself, dar won't be no loss to nobody."

The origin of all men is the same, and vir-  
tue is the only nobility.

### The Art of Old Age.

An English reviewer thus glorifies Eng-  
land's finest specimen of the well-preserved  
gentleman:—"The nobility of England sup-  
ply many specimens of fine old age, but it  
is difficult to find one so striking as Lord  
Palmerston. Well-nigh fourscore years have  
passed away since his life began. They have  
been eventful years, and few men have had  
more to say and do in the events than the  
veteran Premier. In the year 1828 he had  
been for nine or five successive administrations,  
and was described by Lord Brougham—an-  
other wonder of the physiological order—as  
a 'sort of hereditary member of every cabi-  
net.' It is unnecessary for our purpose to  
go into any detail. He has had a hand in  
every European pie for more than fifty years.  
He combines in his life the history, and in  
his person the qualities, of two successive  
generations. He was Secretary at War in  
the days of Waterloo and Wellington, and is  
as ready as younger men to entertain the last  
suggestion of Sir William Armstrong. In  
1809 he was in office; and in 1862, after a  
life of responsibility that would have ex-  
hausted the brains or the strength of most  
men, he is Prime Minister, filling the high  
place in no merely formal and honorary way,  
but doing triumphant battle single-handed  
with his enemies with all the shrewdness of  
age and all the smartness of youth. We say  
this is a physiological phenomenon quite as  
much as a political one—an affair of temper  
and temperament, of health and habits, wor-  
thy the study of physicians as well as politi-  
cians. In old age to be able to ride to Har-  
row or Epsom and back again; to feel the  
world still fresh; to be conscious of sym-  
pathy with a generation in which one's ear-  
ly contemporaries can scarcely be detected;  
to be cheerful and genial—able to make the  
Commons of England laugh and vote at pleas-  
ure, are great qualities. Old age is the time  
for showing the difference of men who in  
their middle age seem much alike. Why  
should advanced age be so often spent in  
feebleness and frailty? Why should not the  
vigor of the middle period be projected into  
the last? The answer to such queries  
must be looked for in the study of such lives  
as that of Lord Palmerston. We should  
greatly relish a speech from the noble lord on  
the art of attaining to an enviable old age.  
Meantime we can only guess at the secret;  
but we have no doubt about essential parts  
of it—a certain cheerfulness of disposition,  
exercise, good digestion waiting on appetite,  
and withal temperance, especially in the mat-  
ter of drinks. These are old-fashioned, plain  
expedients."

### Large Families.

A writer in a Historical Collection says, in  
examining the records of the town of Billerica,  
Mass., he found recorded the names of  
twenty-six families, consisting of ten children  
each, twenty families of eleven children each,  
twenty-four families of twelve children each,  
thirteen families of thirteen each, five fami-  
lies of fourteen each, one family of fifteen,  
and one family of twenty-one children. To-  
tal, ninety families, of one thousand and for-  
ty-three children. Of the family of twenty-  
one children, there were two mothers. Such  
cases, it is said, were not rare in the early  
history of our country.

Dr. Mather mentions one woman who had  
twenty-two children, another twenty-three by  
one husband, nineteen of whom grew to ma-  
ture man and womanhood. The mother of  
Governor Phillips had twenty-five children,  
of whom twenty-one were sons.

The Rev. John Sherman the first minister  
of Watertown, had twenty-six children by  
two wives. The Rev. Samuel Willard, the  
first minister of Groton, and afterwards of  
Boston, and President of Harvard College,  
had twenty children. Major Simon Willard,  
his father, and one of the first settlers of  
Concord, had seventeen children, of whom  
nine were sons, and all attained mature age  
and had families.

In Ware, Massachusetts, were two families  
of twenty-one children each, besides several  
others numbering ten and upwards. The  
grandmother of the writer, on the maternal  
side, was of a family of twenty-four children,  
all of whom grew up and married, and this  
one preferred a life of single blessedness, as  
he lived a bachelor. Mrs. Easley of Green-  
ville, South Carolina, was the mother of  
thirty-four live-born children, and but two  
pairs of twins.

**A HANDSOME FIGHT.**—A letter from an of-  
ficer who was with Burnside's expedition at  
the battle of Camden, says:—

I met Col. Robie, of Binghamton, N. Y.,  
during the battle, with his cap stuck on the  
back part of his head, looking the happiest  
man I ever saw. I remember meeting him  
as he was leading the centre of the regiment  
over a heavy ditch, with sword drawn, and  
hearing him speak to and encourage the boys  
on. Just then a tremendous volley was  
poured into the rebel nest. "That's it! A  
good one!" he cried. They returned a per-  
fect shower of grape and canister, tearing  
through and over us. Col. Robie's counte-  
nance was beaming, and turning to the men,  
he called out:—"Come on, my children, I'll  
die with you! Press on, my brave boys! Now  
is the time to show yourselves!" And  
as a riled shell goes singing by his head, he  
cries in his joy:—"Ye gods! Isn't this a  
handsome fight!"



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 Less than half a square charged as a square; more than half a square charged as a square.  
 Larger advertisements as may be agreed upon.

SPECIAL NOTICES, charged, 10 cents per line for one insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents.

All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly.

AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Reading—Dr. J. D. MASSFIELD.  
 South Reading—T. WHITTIER.  
 Winchester—JOSIAH HONICK.  
 Reading—THOMAS RICHARDSON.

S. M. FETTERGILL & Co., Boston and New York; S. R. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer), South Reading, Court street, Boston, are daily empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JOB PRINTING, done at short notice, on reasonable terms and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

Subscribers are requested to remit direct to the office of publication.

## The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, AUG. 9, 1862.

A recent order promulgated by General Halleck, and which has received but little notice from the press, shows some important changes in the relations which the Government, in future, will hold toward contrabands and rebel property. And below this, if circumstances do not bear a false exterior, great changes in our operations against the enemy can be seen. The man that can issue such an order, ought not to remain idle in the face of the enemy, but should use the whole power at his disposal, to "push him to the wall," where he ought to have been long before this. This putting guard over whatever property of a certain kind falls into our hands, is sheer nonsense, while on all hands the enemy is making daily incursions into Union villages and towns and either destroying or carrying off whatever falls into his hands. It is well enough to treat an enemy with brotherly kindness when that enemy knows enough to appreciate such treatment, but our present enemies appear not to know when they are well treated, or else they intend to plunder and destroy whenever an opportunity is afforded. Our good offices have all been rendered without return, and it is high time that we met the enemy with his own weapons. Places that we have held sacred, have been used by sneaking rebels to give information to their confederates, and thus were we licking the hand that smote us. We must conquer in this war, and if we cannot conquer by one means we must by another. We must use every power that we have over our enemies and turn it to good account. To think of conciliating them, is to think of an impossibility,—nothing but an unconditional surrender would satisfy their vanity, and this they will never get, as long as the people remain determined and resolved to assert their rights.

General Halleck's order will set at rest all controversy regarding the subject upon which it treats, if it is carried out. Its meaning cannot be misunderstood, as the language used is the very plainest English. Our Generals are told to use whatever rebel property comes into their hands. The Contrabands are not to be asked whether they belong to rebel or Union masters, any further than to keep a record for future use. We must touch the rebels on their tenderest spot if we would succeed, and this we will do if this order is enforced. They take advantage of everything in their power to turn the tables against us, and why should we not do the same thing in respect to them? We are not dealing with scrupulous enemies; that ingredient never entered into their compositions. They are fighting to win; and we ought to be doing likewise. There is too much at stake for us to deal lightly. A speedy termination of the war is demanded on all hands, and the Government will be upheld in every judicious measure which it sees fit to take to bring about this end.

OUR RECRUITS.—A meeting of our recently enlisted volunteers, was held in the Armory in Lyceum Hall on Saturday evening last, for the purpose of electing officers. Mr. A. J. Parker, chairman of the enlistment committee, and who has worked assiduously to fill up our quota, presided. John L. Richardson was chosen Captain; Luke R. Tidd, First Lieutenant; James McFoley, Second do. The members chose as their name, "Woburn National Rangers." During Saturday and Monday, some twelve or thirteen names were added to the roll, which swelled the number to one hundred and twelve. On Tuesday forenoon, at 11 o'clock, they took a special train for Boston, and from thence proceeded to Lynnfield, where they were accompanied by citizens and the fire department.

The following is a list of those who have enlisted since Friday evening of last week: Cyrus A. Eaton, Abijah Thompson, Fred M. Smith, John Garrison, A. B. Lovejoy, Albert Bancroft, Chas. T. Parks, Daniel Kelly, James Dooley, Daniel O'Leary, R. L. Towner, John A. Mead, Geo. E. Fowle, Parker Eaton, Thomas A. Hein.

READING.—The quota of this town has been made up, and some over. Which is the next to follow suit?

## Death of Capt. S. I. Thompson.

It is with feelings of mingled sorrow and regret, that we record the death of Capt. S. I. Thompson, of Co. F, 22d Regt. He died at the United States Army Hospital, Baltimore, on Monday last. He was wounded before Richmond, on the first day of July, and was carried to the field hospital, but before the surgeon had time to dress his wounds the rebels came up in force and took possession of the position, and he was left behind. He laid on the field for six days afterward, without care or sufficient nourishment, when he was carried to Richmond and there remained in prison until exchanged. What his sufferings must have been, while lying wounded and exposed to the burning heat of a Virginia sun, no one can tell. As soon as he was exchanged, he was taken to Baltimore, where his foot was amputated, and every attention was shown him that could be, but all was without avail; exhaustion mastered him and he gradually passed from time into eternity. His wife was with him during the last few days of his life and ministered as far as laid in her power to his wants. His body reached town on Thursday.

Yesterday his funeral took place from the First Congregational Church, and was attended by a very large concourse of people. Previous to the exercises in the Church, services were held at the late residence of the deceased. At the Church, the exercises were opened with a Voluntary on the Organ by Mr. Clark. The choir then sang the 119th Psalm. "How still and peaceful is the grave." Rev. Mr. Tolman, of Tewksbury, late pastor of the deceased, then read the 60th Psalm, which was followed by a fervent prayer from Rev. Mr. Bronson, late of Woburn. The choir then sang an original hymn—"Weep over the heroes as they fall." Rev. Dr. Stebbins then addressed the congregation from the text—"Comfort ye, comfort ye my people." The services were concluded by singing the 111th Psalm—"God bless our native land."

The body was followed to the grave by a large number of friends in carriages and on foot. The pall bearers were: Lieut. Col. Locke, Major Lynde, Capt. Stevens, of the 7th Regt.; Capt. Norton, Capt. Barret, Adj. Eustis, Lieut. Drew, of the 5th, and Lieut. Oliver, of the 16th.

THE NEW LEVY.—The call for 300,000 nine months' troops meets with the support of all men. We have not heard one man speak against it, but on the other hand we have heard some say that it ought to have been 500,000. They give it support from the fact that they hail it as a harbinger of increased activity and vigor on the part of the Government, and as the means, if used properly, by which we shall crush the hydra-headed monster that has so suddenly grown in proportion as to defy the power which the Government considered sufficient to annihilate it. Woburn will soon be called upon again to raise ninety-eight men, and she ought to be "up and at it" at once. We can raise this number for nine months without drafting, if we will but be in earnest. And how much better will it be, if, when the Governor calls upon us, we are able to say, "Woburn is all ready." We cannot commence too soon in this matter, and those men who did so well in raising our last quota, will add to their laurels if they commence the work now and put it through with a will. It is not necessary to wait till this or that town moves, before we begin. We will have to do it sometime, and no time will be better than the present. Who will give the ball such a good start, that it will not stop until the work is done?

SOLDIERS' AID SOCIETY.—The Committee appointed at the meeting held in Lyceum Hall, on the 24th ult., have met and organized by choosing A. E. Thompson, Treasurer, and A. B. Johnson, Clerk, and are now ready to receive subscriptions. They will hold a meeting in the Selectmen's room, next Tuesday evening, at 8 o'clock, when citizens can call and subscribe such sums as they may see fit. The Committee will call upon those of our citizens who do not hand in their subscriptions, at an early day, when it is hoped they will contribute liberally, as there is much need of their doing so. Dr. Stebbins has already handed in his check for \$100. This fulfills the promise which he made last year. We hope to see many others follow this good example. If ever there was a time when purse strings should be loosened, that time is now, just now. Men of Woburn, you that "dress in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day," remember that there are those in our town that have near and dear friends away from home fighting your battles, who have need of even the crumbs that fall from your bountiful tables. Let them not call upon you in vain. You have the power to make each one of them happy and contented, and no loftier office could fall to your lot than ministering to their wants.

ROWDYISM.—During the past ten days the peace of our town has been disturbed through drunken brawls. To enumerate each one would take much more space than we have to spare, had we the inclination to go into details. Suffice it to say, that the disgraceful proceedings did not add anything to the honor of our town, or to the dignity of some of our officers, who were handled rather roughly and unceremoniously. But this state of things will be continued to a greater or lesser extent, as long as every house in some localities continues to be a grog shop, and just so long as we are foolish enough to continue to punish the effect and not the cause of our troubles.

BUSINESS MEN.—Again, and for the last time at present, we call the attention of those of our citizens who do business in Boston, to the Eating House of JAMESON & RICHARDSON, in Spring Lane, Boston. It is convenient, comfortable, and just the place to take a good meal in. The proprietors are gentlemen and use every means in their power to make their patrons satisfied, so that none who can be gratified go away ungratified.

WOBURN SOLDIERS.—The following facts concerning Woburn Soldiers, have come to our notice:—J. Webster Colcord, of Co. G, 13th Regt., is sick with fever at Washington. Dennis Murphy, of Co. F, 22d Regt., is convalescent, and has returned to duty. George Goodwin, of Co. M, 3d Rhode Island Regt., died at Hilton Head, S. C., of dysentery and indigestion, July 24th, and was buried next day. He was sick over two months, during which time he spoke but twice. Thus has another Woburn soldier passed away forever.

FLAG FOR THE NATIONAL RANGERS.—The ladies, through the instrumentality of the subscription paper which we last week said they had started, have procured a beautiful silk flag for the Woburn Volunteers. It is finely mounted, and bears the inscription "Woburn National Rangers—Presented by the Ladies of Woburn—August, 1862." It will be presented to them on their return to town previous to their departure for the seat of war.

ENGINE MEETING.—The enlistment of several of the officers of Niagara Engine Co. No. 1, made it necessary for the election of successors. Accordingly at an adjourned monthly meeting, held last Wednesday evening, the following persons were chosen to fill vacancies:—T. V. Sullivan, Foreman; James Little, 2d Assistant; James McMann, Clerk.

A son of Mr. Hayward, while in the church during the funeral, on Friday, was overcome by the oppressive state of the atmosphere and fell, injuring his head severely. He was removed by some gentlemen and kindly cared for, and is now doing well.

Rev. J. Spencer Kenard, of Washington, D. C., will preach in the Baptist Church to-morrow. This is the gentleman to whom the Baptist Society have tendered a call.

Rev. J. P. Gulliver, of Norwich, Conn., will preach at the First Congregational Church to-morrow.

We take the following extract from a private letter received from a friend at Fort-tesse Monroe:

"We have 50,000 letters and 30,000 papers to distribute here every day, on an average. There is some work in doing it. You would be astonished to see how blindly many people direct letters and papers. The quantity of goods that pass to and from the soldiers through the mail, is astonishing: Teas, medicines, knobby-nacks, tobacco, books, clothing, jewelry, amusements, watches, revolvers, &c. J. Frank Bates, a former resident of Woburn, is here; he is captain of a company in the Fort, and at present holds a commission for taking the census here, which duty he is performing. I am not at liberty to write all I hear from the army; one person who wrote from the office, was sent to the Rip-raps. You get more news from the war than we do, but what we get is more accurate, as we learn it direct from the officers and soldiers who visit the office every day and talk freely with us."

INCOME TAX.—On the 1st of May, 1863, the income tax is to be assessed for the year 1862, and the tax must be paid on or before the 30th of June, 1863.

The income tax is three per cent. on one's income after making the following deductions:

1. \$500, this amount being exempt.
2. All State, county and local taxes.
3. All moneys received on account of dividends on stock and interest on bonds, or deposits in or of companies that pay the tax direct to the government. These are banks, trust companies, savings institutions, insurance, gas, bridge, telegraph, steamboat, ferry boat, express, railroad, or other corporations.

On the balance you are liable for three per cent. tax; but if such balance or any part of it, arises from investments in the U. S. securities, the income tax on such portion is only one and a half per cent.

There will be a thousand and one mooted questions as to income; but the law seems to settle the meaning of it by saying that "the annual gains, profit or income" shall be taxed so and so." If, then, a person don't make some headway, there can be no gains, no income.—Thompson's Reporter.

THE OVER-ANXIOUS ABOUT DRAFTING TAKEN IN AT BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The New York Express says that the office of the City Clerk, Brooklyn, continues to be thronged by persons who are anxious to ascertain if their names are upon the enrollment list. The books have been so constantly overhauled for the past three weeks, that the names of persons have become almost obliterated from the record, and the papers which contain them seem to have caught the contagious diseases from the exempt, and present the appearance of a galloping consumption. A shrewd spectator on Wednesday, opined that the applicants had intended to thus destroy the records.

Innocent creatures, they forget that it is simply a duplicate, and many of those who look in vain for their names, will find that their call was made the occasion by the clerks to enroll them on the list. They went from the office in a smiling humor, which must be changed when they appear again there on a similar errand. Those who did find their names duly recorded, fell back on a generally disused anatomy to justify their exemption. Lungs, liver, brains, locomotives, kidneys, were all represented as unable to do duty in the human machinery, as the owners were unwilling to fight.

Col. Lyman Dike, of Stoneham, has tendered his services gratis to organize, fit and drill for the field a regiment of colored men in this State, if Gov. Andrew shall see fit to follow the example of Gov. Sprague, of Rhode Island, and call for them.—Boston Journal.

[Who would have thought it, that Gov. Sprague would have led Gov. Andrew, in this matter. Verily, old things are passing away; all things are becoming new.]

## Letter from Nashville.

The subjoined is a part of a letter written to me from one of our Government surgeons at Nashville. It has items of matter which will interest us all. A. CHAPIN.

DEAR SIR:—It does indeed give me pleasure to think that I am able to contribute my share toward the great work which this war has laid upon us all. It is indeed a great work; but when I consider how much has been accomplished, and how great is the prize for which we contend, I feel that we must not flinch a hair's breadth. This is one of the loveliest lands the sun ever shone upon—this State of Tennessee—and it must belong to the American nation. Then consider what a work the war is effecting for the slaves. If the abolitionists would come here and see for themselves, they would be well content to let war work out its own fruits. A slave dealer told a friend of mine, the other day, that "niggers were worth just ten cents a dozen, these times." Their masters can't keep them from running away, nor can they find food for them to eat, in many cases. I presume there are few people here who would not get glad to sell their slaves if they could only get them out of the country, and be rid of them. This same slave dealer offered my friend a negress and her six children for two hundred dollars—provided he would take them all to Massachusetts.

Nashville is a pleasant city, but I have formed no acquaintances. The majority of the upper class hold aloof from our army officers, and sympathize with the South. The Union party is pretty large, and is very intense in its devotion to the Union—still, were our troops withdrawn, Jeff. Davis would rule Nashville as completely as he rules Richmond.

Our hospitals are in good condition. We have about one thousand sick, and could accommodate four times that number. We have very few cases of surgery. The majority are cases of fever, remittent and intermittent—generally remittent—with an occasional instance of typhoid. Diarrhea is universal, and very difficult of management. It is generally chronic in its form, when we get hold of the cases in our general hospital. Rheumatism is not uncommon, and a species of scurvy frequently comes under our notice—especially among those of our men who have been prisoners in the hands of the enemy. I am at the University Hospital where are two hundred and fifty patients and beds for twice that number. There are three other surgeons besides myself, and the patients are equally divided between the four. I have a prospect of occupation here for months yet to come. Yours, &c., H. M. L. Nashville, July 26, 1862.

MR. EDITOR.—During the first part of this week we seemed to be living in a reign of terror. Some of the population that was laying around loose, refreshed rather too highly, and the consequence was their pugnacious propensities were fully developed. Some four or five parties were on their muscle during a whole day and night.

Now, sir, if we have not town authorities enough to put a stop to the selling of liquors in our midst, let us double the number at the next regular town meeting. If I am correctly informed there are as many as ten places, or Saloons as they are pleased to call them, where liquid fire is sold, within gunshot distance of Lyceum Hall. This ought not to be allowed—we have a good Board of Selectmen, and let them be supported in any measure they may see fit to take to suppress these abominable beer shops, which were the cause of the noise and confusion we have heard this week. LAW AND ORDER. Woburn, Aug. 7th, 1861.

THE WASHINGTON correspondent of the New York Herald writes as follows:

If private accounts from Richmond, via underground, are to be believed, somebody has been terribly fooled in regard to the demoralized and inefficient condition of the rebel army around Richmond. These accounts represent it to be well drilled, severely disciplined, well clothed, and now well fed since the commissary and supply departments have been organized on a scale in proportion to the sudden increase of numbers which the situation there demands. The furlough system has been almost completely abolished in the last thirty days. It is calculated that the rebel army will number 600,000 for the fall campaign, all provided with good arms.

THE HOOSAC TUNNEL GOING TO EUROPE.—The recently appointed Troy and Greenfield Railroad Commissioners have decided to send an agent to Europe, to examine railway tunnels that part of the world. Charles S. Storow of Boston has been appointed for that purpose at a compensation of \$3000, with expenses paid. The object of the trip is to obtain the most reliable data from which to determine the character of the tunnel required under the Hoosac mountain, as well as the most economical and speedy method of constructing it, and also the probable cost of the work. There being no tunnels in this country of sufficient magnitude to be of much service in fixing upon the details of the one required, the commissioners deem this course the wisest and safest that can be adopted before proceeding to the completion of the Hoosac bore.

NOTICE TO TEACHERS.—In our last issue we alluded to the New Public School System which is so true to nature, and so efficient in action that by the efforts of its author it must be reduced to practice. It employs a large proportion of female teachers who will be in demand to carry out the new principles. Young ladies who would engage in the enterprise can, for particulars, address W. B. Wait, Greenwood, Mass. The pamphlet illustrating the New System is for sale at 25 Cornhill, Boston.

The mariner's compass has done some of the most important needle-work in the world.

## SUN-ITARY.—The weather seems chemically

inclined to-day—a sort of tallow chandlerish purpose, to render us down to an oleaginous half-way state, between lamp fluid and bone dust. A fat man is now a walking curiosity, a regular dropping well of Knoresborough—weeping at every pore. A thin one seems to be pressing in the intention of exhibiting a walking skeleton. A little nigger seems as impossible to catch as a greased pig, or the man that owes that little bit of twenty-five dollars. Even the wooden leg of a crippled acquaintance seemed to come down on the flags with a softer thump, and the head of a vain excoimbrication had a sappy appearance. A young lady, with very large hoops, is the most favored being in existence, except that little boy playing on the gallery in all the freedom of childish nakedness. Sweet old time—"I would I were a boy again." Oh! there are melting moments, and the mercury still rising like market rates. Heigho!—New Orleans Delta, 24th.

A good thing is told of Capt. Gwynn of the Tyler, who was up the Yazoo to look for the Arkansas. He disappeared on his errand, with his old wooden gunboat, which is not strong enough to fight anything that carries guns, and the next that was seen of him he came tearing down around the point, with the Arkansas in his rear, putting balls through his wooden stern at every shot. His stern-chasers were blazing away manfully, with as little effect on the iron walls of his antagonist as could be imagined, and he ushered the enemy in fine style. He said afterwards that he was like the man who was sent out from camp to procure game for breakfast. He went out to look for rabbits and prairie-chickens, and met a grizzly bear, who froze to his coat-tails and caused a precipitate retreat. Rushing back to camp with the bear in close proximity, he astonished his comrades by an unpropitiously sarcastic introduction. "Here, boys," he cried as the grizzly bounded into camp, "I've fetched the game."

MASSACHUSETTS DOING HER DUTY.—A committee of gentlemen waited upon Gov. Andrew this morning, when his Excellency was heard to say that he had telegraphed to the President to-day that regiments of troops would be sent forward from Massachusetts after next week as fast as the Government would furnish the means of transportation. Men are enlisting throughout the State at the rate of about 1000 per day, and towns not before heard from are sending in their quota of three year's men.—Journal.

The following order has just been issued by the War Department: By direction of the President of the United States, it is hereby ordered that until further orders no citizen liable to be drafted into the militia shall be allowed to go to a foreign country, and all marshals, deputy marshals and military officers of the United States are directed, and all police authorities, especially at the ports of the United States on the seaboard and on the frontier, are requested to see that this order is faithfully carried into effect.

SAFE PLACE FOR STAMPS.—A woman called at a grocery store in this city recently, and in paying for some articles purchased, was offered some postage stamps for change; she declined taking them, saying: "I don't want any more stamps, for I got some yesterday, and to keep them from being lost, stuck them on the side of the house, but the devil a one could I get off this morning."

## WINCHESTER.

VOLUNTEERS.—The following is a complete list of the volunteers from this town under the first call for 300,000 men, and is our full quota, all of whom have been mustered into service and are attached to the several regiments noted.

2d REGIMENT—Mellen P. Burnham, John Gordon, Duncan McDougall, Jesse Richardson, Sorell Gove, George C. Lawrence, G. J. Watson, Thomas Cannon, Daniel McLaughlin, Francis B. Bedell, Francis A. Hatch, Joseph D. Sharon, Samuel H. Brookings, Jr., John Fitzgerald, John Harbird, Michael Horgan.

12th REGIMENT—Henry Chase, Charles Goodwin, Thomas O'Brien, Samuel McFarland, John Sheehan.

33d REGIMENT—Darius Hadley.

35th REGIMENT—David C. Brooks, N. A. Richardson.

1st CO. OF SHARPshooters—Asa Fletcher. The latter has been furnished by the State with a telescopic rifle similar to those in use by the company.

The number of enrolled militia from this town is about 266, taking out those who are now in the service of the United States, and estimating those who are exempt, will probably leave 150 from which to draft, or one in six. It is to be hoped from the successful result of the last attempt to raise volunteers, that we may obtain the additional quota, without a resort to drafting. Let each one strive to do his part towards the accomplishment of so desirable a purpose and it will be done.

WAR ITEMS.—Sergeant Josiah Stratton, Jr., of the 22d Regt., who was reported missing in the recent battles before Richmond has been heard from as being a prisoner at Richmond and unhurt.

Since writing the above item respecting the safety of Mr. Stratton, I learn that the statement which had obtained general circulation was incorrect, and that nothing has been heard of or from him since the battles.

Private David C. B. Abrahams has been removed North, and is at the hospital at David's Island, New York.

Private Alfred E. Anson, of the 16th Regt., was not in those battles but in the hospital sick at that time.

Mr. William H. Wescott, the teacher of the Gifford (Grammar) School for the past year and more, and the appointee for the coming term, has passed a very satisfactory

examination before a Board of Naval Surgeons, and been appointed as Acting Assistant Surgeon in the Navy. He has resigned his post as teacher, and the Committee have filled the vacancy.

Acting Assistant Surgeon Wescott whose appointment is noted above, has been ordered to the U. S. Ship Kingfisher, Capt. Couthoy, now at Key West. He left Boston on Thursday afternoon to report to Admiral Paulding at the New York Navy Yard, and will leave for his vessel by the first transport which goes out. His salary will be \$1250 per annum.

REMOVALS, &c.—The house and land belonging to the estate on Washington Street, owned and occupied by Mrs. S. M. Rice, has been sold to Mr. Jonathan Parker, of Boston, for the sum of \$3500. It is to be occupied by a son of the latter, who has moved in.

Mrs. Rice has brought another house near by, on the same street, owned by Mr. Jonas Woods, for \$1500, and removed into the same.

Several other parties are looking round for houses. Quite a number of new faces are noticed in our streets and the cars, many of whom are gentlemen and their families who are boarding here through the extreme hot weather.

We are glad to welcome all such, trusting that it may be the means as it has been in several instances, of inducing them to become permanent residents. There seems to be a demand at present for a certain class of houses which are not to be had. If some of our monied men would put up some good houses in eligible locations, they would without doubt find a ready sale. EXCELSIOR.

## SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

TOWN MEETING.—The citizens of the town in their corporate capacity came together last Monday evening and displayed the same liberality which ever characterizes their actions where anything touching the public welfare is concerned. It was voted almost unanimously to assume to pay the sum of \$3,200, to be paid as bounty to thirty-two volunteers, which had been pledged, subscribed, and a portion of it paid over by individual citizens, and this seemed the more honorable from the fact, that these subscribers had not asked the town to assume it, or expressed an unwillingness to meet the demand cheerfully. But the town was desirous of making it a public matter, and with other towns share the privilege and the honor of doing their part in furnishing means to seal the fate of this infamous rebellion.

At the suggestion of the Selectmen, a committee of three was appointed to take such measures as they may deem proper for filling up our quota of men. The following persons were joined with the selectmen:—E. Mansfield, Geo. O. Carpenter and Peter Folsom. An additional sum of money was also voted to be placed at the disposal of this committee as a fund for contingencies.

HORTICULTURAL.—The second Horticultural and Agricultural Exhibition was held in the Armory, on Wednesday afternoon and evening. It was not so fully attended as last year, when free to every one. Still there were many in attendance during the day. The Floral department may have been less extensive, but equal in taste, combination and arrangement, to any of its predecessors. Apples, pears, currants, cultivated blackberries, &c., were in good variety. The vegetable kingdom was well represented,—potatoes, tomatoes and squashes especially exceeded general expectation. The department of native plants was a good contribution to make up a pleasing variety. In a word, all that could reasonably be expected at this season of the year was fully realized. The third exhibition is put down for September third.

STORM.—The thunder storm last Thursday afternoon was very severe in this vicinity. The house of Mr. Stephen Lufkin on Pleasant street, was struck by lightning, doing some damage to the building, furniture, &c., but none to life. The fluid entered the house by the chimney, and took different directions, but performed its maneuvers mostly in the L, which had just been vacated to receive company in the parlor. This unexpected call of a friend from Boston was a fortunate circumstance for the family.

Thomas Emerson's Sons have changed their place of business in South Reading for the present, from their manufactory near their residences, to the large building near the Boston and Maine station, formerly owned and occupied by E. E. Wiley. Business is not very driving just now, but when it resumes we shall expect to see great activity in the vicinity of the Depot.

The committee on recruits have reported the full quota of volunteers from South Reading, without disturbing the additional fund placed at their disposal with discretionary powers. M.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 3d, 1862.

MR. EDITOR:—Sojourning in this city for the present, and having a leisure moment, I seat myself for the purpose of penning a few lines for the Journal, and in doing so I am reminded that it is Sabbath morning,—and I am reminded of the same—not by the stillness and quietness that pervades a New England Sabbath morning—not by the solemn and impressive sound of the church bell, calling the people to the house of God. Oh, no, I am reminded of it only by the cry of the boys upon the street, "Sunday Morning Chronicle!" Ah, in one sense there is no Sabbath here, at the present time; all is confusion—nothing is talked about, and I might add, thought of, but business and war. The all absorbing question of the day, is one of vital interest, just now. Never before since the rebellion commenced has the people felt as they now do. It is feared by many that if something is not done very soon that Gen. McClellan with his once noble army will be entirely annihilated. I have said that it did not seem to me as if

there was any Sabbath here. Most of the churches have been converted into hospitals for the sick and wounded, and during the weeks that I have been here I have spent most of my time upon the Sabbaths visiting them, and I would say here, (and you are doubtless aware of the fact), that there are at the present time, upwards of five thousand sick and wounded soldiers at the different hospitals in this city.

One week ago to-day, in company with my friend Capt. Dike, formerly of Stoneham but now of the Quartermasters' Department, and who by the way has proved himself a true patriot, and one who knows full well how to sympathize with the wounded soldier; I say in company with him I visited three of the hospitals, and talked with a large number of the wounded—said the kind word—wrote letters for them to their friends, &c., and, oh, it was a sad but an interesting occasion to me. Sad to see so many suffering on account of the unholy rebellion that is upon us, but amid all their sufferings and anguish, I heard no one murmur or repine. They seemed to be as patient in suffering as they had been heroic upon the field of battle.

One I saw in the last agonies of death, away from home, kindred or friend, but there were those who cared for him, and here I would say that good care, as good as that to be expected, are taken of those that are in the hospitals here. The churches are used by the patients. The vestry or chapel are used for kitchen, dining-room, arsenal and other purposes. They have female nurses, dispensing little delicacies, and tending as far as they can to their wants. The room looks tidy, and the patient occupies a small cot bedstead.

Dr. Dorr, formerly of Medford, is surgeon of the Ascension hospital, and is unremitting in his attention to the sick and wounded.

In the hospitals I have found quite a number of those who I have known in your vicinity. In Clifton hospital I found three who I have been well acquainted with, from Stoneham. Private Edward Murphy is here wounded in the leg, but is recovering and is anxious to get well and to return to his regiment. Here also I found Caleb Noble, musician in the 19th regiment, who is sick but recovering. Also private A. A. Goodhue, who was wounded at the battle of Seven Pines, in the leg, who is recovering slowly. It was a sad sight, as I said before, to see so many young men in the prime of life, thus cut down, but I said to myself, "This is war."

But I must close my morning ramblings, as I noticed in your last issue that a number of communications had been delayed for want of room, and I am fearful that if I should write more, that this would meet with the same fate.

But I cannot close without saying that I receive and read the Journal with a great deal of pleasure. I was particularly pleased with "Leno's" article of last week, under the Reading department, for at the present time it is right to the point. Something as Leno says must be done, and if done at all it must be done quickly. I notice by the Journal that spirit and enthusiastic meetings are being held in all the towns in your vicinity, showing that the people are aroused up to the full importance of the crisis that is upon us.

Yours truly, O. S. M.

## READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

I had intended to have furnished the names of the volunteers this week, as our quota had been filled, but as perfection does not reign in every mortal body, several











# Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

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WOBURN, SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1862.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR  
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS.

## Poetry.

### The Sabbath.

BY THE LATE ROBERT T. CONRAD.

Lo! now the happy Sabbath sun shines forth,  
And the worn world shakes off its lumbering care;  
Gentle and joyous spirits walk the earth,  
And all is calm and soft, and bright and fair.  
The village is still; the voice of prayer  
Floats, with the streamlet's hymn that murmurs near,  
In solemn cadence, on the morning air,  
And tells, the day to lowly labor dear,  
The blessed Sabbath, peace be unto God, is here!

Afar, o'er hill and valley, stream and glen,  
The ancient church-bell's peal is blithely tost;  
Now, on the fresh breeze, cheerily heard, and then,  
In the quick quivering of the green leaves, lost.  
Prompt at the summons, moves the straggling host:  
The youths clear frame and with frolic bound;  
The sturdy maids, their prudent mothers' boast,  
Demurely step, sly stealing glances round,  
Nor leave the brassy path that thrills the burial ground.

Around the low-browed porch, they pause awhile,  
Beneath the eaves that fevers above the dome;  
They learn the warfare of each honest home,  
Exchanging, gravely, greetings without guile,  
But soon the hum is hushed; the Pastor comes,  
Advancing slow, their toll-bellied brows they bend;  
And kneeling as he opens the sacred tome,  
Their glowing hearts and blended tones ascend,  
In prayer and praise, to God, their Father and their Friend.

Happy that band, reliant and devout!  
The dusky artisan whose brow, now bright,  
Expands with love and joy; the yeoman stout  
Whose harvest are the bounty of God's might;  
Matron and maiden, old and young, unite  
Heart-offerings to God's low-roofed house to bring.

From which the intruding oaks exclude the light;  
While to the organ notes the glad birds sing;  
Yet God is there; and 'tis the place of Heaven's king!  
What, without that which sanctifies the lowly  
Temple's glory or cathedral's pride?  
Than conqueror's triumphs higher and more holy  
The joys that with the cotter's Sabbath lie;  
The Lord's day past, how sweet, at eventide,  
His blessed sleep whose service has been least!  
So may we live in Him who for us died,  
That life may, like a Sabbath, be possessed,  
And death heaven's Sabbath give of rapture and of rest!

## Select Literature.

### THE MYSTERIOUS ORGANIST.

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

Years ago, at a grand old cathedral overlooking the Rhine, there appeared a mysterious organist. The great composer who had played the organ so long had suddenly died, and everybody, from the king to the peasant, was wondering who could be found to fill his place, when one bright Sabbath morn, as the sexton entered the church, he saw a stranger sitting at the craps shrouded organ. He was a tall, graceful man, with a pale but strikingly handsome face, great, black melancholy eyes, and hair like the raven's wing for gloss and color, sweeping in dark waves over his shoulders. He did not seem to notice the sexton, but went on playing, and such music as he drew from the instrument no words of mine can describe. The astonished listener declared that the organ seemed to have grown human—that it wailed, and sighed, and clattered, as if a tortured human heart were throbbing through its pipes.—When the music at length ceased, the sexton hastened to the stranger and said:

"Pray, who are you, sir?"  
"Do not ask my name," he replied. "I have heard that you were in want of an organist, and have come here on trial."  
"You will be sure to get the place," exclaimed the sexton. "Why you surpass him that's dead and gone, sir."  
"No, no; you overrate me," resumed the stranger with a sad smile; and then as if disinclined to conversation, he turned from old Hans, and began to play again. Now the music changed from a sorrowful strain to a grand old psalm, and the countenance of the organist seemed not unlike that of St. Michael as portrayed by Guido.

Lost in the harmonies which swelled around him, he sat gazing on the distant sky, a slight glimpse of which he caught through the open window, when there was a stir about the door of the church, and a royal party came sweeping in. Among them might be seen a young girl with a wealth of golden hair, eyes like the violet hue, and lips like wild cherries.—This was the Princess Elizabeth; and all eyes turned upon her as she seated herself in the velvet cushioned pew appropriated to the court. The mysterious organist fixed his eyes upon her and went on playing. No sooner had the music struck her ear than she started as though a ghost had crossed her path. The bloom faded from her cheek, her lips quivered and her whole frame grew tremulous. At last her eyes met those of the organist, in a long, yearning look, and then the melody lost its joyous notes, and once more wailed and sighed and clattered.

"By my faith," whispered the king to his daughter, "this organist has a master hand. Hark ye, he shall play to our wedding."  
The pale lips of the Princess parted, but she could not speak—she was dumb with grief. Like one in a painful dream, she saw the pale man at the organ and heard the melody which filled the vast edifice. Ay, full well she knew who he was, and why the instrument seemed breathing out the agony of a tortured heart.

When the service was over, and the royal party had left the cathedral, he stole away as mysteriously as he had come. He was not seen again by the sexton till the vesper hour, and then he appeared in the organ loft and commenced his task. While he played a veiled figure glided in and knelt near a side shrine. There she remained till the worshippers dispersed, when the sexton touched her on the shoulder and said:

"Madam, everybody has gone but you and me, and I wish to close the doors."  
"I am not ready to go yet," was the reply;  
"leave me—leave me."

The sexton drew back into a shady niche, and watched and listened. The mysterious organist still kept his post, but his head was bowed upon the instrument and he could not see the lone devotee, who at length rose from the aisle and moving to the organ loft, paused beside the musician.

"Bertram," she murmured.  
Quick as thought the organist raised his head. There, with the light of a lamp suspended to the arch above falling full upon her, stood the Princess who had graced the royal pew that day. The court dress of velvet, with its soft ermine trimmings, the tiara the necklace, the bracelets, had been exchanged for a grey serge robe, and a long thick veil, which was pushed back from the fair girl's face.

"Oh! Elizabeth, Elizabeth!" exclaimed the organist, and he sunk at her feet, and gazed wistfully into her troubled eyes.

"Why are you here, Bertram?" asked the Princess.

"I came to bid you farewell; and I dared not venture into the palace, I gained access to the cathedral by bribing the bell-ringer, and having taken the vacant seat of the dead organist, let the music breathe out the adieu I could not trust my lips to utter."

A low moan was the only answer, and he continued:

"You are to be married on the morrow!"

"Yes," sobbed the girl. "Oh, Bertram, what a trial it will be to stand at yonder altar and take upon me the vows which will doom me to a living death!"

"Think of me," rejoined the organist.—

"Your royal father has requested me to play at the wedding and I promised to be here. If I were your equal I could be the bridegroom instead of the organist; but a poor musician must give you up."

"It is like rending soul and body asunder to part with you," said the girl. "To-night I may tell you this—tell you how fondly I love you, but in a few hours it will be a sin. Go, go, and God bless you!"

She waved him from her as though she would banish him while she had power to do so, and he—how was it with him? He rose to leave her, then came back, held her to his heart in a long embrace, and with a half-smothered embrace left her.

The next morning dawned in cloudless splendor, and at an early hour the cathedral was thrown open, and the sexton began to prepare for the brilliant wedding. Flame-colored flowers nodded by the wayside; flame-colored leaves came rushing down from the trees and lay in light heaps upon the ground. The ripe wheat waved like a golden sea, and berries drooped in red and purple clusters over the rocks along the Rhine.

At length the palace gates were opened, and the royal party appeared, escorting the Princess Elizabeth to the cathedral, where marriage was to be solemnized. It was a brave pageant; far brighter than the untwined foliage and blossoms were the tufts of plumes which floated from stately heads, and the festal robes that streamed down the housings of the superb steeds. But the Princess, mounted in a snow white palfrey, and clothed in snow white velvet, looked pale and sad; and when, on nearing the church, she heard a rush of organ music, which, though jubilant in sound, struck on her ear like a funeral knell, she trembled, and would have fallen to the earth had not a page supported her. A few moments afterwards she entered the cathedral. There, with his retinue, stood the royal bridegroom, whom she had never seen. But her glance roved from him to the organ, where she expected to have seen the mysterious organist. He was gone, and she was obliged to return the grateful bow of the King, to whom she had been betrothed from motives of policy. Mechanically she knelt by the side of him on the altar-stone; mechanically listened to the service and made the responses. Then her husband drew her to him in a convulsive embrace, and whispered:

"Elizabeth, my queen, my wife, look at me."

Trembling in every limb she obeyed. Why did those dark eyes thrill her so? Why did that smile bring a glow on her cheek? Ah! though the king wore the royal purple, and many a jeweled order glittered on his breast, he seemed the same humble person who had been employed to teach organ music, and had taught her the lore of love.

"Elizabeth," murmured the monarch, "Bertram Hoffman, the mysterious organist and King Oscar are one. Forgive my stratagem. I wished to marry you but I would not bring to the altar an unwilling bride.—Your father was in the secret."

While tears of joy rained from her blue eyes the new-made Queen returned her husband's fond kiss, and for once two hearts were made happy by a royal marriage.

An impossibility—an ugly baby.

### Fashions and Cosmetics, in Former Days.

"When Mrs. Siddons was in the height of her popularity, George the Third might be seen on public occasions in a suit of white velvet, with a rose-colored satin waistcoat, answering to his ruddy complexion somewhat oddly, on the whole very like a miller. The royal ladies in huge towering headdresses, were like so many priestesses of Cybele, turban-crowned. They then went to public places as to court, in chairs, made high to receive their head-dresses without derangement. Their hoops were turned on one side to enter and sit at all; and the old dowagers, frizzled, powdered, and plumed, looked like exhumed mummies upright in their sycamore coffins. The protruded kerchiefs prevented all access of the hand to the mouth, except by turning the head sideways, and thus at a party they could only manage to sip their tea over the shoulder. That was a day of cosmetics, too, as well as our own. Perhaps they are now only changed in name.—

They had no Macassar, it is true, that would make hair grow on old shoes; but they had pomade de graisse to encourage the capillary growth, used when en deshabille, and they adopted poudre d'Artois to finish off. They used 'Milk of Cassia,' and 'Balm of Lilies'; the paternities, no doubt, of similar cuticular quackeries now under different appellations. Rouge and white were then used extravagantly, but are banished now, unless in the shape of the gentlest touch of carmine possible with a hare's foot upon a pale complexion. More would not do, as any thing resembling the healthy flush of a milkman is even now abhorrent to fashion; a pale, delicate face, and clear eyes, indicative of consumption, are the fashionable desiderata at present for complexion."

PLEASANT NEIGHBORS.—One's pleasure, after all, is much affected by the quality of one's neighbors, even though one may not be on speaking terms with them. A pleasant, bright face at the window is surely better than a discontented, cross one; and a house that has the air of being inhabited is preferable to closed shutters and unsocial blinds, excluding every ray of sunlight and sympathy. We like to see glancing, cheerful lights through the windows of a cold night, or watch them, as evening deepens, gradually creep from the parlor to the upper stories of the houses near us. We like to watch the little children go in and out the door, or play or go to school. We like to see a white-robed baby dancing up and down at the window, in its mother's arms, or the father reading his newspaper there at evening, or any of those cheerful impromptu home glimpses, which, though we are no Paul Pry, we will assert make a pleasant neighborhood to those who live for comfort instead of show. Sad, indeed, some morning on waking, it is to see the blinds down and the shutters closed, and know that death's angel, while it spared our threshold, has crossed that of our cheerful neighbor—sad to miss the white-robed baby from the window, and see the little coffin at nightfall, borne into the house—sad to see the innocent little faces pressed at eventide against the window pane, watching for the "dear papa" who has gone to his long home.

ENGLISH TAXATION.—What we are approaching, in the way of taxation, may be gathered from Sidney Smith's account of England's more mature experiences, in the matter.—"Taxes upon every article which enters the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the feet; taxes upon every thing which it is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell or taste; taxes upon warmth, light, and locomotion; taxes upon everything on the earth, and in the waters under the earth; taxes upon every thing that comes from abroad, or is grown at home; taxes upon the raw material, and upon every fresh value that is added to it by the industry of man; taxes on the sauce that pampers man's appetite, and the drug that restores him to health; on the crumie which decorates the judge, and on the rope which hangs the criminal; on the poor man's salt, and the rich man's spice; on the brass nails of the coffin, and the ribbons of the bride. Taxes we never escape; at bed or board, couchant or levant, we must pay. The school-boy whips his top; the beardless youth manages his taxed horse; with a taxed bridle, upon a taxed road; and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine, which has paid fifteen per cent, flings himself back upon his chintz bed which has paid twenty-two per cent, makes his will upon an eight pound stamp, and expires in the arms of an apothecary who has paid a licence of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death. His whole property is immediately taxed from two to ten per cent. Besides the probate, large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel; his virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble; and then he is gathered to his fathers to be taxed no more."

Lieutenant James Gordon Bennett, Jr., is said to be known among his intimate friends by the significant sobriquet of "Child Herald."

The editor of a provincial paper speaks about his frame of mind. A contemporary suggests that he may have the frame of one, but that is all.

### The Happy Farmer.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Saw ye the farmer at his plough,  
As you were riding by?  
Or, wearied 'neath his noon-day toil,  
When summer suns were high?  
And thought ye that his lot was hard?  
And did you not thank God  
That you and yours were not condemned  
Thus like a slave to plod?

Come, see him at his harvest home,  
When garden, field, and tree  
Conspire, with floating stores to fill  
His barn and granary.  
His healthy children gaily sport  
Amid the new-mown hay,  
Or proudly add with vigorous arm  
His task as best they may.

The dog partakes his master's joy,  
An' gaily hounds y wain;  
The feckless people clap their wings,  
And lead their youngling train.  
Perchance the hoary grand sire's eye  
The glowing scene surveys,  
And breathes a blessing on his race,  
Or guides their evening prayer.

The Harvest-Giver is their friend—  
The Maker of the soil;  
The earth, their mother, gives them bread,  
And cheers their patient toil.  
Come, join them round their wintry hearth,  
Their heavenly pleasures see,  
And you can better judge how blest  
The farmer's life may be.

### A Word to Stupid People.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

Lady Mary Wortley Montague says that the fools are three out of four in every person's acquaintance. Lord Chesterfield, a little more polite, substitutes circumlocution for the outspoken Anglo-Saxon "fools," but his statistics exhibit a similar result. I shall therefore not be without authority for assuming that I am addressing three fourths of the Congregationalist—an audience large enough to justify the space required. I shall endeavor to speak plainly.

There is such a disease—especially in New England—as consumption. It is greatly dreaded because it is supposed to be incurable. I don't believe it myself, but there are many who do. It is not a positive thing that rushes at you and strikes you down in a day, has a fierce fight, and is thrown off, or throws you off in six weeks. It is a lurking, sly, subtle foe, that you can never be sure of. Now it knocks at your lungs, now it dips into your blood, now it grasps your throat. Now it is gone. It turns up as bronchitis, or dyspepsia or indigestion, or nothing at all.—The people who think they have it don't have it. People who do have it may be brought to death's door twice a year and die of old age at last. You never know where to find it and when you have found it you don't know what to do with it. Of all things, however, don't you do this: if your neighbor's wife has been weak and listless, and unable to "turn off work" for the last year or two; if her step is grown manifestly feeble, and her cheek paler than it used to be; if her husband has taken her to the seaside, and the Springs, and the mountains, and has consulted all the famous doctors, and even looks with interest at the column where the patent medicines are advertised; if, notwithstanding, she occasionally loses her voice, and speaks in a whisper, perhaps for months together, begins to lie in bed late in the morning, and to tremble before the raw north east winds, don't you go and kill her with kindness. You may, if you like, send in oranges and grapes, cooling fruits and simple delicacies, to a limited extent; but do not form the opinion that a woman not in robust health is a Wantley dragon, and can devour by the bushel, cakes, jelly, pastry, highly seasoned meats, and all manner of pickled and potted things that are enough to give the picket guard the dyspepsia—because it is not true. I never was sick, and I don't know what sick people like, but common sense teaches that there cannot be much comfort in seeing yourself surrounded by things which you cannot touch. I should think a bunch of flowers, or a single flower, or a curious moss, or a pretty engraving, or a pencil sketch, would be vastly better—any thing that takes the invalid out of himself—directs his attention to something else, which is one of the roads to recovery. But the sight of food that he cannot eat, and so you carefully prepared dish is not only useless, but discouraging—to all except the Irish girl in the kitchen, who fares sumptuously as long as it lasts.

Another thing. Don't you keep asking your neighbor how she is. She doesn't know how she is. And don't you ask her husband every time he leaves in sight how she is.—He does not know either. If she were suffering from an acute and violent disease, whose aspects have new significance every hour, and whose culmination is momentarily expected, you would be excusable. But she is not. She is in precisely the same condition one day as she is in another, so far as can be seen. If there is change it is imperceptible. She and her friends are living, and waiting and hoping and trying. Do you ever think how much difficulty she finds in answering your inquiry? "Pretty well, thank you," is out of the question, because she is not pretty well. She cannot file a bill of particulars every day, and what resource has she? Do you be quiet. Show your sympathy in some other way. Be patiently receptive, but don't officiously inquire of facts. When there is any thing of moment you will learn it in one way or another.

er. Ask the doctor, and if he snubs you, reflect it was best you should be snubbed, and rejoice that you asked one who had a right to do it, and not your neighbor, who would have been restrained by gratitude.

And above all things if you make any pretensions to a social rank above savages, don't ask your neighbor's husband confidentially. "What do you think of her?" adding, by way of consolation, "It does not seem to me she can live." You don't know any thing about it. Human nature is the most unreliable thing in the world. I know a man who dispenses with lungs entirely. At least his doctor told him twenty years ago that they were both gone, and he is alive yet, and in firm health. I know a woman who had consumption to the degree of losing her voice for years, and taking leave of her friends, and she has just set up a boarding house. People never know what they can live through till they have tried it. Our Creator did not make us stingily. He left a broad margin. We have legs, and lungs, and ears, and fingers to spare. We can give up a good many outposts before the citadel must surrender; and the fight is so prolonged, that often by the time it is over we should have had to yield in the natural course of things.

And suppose your friend cannot live, what earthly good do you imagine you are doing by saying so? Do you increase his chances for life? Do you prepare him or his friends to meet death with fortitude? Don't you know it is a sin to die as long as you can help it? Don't you know that hope is the great opponent of disease—that when a man's spirit gives away, his strength follows?—

When you dishearten him you kill him. It is quite likely that he does not die of disease as much as he died of you. Look to it that you do not lay yourself open to an action for manslaughter. Turn to the Bible and see how your ancestors fared. The sons of the prophets at Jericho heard that Eliah was to be taken up by a whirlwind to heaven, and they came out "all of a breeze," to meet Eliah. "Knowest thou that the Lord will take away thy master from thy head to day?" "Yea, I know it," answers Eliah, heart-sick, "hold your peace." There are things that will not bear to be talked about. Your friend and his sick wife in the solitude of their own room, before the throne of the Most High, will adjust themselves as best they may, to the conditions of their life. They may even come to speak cheerfully of a separation while they assiduously strive to prevent it. They will not weakly and cowardly shut their eyes to the possible future, while they labor and pray to shape it after their desire. But where each other's gentle touch only soothes and strengthens yours is torture. Stand off. What does he think of her? He does not know, and if he does he cannot tell. There is a terrible definiteness in words. He sees the Possibility that stands black and frowning in the path, but no you think he is going to photograph it for you? The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and strangers should not intermeddle. He is girding up his loins in the name of the Lord to wade through his Slough of Despond.—Don't insist upon his measuring it, and giving you its length, breadth and cubic contents.—What you can discuss calmly, is to him fraught with the issues of life. You are walking carefully, sympathetically, it may be, but coolly, over the very nerves of their hearts.

Nobody wants you to tell a lie; but also nobody wants you to tell the truth. You need not tell anything. Keep still, can't you? Be cheerful. Don't look pitying.—Talk about common things in a common way—the common things that belong to this life and those that touch on all life. Walk softly and act Christianly in your own sphere, but don't project yourself into your friend's innermost circle where he alone should tread whose form is like the Son of God.

And if your neighbor has a baby who sickens through these wintry days, whose little life quivers on its mother's love, do not jocosely inform the mother just as you are stepping into the sleigh for a drive, that you expected every day last month to see its death in the papers. If the baby were a French turnip with which your neighbor was trying an experiment, your flippancy might be tolerable; but it is not so. Babies, I know, are consumers and not producers, and there are thousands of them all pretty much alike. It may very well be that society does not miss the few who cannot very well weather the storm; but mothers, strange to say, have a way of being extremely fond of their babies; and very sensitive through their babies; and you should not ride rough shod over their feelings, however absurd. You need not pretend interest that you do not feel; but if you are not interested enough to be delicate, you need say nothing.

Sometimes babies die. The little lambent light that glows softly and sweetly around the home hearth goes out, and there is a horror of great darkness. Then what will you do? You will come and offer your cut and dried consolation. You will begin to explain the mysteries of Providence, and "justify the ways of God to man." Pray don't. Remember that Job did not open his mouth and curse his day till his friends came to comfort him. Bacon says it is often easier to bear our misfortunes than the comments of our friends upon them. Some like people to talk and be talked to in their sorrow. Others do not. They prefer to commune with their own hearts and be still. Go to the former

and talk. It will relieve them. But with the latter, hold ye your peace. And do try and have a little discernment to find out which is which.

I know it may seem ungracious thus to find fault with what is the expression of the purest kindness, but do you think, my dear stupids, that you are going to monopolize the disagreeableness of the world? Do I wound you in the tenderest and best part? Do not even you do the same to your afflicted friends? If I give you pain I am glad of it. It is a sign of life. It may make you more careful not to give pain to others. Be intelligent and observing. Have tact. Make it henceforth a Christian duty to be as little obnoxious as possible, if so the sins of the past may be forgiven you.—Congregationalist.

The following is the relative frequency with which different parts of the body are struck by the bullet: leg, 100; thigh, 97; face, 61; arm, 60; hand, 57; chest, 53; abdomen, 52; shoulder, 42; skull, 37; forearm, 36; knee-joint, 34; foot, 29; elbow-joint, 22; neck, 22; ankle-joint, 15; hip, 6; vertebra, 10; wrist, 2. The treatment of a gunshot wound is often much complicated by the foreign bodies which the bullet carries in with it—pieces of wadding, of cloth, of shoe-leather, of worsted, of hair, of linen, of wood. A citizen of Lyon in 1835 had twenty napoleons in his pocket, which, struck by the ball, were driven in to his stomach, and, adds the practical Laroche, "all more or less spoiled."

A DOG, LOOKING OUT FOR NUMBER ONE.—

Baron Taylor, while traveling in Spain, arrived in the evening at a village inn, and sat down before a stove to dry his boots. Close by was a turnspit dog which watched him very attentively. "What can you give me to eat?" said the baron to the hostess. "Some eggs," was the reply. "No, they are too mawkish." "A rabbit." "That is too indigestible." The attention of the dog seemed to become more and more directed to the conversation. "Some ham?" "No," said the baron, "that would make me thirsty." "Some pigeons." The dog here stood up. "No, there is no nourishment in them." "A fowl," said the hostess, on which the dog started hastily out of the room. "What's the matter with the dog?" said the baron. "Oh, nothing at all," was the reply; "the only thing to escape his work; for he knows that if you decide on a fowl, he will have to turn the spit."

MUSICAL SOUNDS PRODUCED BY ELECTRICITY.—Mr. George Gore has devised the following beautiful experiment:—A pool of mercury, from one to three inches diameter, is formed in a circular vessel of glass or gutta percha; this is surrounded by a ring of mercury about one-eighth to one-tenth of an inch wide, and both are covered to the depth of about half an inch with rather a strong solution of cyanide of potassium. The pool of mercury is then connected by a platinum wire with the positive pole of a powerful voltaic battery, and the ring of mercury is connected with the negative pole. A continuous harmonic sound is then produced.

RECOGNITION OF GENIUS BY THE WEALTHY.—

The day after the burial of Haley, the Baron de Rothschild wrote to the widow that he had allowed her an annuity of two thousand dollars; Mons. Rodriques, a wealthy stock-broker, sent her sixteen thousand dollars for the dowry of her two daughters; and Monsieur Pereire wrote to her that her husband was the possessor of a mansion on the Boulevard Malesherbes with a rental of two thousand dollars annually. A few days later, the Emperor sent a bill to the Council of State, conferring upon her an annuity."

Henry Ward Beecher has lately been pitching into the practice of working the railroad conductors and drivers on Sunday.—The other day, Mr. Beecher, in his peculiar way, was making inquiries of a Brooklyn conductor to whom he was unknown, as to whether the Sunday riding could not be broken up. "I think it might be," said the conductor, "but for that confounded fellow, Beecher. So many of the fancy people from all parts visit his establishment, that it makes the road profitable. If he would only shut up, the thing could be done."

Living not a thousand miles from here, are an old man and his son, both of whom are a little given to "cups," a very unusual thing in the vicinity, by the way. A short time since it happened they became very "happy" together, and after a season of "enjoyment," something occurred to ruffle the even "current of their minds"—in other words, they got mad at each other. Bitter words passed between them, till finally the son, enraged, exclaimed—"Father, you're a mile's old coat; 'f ye 'as dead I wouldn't 'd y'r fun'ral." "Now, see 'ere Ward," replied the old man, "you shouldn't feel so tormented. I don't feel so tormented. Now, if you sh'd die, I'd tend your fun'ral—its pleasure!"

DEAD AS A HERRING.—The herring is a delicate fish. Whenever it is taken out of the water, even though it seems to have received no hurt, it gives a squeak, and immediately expires; and though it be thrown instantly back into the water, it never recovers. Hence the proverb—"Dead as a herring."

THE NE PLUS ULTRA OF COMMENTATION.—One day I was in a hotel in the Valley when an Englishman came in, and said he had come all the way from Philadelphia to see the beauties of the valley, had read Campbell's poem, etc., with other descriptions, and really expected to see something extra, but was sadly disappointed—could see no beauty—all a humbug, etc., etc. I couldn't stand it any longer, and so I said, "Stranger, if you will permit me to blindfold you, and will jump into my wagon, I'll take you up on 'Prospect Rock,' where, after you have looked about you, if you don't allow it beats any thing you ever saw before, you can stay in this village as long as you wish to at my expense."

He considered the offer generous, and immediately put it in execution. When we arrived at the rock I placed him so that all the beauty could be seen at a glance, and then took off the bandage. For a moment he stood, and then folding his arms upon his breast, gave himself up to the enchanting scene. I let him alone for half an hour, when, feeling curious to know what he thought about it, I touched him on the arm, and said:—

"Well, stranger, what do you think about it?"

"Think?" said he. "Do you suppose Satan ever shaved the Saviour this spot?"

I was satisfied, and told him so.—Harper.

CURIOUS WORK OF LIGHTNING, ON A GIRL'S LEG.—

An English paper states:—"The hamlet of Aldreth, in Haddenham, was lately visited by a severe thunder-storm. In this place there are two cottages standing in a lone place, occupied by Daniel Cockle and John Stokes, laborers. About five yards from Cockle's house, and in an adjoining field, there is a young elm-tree. The tree was struck by lightning; the fluid traveled from thence in a very indirect line to the farthest house, entering the back door, which was open. Ann Stokes, aged fourteen years, was standing in this room, not facing the doorway, but near the middle of it, and in a line with the door. The electric fluid struck the girl's lower extremities, paralyzing both feet, and producing an imprint upon the left leg and thigh, of the color of scarlet and in every respect resembling the tree itself, viz., the trunk, the branches, and the leaves, and in the most beautiful model form it is possible to conceive. She required the use of her limbs, and the daguerrotype appearance is fading away. Strange to say, her dress was not in any way injured by the electric fluid."

A PROFITABLE VOYAGE.—Captain David B. Porter, commanding the Octorara, will realize quite a handsome sum by his late trip from New Orleans to Fortress Monroe. The Tubal Cain was of inferior force to the Octorara; the value of the vessel and cargo, \$250,000, will be divided equally between the officers of the Octorara and the government.—This will give Capt. Porter \$18,750. The lieutenants, captain of marines, and sailing masters on board are entitled each to his proportionate share \$12,500. The surgeon, purser, boatswain, gunner, carpenter and master's mate, sailmakers, coxswain and coopers are each entitled to their proportionate share of \$21,875. The petty officers to their share of \$15,625; seamen and marines each to the share of \$14,750.

The other day, Miss —, of —, well, say Madison Square, since that's where she does live, and nobody will believe it, was putting up a parcel of lint, strips of rolled linen for the contrabands.

"H'm!" exclaimed Doctor F., "this is a great age we live in."

"What age did you say?" inquired the lady.

"A contra-hand-age, I should think," replied the doctor.

It was an awful pun, a perfect Cerebus—

three gentlemen in one.—Kiekerbocker.

Its astonishing how "toddly" promotes independence. An old Philadelphia "brick" lying, a day or two since, in a spiritual manner, was advised in a friendly way, to economize, as "flour was going up."

"Let it go," said old bottle-nose; "I can get as high as flour kin, any day."

Young Nimrod being asked by a lady for his photograph, pleaded that his hunting did not give him time to sit for it. On which the lady naïvely answered, "I fear, sir, you are putting the horse before the cart."

One of the rebel Morgan's men, when asked by a farmer near Lawrenceburg, Ky., what their object was, and why they were there, the fellow, with a nonchalance that must have been delightful, replied:—"We-e-l-l, we're here to ride around the country, and play hell generally."

The yearly expense of keeping sheep in Vermont is \$1.30 per head. In Wisconsin it is put at 50 cents a year; in Missouri, 40 cents; in Maine, \$1; in Virginia, 45 cents; the Shaker Society in Kentucky rate the cost there from 50 to 75 cents.

A scotch country paper, in copying a paragraph from the Charlotte (Va.) Journal, announcing that "Ashby is to lie in classic ground until the last trump sounds," has it "until the last trump is turned."



## The Middlesex Journal.

E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR.

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS: \$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

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For all advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

## AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Reading:—Dr. J. D. Mansfield.  
 Hingham:—E. T. Whittier.  
 Woburn:—Joseph Hovey.  
 Reading:—Thomas Richardson.

S. M. PETTINGILL & Co., Boston and New York; S. R. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer), Scotland's Building, Court street, Boston, are duly empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL at the rates required by law.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and all will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JOB PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms, and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

Subscribers are requested to remit direct to the office of publication.

## The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, AUG. 16, 1862.

We are just now, to all appearances, on the eve of great and important events. McClellan will not long remain idle, and Pope is following up Jackson on the double quick.

All around us the signs of activity in enlistments are quickening to every patriot heart, and soon a cry of victory will arise that will make the basest Confederacy tremble from centre to circumference. What the movements in contemplation are to be, no one, for once, can tell; and if the rebels are as ignorant as the loyal people, then they may receive a Federal thunderbolt when and where they least expect it. It is gratifying to think that the Government has at last made up its mind to keep its own counsel, neither allowing friend nor foe to know its intentions.

Too long have we had men, and women too, in the confidence of the government, who never scrupled to impart to the rebels all the information that came into their possession. It has been the remark of Europeans who have been in this country, that it is quite amazing to see with what perfect freedom those in authority speak of grave events lying in company. This is altogether different from the actions of those in power in the old world. There nothing is made known regarding any proceeding until it is ready to be carried out. Cabinet secrets are known to but very few, and these few are men in whom the most implicit confidence can be placed.

What the imparting of government secrets by the Cabinet and others, to particular friends has cost the nation, is beyond calculation. Time and again have the best laid schemes of our generals been frustrated from this cause alone. But we hope that the reign of error in this matter has been brought to an end, and that our rulers have adopted a better policy than has characterized the past.

Our forces in Virginia are being augmented and consolidated as fast as possible. General Pope has met Jackson, or Jackson has met Pope, and the result was a precipitate retreat on the part of Jackson. The battle, while it lasted, was sanguinary, as our forces were vastly outnumbered. But still they held their ground, and kept the enemy at bay, disputing with him every inch of ground. The gallant Banks throughout the struggle, showed himself every inch a man and a general. He has added new laurels, in the hearts of the people, to his already towering fame, and General Halleck has given him his thanks.

General Banks is at home in any position, whether it be Governor of a State, Speaker of the House of Representatives, or general of an army in the field. Long may he live to enjoy his well-earned honors, and receive the hearty congratulations of an admiring countrymen. And all will devoutly pray that he may soon be enabled to resume his command.

The army of General Pope will soon be able to contend with any force that the rebels may be able to bring against it. Reinforcements from every direction are being brought up, and every thing is being done that can be to make him secure against defeat; and that he will give a good account of himself none can doubt. He has discontinued his avian-like of proclamations, and has gone to work with an evident determination to handle his foes without gloves, much to the gratification of anxious ones at home. All who are pining for decisive victories in the field, can make up their minds that they will be gratified with these happy results before many more days come and go. And once we get fairly on the track of victory, there will be no falling back. It will "under all around, and the cry will be, "Onward, still onward!" never ceasing until the goal is reached.

TO OUR READERS.—For the past two weeks the Journal has been delayed beyond its usual time. The cause has been owing to the enlistment of several of our hands, and the sickness of others. Hereafter we hope to be more regular. Those of our readers in Woburn who have not received their papers regularly, are informed that the reason is owing to a change in carriers. The evil will be remedied on leaving word at the office.

COMMISSIONER.—Dr. Albert W. Clark, of North Woburn, has been commissioned Assistant Surgeon of the 35th Regt.

## Enlistment Meetings.

Meetings have been held in Armory Hall, on Thursday and Friday evenings of this week, for the purpose of forming a militia company to fill Woburn's quota in the last call for men. On Thursday evening the meeting was organized by choosing W. T. Grammer, chairman, and E. F. Wyer, secretary. After a few remarks by the chairman, Messrs. Chas. Converse, Thomas Glynn and James Parker, were appointed a committee to wait upon the Selectmen, who were then in session, for the purpose of seeing what bounty the town would pay. After consultation the Selectmen replied through the committee that they would pay \$25. An informal paper was opened for the purpose of receiving the names of those willing to enlist, and before the meeting adjourned, nine names were secured. Short addresses were made upon the subject of enlistments, and all present seemed determined to go into the matter with a will. The meeting adjourned to meet again Friday evening.

According to adjournment another meeting was held at the same place last evening. The chairman, W. T. Grammer, called to order, and the records of last meeting were read and approved. The proceedings that followed were short. It was stated that it was more than likely that \$50 would be paid to each volunteer, though it might not all come from this town. It was voted that when seventy-five names—the number required by law—have been obtained, that application be made for an organization. It seemed to be the desire of those present to enter the Fifth Regiment if possible, and in order to do so the company must be recruited promptly, as there is not much time to spare. At the close of the meeting the names on the paper numbered eighteen. The meeting adjourned to meet again this evening at the same place.

From the spirit manifested at the meetings, we judge that there will not be much trouble in raising the required number of men.

WOBURN SOLDIERS.—The following is our report concerning Woburn Soldiers, for the present week:

**Deaths.**—Wm. A. Persons, Co. I, 26th Regt., died July 12th, of typhoid fever; Geo. W. Wheeler, Co. I, 26th Regt., died July 25th, of typhoid fever; Jas. A. Perkins, 6th New York Battery, died Aug. 8th, of typhoid fever.

**Discharged.**—Levi Maxfield, Co. F, 22d Regt., discharged on account of sickness. Jacob Kendall, Band of the 11th, and S. E. Richardson, Band of the 19th, have been discharged in consequence of the Regimental Bands being discharged.

**Released Prisoners.**—Corp. F. W. Thompson, and Private James Sheehan, both of Co. F, 22d Regt., who were taken prisoners at the battle of Malvern, have been released, and returned to their Regiment.

**Returned to Duty.**—Edward Carroll, Fifth Major, 1st Regt.; Oliver Stiles, Co. G, 11th Regt.; Thomas Murray, Co. F, 22d Regt.; Charles Scribner, Co. F, 22d Regt. The above men have been sick and on furlough, and returned to their Regiments this week.

**Furloughed.**—James W. Goodwin, of Co. D, 11th Regt., arrived home on Thursday morning. He is sick and on furlough.

It was reported in town last evening, on what appears to be good authority, that a letter had been received from one of the quota of Winchester, recently raised, and sent to join the 2d Regiment, in Pope's Army, stating that Frank Hatch was killed in the battle of Culpepper. It is said that the men arrived there while the battle was going on, and were sent to look after the wounded, when Hatch came between a cross fire, causing death in a short time.

Under our Special Notice head, this week, can be found a short advertisement, headed "order;" but for all its brevity we think we can discern a little determination to turn over a new leaf in respect to a great nuisance with which our town is and has been for some time infested. Without making any comments, we will wait with patience to see "what's up;" but we cannot stop without advising our readers to ponder well every word it contains.

Stonewall Jackson has done some tall skedaddling within the past few days, and at last accounts he was still on the trot. If he keeps on he will probably reach the Gulf. We think, although perhaps we have not waited long enough, that Jackson has found his match in Pope.

We understand that the First Congregational Parish have received an answer from Rev. Dr. Clark, of Brooklyn, New York, to the call which they recently tendered him, and that he requests time to consider the matter.

Rev. Jonathan Edwards, of Brooklyn, N. Y., will preach in the First Congregational Church to-morrow.

Last evening about fifty of our recruits arrived home from Lynnfield, on a furlough lasting till Monday evening.

Rev. Mr. Kennard, of Washington, will preach in the Baptist Church to-morrow.

**ARMS GOING TO EUROPE.**—In passing through the Worcester freight depot yesterday, we observed some fifteen or twenty cases marked "Le Grand Maître d' Artillerie, Cronstadt," and upon inquiry learned that they contained American rifles bound to Russia. The arms were manufactured at Millbury, Mass., for the Russian government, and large bodies have been shipped during the past year. We presume it will be a matter of news to most of our readers, to be told that arms are being exported from this country in these times.—*Pross. Post, 7th.*

The telegraph informs us to-day that Sigel's advance corps are "subsisting upon the rebels." Imagine the consternation this news will create among the English humanitarians, who will, of course, denounce us all cannibals.—*Worcester Transcript.*

## Woburn National Rangers.

The following is a list of the "Woburn National Rangers," together with their ages and occupations. Up to last evening ninety-five have been examined, seventy-six sworn in, and sixty-four have received the town bounty. Some three or four have been rejected on account of age, and the probability is that a few more men will be requisite to reach the necessary number. The company has been attached to the 38th Regiment.

Captain—JOHN I. RICHARDSON.  
 1st Lieut.—LUKE R. TIDD.  
 2d Lieut.—JAMES McFARLEY.

Names.	Ages.	Occupation.
John Avery,	35	Shoemaker.
Michael Avery,	30	Shoemaker.
Wm. P. Brown,	21	Clerk.
M. B. Baldwin,	28	Harness maker.
Roscoe L. Bryant,	13	Drummer.
Alfred P. Barrett,	19	Printer.
James Bacon,	19	Japanner.
Thomas H. Bradley,	18	Japanner.
A. G. Brown,	20	Printer.
Albert Bancroft,	19	Farmer.
John Brannigan,	21	Blacksmith.
Wm. T. Barrett,	26	Butcher.
Ass. Boutwell,	32	Currier.
A. D. Carpenter,	21	Jeweller.
Freeman E. Colby,	21	Bookkeeper.
Chas. K. Conn,	19	Currier.
Hugh Connelley,	19	Cabinet-maker.
N. H. G. Colby,	25	Farmer.
David M. Cady,	19	Photographer.
Wm. Choate,	18	Shoemaker.
J. H. Dean,	19	Japanner.
Peter Doherty,	21	Currier.
Henry Doherty,	21	Currier.
Philip Doherty,	18	Currier.
Joseph G. Dean,	41	Butcher.
Geo. H. Dennett,	18	Clerk.
S. H. Drown,	28	Japanner.
Parker Eaton,	35	Currier.
Henry F. Elliott,	35	Farmer.
South Edgcomb,	43	Carpenter.
Cyrus A. Eaton,	38	Shoemaker.
Irving Foster,	20	Currier.
Geo. E. Fowle,	25	Carpenter.
T. W. Fint,	18	Currier.
John Gilchrist,	29	Painter.
Joseph W. Garfield,	23	Shoemaker.
Otis S. Harris,	18	Shoemaker.
Henry Howard,	36	Currier.
Samuel L. Hooper,	24	Currier.
R. J. Houghton,	19	Mariner.
E. C. Hoskins,	21	Cabinet-maker.
W. H. Jones,	31	Shoemaker.
C. H. Johnson,	18	Clerk.
Daniel Kenaley,	21	Printer.
James F. Leslie,	26	Shoemaker.
Albert S. Leslie,	26	Shoemaker.
J. C. Libbey,	29	Drawer.
Wm. H. LeBarron,	19	Iron Moulder.
A. R. Linscott,	18	Clerk.
Chas. F. Linscott,	20	Clerk.
G. W. Linscott,	19	Clerk.
J. Payson Linscott,	18	Mariner.
Richard Lombard,	33	Shoemaker.
Timothy Mahoney,	41	Shoemaker.
Wm. McKenna,	43	Shoemaker.
Wm. McDevitt,	19	Currier.
John A. Mead,	20	Student.
Samuel A. McFeely,	20	Carpenter.
Sylvester Murray,	21	Shoemaker.
John McCarthy,	55	Shoemaker.
Thos. Marrian,	24	Shoemaker.
Geo. H. Newcomb,	26	Heeler.
Edward O'Donald,	35	Laborer.
Wm. O'Brien,	29	Shoemaker.
Theodore Parker,	20	Mason.
Peter Parks, Jr.,	33	Shoemaker.
Oscar Parsons,	24	Silversmith.
T. M. Parker,	24	Clerk.
George F. Pollard,	21	Clerk.
Chas. T. Parks,	37	Currier.
James B. Reed,	28	Shoemaker.
John Riley,	18	Die maker.
A. H. Richardson,	19	Carpenter.
S. Richardson, Jr.,	29	Carpenter.
Oren Sanborn,	26	Gas pipe maker.
F. Spokesfield,	18	Farmer.
Timothy Sheehan,	44	Carpenter.
Wm. E. Stables,	19	Barber.
A. T. Sawyer,	30	Printer.
Fred M. Smith,	23	Trader.
Loring Searies,	36	Shoemaker.
Charles Scott,	29	Carpenter.
John H. Sheehan,	18	Teamster.
A. Thompson, 2d,	39	Trader.
Wm. P. Warren,	26	Shoemaker.
J. F. Wymann,	27	Shoemaker.
B. F. Warren,	23	Carpenter.
Silas Wait,	26	Farmer.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Mr. Editor.—In the "ancient and honorable" city of Salem, there resides a venerable baker by the name of Ball, who has made himself famous by his skill in baking pilot and ship bread. His market extended from the St. Croix to the Chickahominy, and from Altoona west to the Montmorency Falls east, and there was a screw loose on board of every vessel that went from New England without Ball's crackers on board; and woe to the poor wight who provided for excursions and picnics, if he neglected a supply of Ball's pilot bread. Mr. Ball commenced business in 1812, and retired June, 1862; thus for half a century has he served his customers with his incomparable bread. During that period there passed through his hands 273,231 bbls. of flour, worth \$1,825,943.61. The average cost of flour for the time was \$6.63 per bbl. Long may he live to enjoy the fruits of so many years of close application to business, is the wish of

ONE OF HIS CUSTOMERS.

Woburn, Aug. 12th, 1862.

PRAYING FOR JEFF. DAVIS.—Some days since Rev. Dr. White, rector of an Episcopal church in Memphis, called on the Provost-Marshal to inquire whether it would be considered treasonable to pray in public for the President of the Rebel Confederacy. "I guess not very," coolly replied that officer; "you have been praying for him for two years, and have not done us much harm; and I don't know but that you might as well keep at it."

**ONE WAY TO RECRUIT.** At a recruiting meeting in western New York last week, one of the speakers had been urging the men to sign the roll and told the women to hurry them up, when a woman rose in the meeting and addressed her husband substantially as follows: "Ira you know what you said before you came here to-night—that you would enlist if you don't do it, go straight home and take of those breeches, and let me have them and I will go myself!" This brought down the house and brought up Ira who became a volunteer.

The N. Y. World suggests that an order from Secretary Stanton exempting newspaper people from draft would be a graceful recognition on his part of the services of the "fourth estate;" in exposing his military blunders and saving the country from their effects.

## Letter from Newbern.

We are permitted to publish the following letter to a father from a son in the 23d Regt.: NEWBERN, N.C., Aug. 7th, '62.

My dear father—The weather is extremely hot here, yesterday being the hottest day we have yet had. The night was awful, there being hardly a breath of air, and the house was full of mosquitoes which were a source of great irritation, allowing but very little sleep to any one. To day it is pleasant and rather cooler, there being a little breeze, though by all means hot enough.

The war seems to be no nearer a close than it did when I first enlisted. I fear that many months will pass away before we can begin to think of getting home. Every thing seems to depend on the capture of Richmond. When that takes place—as it undoubtedly will—then we can look ahead. Much will remain to be done, however, after that event. Secesh is not to be won over, but has got to be forced back. Stringent measures must be adopted. The rebels have been too kindly treated altogether by those in control. The better you treat them the worse they hate you. They cannot be trusted. Speaking of Union feeling in North Carolina, is a perfect humbug. It is bitter Secesh, and shows itself as such more and more every day. They have no honor in them, but are brutal and savage, willing and ready to cut your throat the first chance. They have even fired upon the sentries posted in the city during the night to preserve order and protect the property of citizens. The firing has been done in one place in the upper part of the town. After they had wounded a sentry, several parties were arrested in a house from the vicinity of which the shot came. The one who shot the man escaped, but was captured the next day after having been sheltered out of a swamp in which he had taken refuge. He is a Georgian, and was at the time in the government employ here. He probably will never suffer for the deed, but may have a five dollar bill given him, as well as a revolver, and then run over the lines. It is rumored that he has already been let off, but I doubt it. If he is not hung or shot, the men very likely will take the next case in hand and settle it themselves.

Our troops here have very little confidence in Gov. Stanley. They think him a stumbling block in the way, to say the least. Some doubt his loyalty. I think, however, that he is loyal, but afraid to act against the interests of the Secessionists. I think such a man is not the man for the place. One company in our regiment was obliged to leave their quarters and go into tents a short time since, in order to give the house to its owner, an open and avowed Secesh woman, and by an order from Gov. Stanley. If this is to be carried on in this way, the sooner foreign nations interfere the better. A Secessionist is a Secessionist, whether male or female. There is no difference and one should be treated the same as the other. If we go on treating the rebels as we have done, in ten years from this, the war will only have just begun. But it seems that the Government is about to adopt stringent measures, which, if earnestly carried out, will make the enemy quail before us.

It seems that the promotion of Halleck as commander-in-chief, meets the public approval, judging from what the papers say. But it appears that the people have lost confidence in McClellan. I think the blame of his recent reverses lies with some one else. Had troops been sent him in sufficient numbers, he would never have been repulsed. He has the confidence of his army, which is all he wants. The opinion of outsiders is nothing compared with that. He will come out all right in the end, I think. Burnside's presence as second in command is having a good effect there. The whole Union army idolize him. He will undoubtedly do much to hasten the progress of things with the army of the Potomac.

Your affectionate son,

J. P. T.

**SHIRKING THE DRAFT.**—In the Irish wards—the Sixth and Thirteenth—the Assessors engaged in enumerating the white population, have met with considerable opposition from the women.

When the Assessors called at a certain house in the 13th Ward, they were furiously assailed by two married women, and finally driven by force from the premises. Determined to fulfil their duty, they procured warrants for the arrest of the women. When the fact became known, the husbands of the women, impressed with the idea that in consequence of the conduct of their wives they would be forced into the service, proceeded to a recruiting office and enlisted.

A few days ago a single train on one of our railroads contained about one hundred young men, sons of wealthy citizens, who were being sent away by their parents to escape the enrollment.

As to those who have gone into other States—a despatch from Indianapolis says Indiana is overrun with these cowardly Buckeyes—we ask in behalf of the manhood of Ohio, that the loyal people of those States treat them with them with the utmost social contempt.—*Cincinnati Times.*

**AN INSURANCE DRAFTING COMPANY.**—A plan is on foot, supported by several wealthy merchants and other citizens, to get up a drafting insurance company, after the style of similar institutions in Europe. They propose for a certain sum, to become responsible for persons liable to draft, and in case of their being drafted the insurance company to find a substitute. They have drawn up and filed their charter, and expect to commence operations soon.—*Traveler.*

The drafted men of 1814 received no bounty, but on the contrary had to furnish their own equipments including gun, knapsack, canteen, cartridge-box and twenty-four rounds of ammunition. Their pay from Government was \$8 per month. Officers of substitutes were numerous, but very few were accepted.

## A REBEL NOTICE OF ONE OF THE EDITORS

OF THE NEW YORK HERALD.—The Richmond *Whig*, in commenting upon articles in the *National Intelligence*, Baltimore *American*, and *New York Herald*, gives the following account of Wallace, of the *New York Herald*:

"Wallace is a Virginian. Poor devil! he sold himself, body and soul, to Bennett years ago, and must do his master's bidding. But, unprincipled Swiss as he is, Wallace's heart has all along been with the South. His editorials show this."

In his worst diatribes against the rebels, there must be detected an under-current of sarcasm, a devilish jeering at the North, and a dropping of innuendoes and suggestions well calculated to unsettle public opinion. His panegyrics upon Lincoln are rich in irony.—His assaults upon the abolitionists are evidently sincere. He knows they brought on the war, and he has seen from the beginning how that the war will end. He is steadily working up to the fiendish spirit of the mob against the authorities of war.

Alas! what a day that will be when the infuriated mob is turned loose upon the Greeleys, the Bryants, the Raymonds, the Sumners, Wades and Wilsons. Bennett approves these machinations of Wallace, for Bennett always keeps his eye to the windward. He knows that the day of retribution will surely come, and is preparing for it. At least one newspaper office in New York will not be levelled.

It is Wallace, we think, who writes those Baltimore letters, in which such appalling statistics of the rebel armies are given.—Would to God we had the force in the field that Wallace gives us; not many months would elapse before we would give him a chance to hang out his Confederate flag.—Wallace has done the best he could for us, and we pass him by."

**COURAGE.**—More physical insensibility to danger does not constitute courage. Nearly all brave men have been finely organized, and therefore of nervous temperament. Caesar was nervous, so was Bonaparte and so Nelson. The Duke of Wellington saw a man turn pale as he marched up to a battery. "That," said he, "is a brave man; he knows his danger, but faces it."

The alarming sickness which has suddenly manifested itself all over the country since the appearance of the order for a draft, is called the "Lincoln Gripes."

## WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

**VOLUNTEERS.**—The all absorbing topic at the present time is the war and how to raise the men that are needed to reinforce our brave armies now in the field which have been so largely decimated by disease, and the shot and shell of the enemy.

Having supplied our quota of the first 300,000 men called for, our thoughts naturally turn to the last call of the President for 300,000 more, which brings with it the conscription system as dire necessity of the case. But the loyal men only needed the spur which the last call gave, to arouse them from their lethargy, to lead them to see that the Government was at last really in earnest in the work of crushing out the rebellion.—"Now or never" seems to be the cry of every loyal heart and inspiring our brave young men to go forth at their country's call.

In response to the call of the Selectmen a meeting of the citizens was held on Tuesday evening last to see if any action would be taken towards raising the quota of the town under the last call. T. P. Ayer was chosen chairman and Josiah Hovey, secretary. After some remarks from the chairman, Hon. O. R. Clark and Dr. A. Chapin, it was unanimously voted as the sense of the meeting, that the quota be raised by volunteering, rather than by drafting.

On motion of Mr. Clark, it was voted, that \$100 bounty be paid to each person volunteering from this town under the last call for 300,000 troops, provided the whole quota be raised, and that the Selectmen call a town meeting to legalize the same.

A rallying committee of 32 were appointed by the chairman, of which Abijah Thompson 3d, was chosen chairman, to procure enlistments and present the action of this meeting at the town meeting. The meeting was very fully attended and united in its action. Dr. Chapin in his remarks, advocated volunteering instead of drafting, on the ground that by the latter course we should get many men into the armies who would not do us any good—they would be very apt to fire over the heads of the rebels or into the ground, and all their acts would be liable to be against those for whose defence they were required to fight. He did not favor the stopping of those persons who wished to visit foreign parts at the present time to escape drafting, but would rather let them go and forbid them coming back. Treat them as unnaturalized foreigners and place them in the same situation.

The chairman, Mr. Ayer, pledged himself to see that the bounty money was forthcoming and if the town would not assume it he would. He had no fears however but that the citizens of the town would in such an event, come to his aid and unite with him in carrying forward the movement to a successful issue.

Dr. Chapin called upon those who would show their faith by their works to come forward and sign the enlistment paper.

Extracts were read from some recent letters of David Abrahams who was wounded in the battles before Richmond, to show the pluck which still animated the young man.

FINIS.—Last Tuesday afternoon a shed attached to the barn of Calvin Richardson Jr., near the center depot, took fire from some sparks of a passing locomotive. It was fortunately discovered before it had made much headway and put out by buckets of water without much damage, other than burning a hole through the roof. Joseph McConville while on the roof of the building

putting out the fire, was thrown to the ground by the giving away of that portion where on he was standing, but escaped unhurt.

EXCELSIOR.

For the Middlesex Journal.

**SANITARY REFORM NEEDED.**—Some ladies who recently visited a neighboring military camp, speak of the atmosphere as being so disgusting, offensive and unwholesome, that it deters others from visiting them. If the Sanitary Committee are not at hand, cannot the Selectmen of the town see to it, that a decent and healthful condition is maintained. The officers were doubtless not aware of the condition of things there.

SANATOR.

Winchester, Aug. 16.

## SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

The monthly Sabbath School Concert at the Baptist Church, on Sabbath evening, was rendered unusually impressive from the fact that seven of the recent volunteers were present, probably for the last time before meeting the enemies of our country in conflict upon the field. Most of them are, or have been, members of that School, as teachers or pupils. Some of them took part in the exercises of the evening. They were cheerful and hopeful, feeling that the country called for their services, and it was their duty to obey the summons. They should go forth in the strength of the Lord. They are recruits for old regiments, and most of them started for Camp Cameron by first train on Monday morning.











# Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

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WOBURN, SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1862.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR  
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS.

## Poetry.

### Shall I go to the War?

BY J. W. BARKER.

Shall I go to the battle now, Mary,  
And leave our quiet home?  
Shall I leave the plow in the furrow  
And take the sword and gun?  
I can see by your trembling lip, Mary,  
And the tear you brush away,  
That the beating of your faithful heart  
Is bidding me to stay.

But my brother now is cold, Mary,  
Within a Southern field  
He fell upon the gory field  
With thousands of our brave;  
And the shouts of traitor hearts,  
His noble form went down,  
And methinks he wears, this very day,  
The patriot martyr's crown.

But he dropped his sword and gun, Mary,  
At the key touch of death,  
And I thought I caught some earnest tones  
Float on his dying breath;  
They are ringing in my ear, Mary,  
And haunt my midnight dream,  
"Oh, who shall bear my armor now,  
As I cross death's turbid stream?"

It seems like a call to me, Mary,  
But I love you, darling, so—  
It will pain my heart to leave you,  
Should I decide to go;  
I know you are thinking now, Mary,  
Of the day when we may part,  
And the shadow of that darksome hour  
Is clouding all your heart.

You're looking at your darling boy,  
The sunlight of our home,  
And you picture in that fancy sketch,  
An orphanage to come;  
But other homes are desolate,  
And other bosoms bleed;  
For sturdy hands and earnest hearts  
Our country now hath need.

Shall I go to the battle, then, Mary,  
And leave our quiet home?  
Shall we trust the God above us,  
For happiness to come?  
Methinks I hear your woman's heart  
In earnest tones reply—  
Be true to manhood and thy God,  
And heed thy country's cry.

—Morning Star.

## Select Literature.

### WALLED UP AMONG THE ALLEGHANY MOUNTAINS.

"America is rather a wide affair," said I, as I entered the names and particulars on a blank leaf of my pocket-book, "but I claim to my best to unearth the rightful claimants, should they lie in my way."

"I am sure of that, my dear sir, quite sure of that," said the old lawyer, smiling and twinkling snuff; and remember, my dear Mr. Wintle, that the reward is five hundred pounds."

There the matter closed. I was not going out to America expressly with a view to discover the person in question, neither was I in the regular employment of Holt and Griggles, those very eminent solicitors, whose junior partner had held with me the conversation of which I have quoted a scrap.

My professional services, as a civil engineer, had been retained by certain capitalists who had lately purchased some once celebrated lead mines in Virginia, and who proposed to form a company for the purpose of working them.

Their immediate object was to ascertain whether the "heart of the mines" to use a technical phrase—had been exhausted, or whether the abandoned lodes could be explored with a fair chance of profit; and as I had had some experience in matters subterranean, I had been chosen as referee.

Holt and Griggles were the legal advisers of the nascent company; my instructions were delivered through them; and they had taken the advantage of my approaching departure for the New World to entrust to me a commission of their own.

This was no other than the discovery, if possible, of the heirs to a large landed property and to considerable accumulations in the funds. The names of those heirs was Malton; John Lechmere Malton and Frances, his wife, or the children or grandchildren of the above. The story was a long one, but not uncommon. There had been a General Malton, a hot-tempered old gentleman of large means, and one of his sons had married the daughter of a Cornish curate, at whose house he was reading for orders, whence followed wrath, vindictive persecution, and the departure of the young couple, as steerage passengers, to New York. Nothing had been heard of the emigrants, nor would any one have cared to inquire into their fate, but that they became, in their absence, if not rich entitled to riches. The General and his two elder sons died; the property was strictly entailed, and acres and consols, Malton Tower and Lechmere Hall were the undisputed right of the discarded and impoverished son.

But in vain had Holt and Griggles advertised in the most widely circulated newspapers; in vain had they corresponded with American lawyers and agents, and sent their sharpest clerks across the Atlantic, to hunt up these obscure but wealthy clients. There came no response. No clue was found. Malton Tower and Lechmere Hall, acres and consols, remained masterless, and some distant cousins were already beginning the hopeless game of litigation for a share of the spoil. So Holt and Griggles, while resolute to leave no stone unturned, where any thing but sanguine as to the results of and perquisitions on my part, but they held before my eyes the glit-

tering bait of the five hundred pounds, confident that I should spare no exertion. It was not, however, till I had been six months in America that I gave the Malton property and the Lincoln Inn lawyers a second thought.

Then, indeed, being at the provincial capital Richmond, and having made the acquaintance of the shrewdest of all United States district attorneys, I broached the subject of the lost heirs, and asked his advice. "I took nothing by my motion," indeed, I believe that Lawyer Catkins regarded the whole story as a myth. But he assured me that in all probability such a quest would prove hopeless. Emigrants, he told me, are commonly divided into the two great classes of successful and non-successful. The former got land and property, became farmers or merchants, and in due time brought up a family to aspire to the Senate or the Bench, and to take rank among the Upper Ten Thousand.

The latter furnished so much muscle material to the machinery of the national progress, died of disappointment, new rum, or swamp fever, and were obliterated from the face of earth.

"And I would lay a bet," said Lawyer Catkins, "that these Maltons—if indeed they ever—ahem!—existed, were in the latter category. A white-handed, useless young aristocrat, by your account, married a preacher's daughter, without capital, or useful knowledge, or any handicraft to live by. That sort of thing butters no waffle cakes in these parts, Mr. Wintle, and America is not an El Dorado to gentry with purses as empty as their skulls. Fifty to one that the Maltons died in the course of the second fall, Mr. Wintle."

I really thought Lawyer Catkins was most probably in the right. My own work was at an end, however, for the time. I had examined the mines throughout. I had analyzed ore, tested samples, packed and sent to London specimens of minerals sounded the loads, plumbed the subterranean waters, the Styx and Erebus, that must be pumped out, if the great Halifax mine were ever to be wrought again. My report was sent in; and now the London capitalists, who stood sponsors to the company, must settle the rest with their own consciences and cash-boxes. So I betrouth myself how to fill up my superfluous time so as to combine, if possible, pleasure with profit. It was autumn. It would very likely be Christmas before my employers decided on their future course. I could breathe healthier air than that of the Virginia lowlands, and yet have a chance of picking up a few hundred dollars to pay traveling expenses. Yes, I would spend a couple of months in exploring the mountains, and it would go hard but I should discover some profitable marble quarry, some veins of lead or copper, some valuable deposits of iron-stone, in a district, the mineral resources of which are comparatively unexplored. To the great Allegheny chain I went, accordingly.

I traversed passes, threaded ravines, scaled peaks, and accommodated myself to rough fare, rude lodgings, and rugged companions. My health benefited by the pure air and exercise, and the scenery—in parts at least—gave me sincere pleasure, and reminded me of far distant spots in the Tyrol. As for any discoveries in my own line which I may have made, with these the public has nothing to do. An engineer and mining surveyor, indeed, can hardly help inspecting the loveliest prospect with some reference to viaduct, shaft or tunnel, and I owe that I had at once an eye for the main chance and the beauties of nature. One day in the late autumn I came jolting in a mountain cart down the corduroy road that leads to the village of Blueville.

My driver was a half-taught lad with a stolid pink face, more like an English plow-boy than one of the Americans we usually see; and not much more given to speculation than the shaggy horse he drove, but even he was amused at the unwonted stir that was going on in Blueville. Blueville is a poor place, with its whitewashed churches and chapel, its "framework" stores, its streets of houses coarsely built of rough stone and with shingled roofs, and the log shanties of its suburbs creeping out from among the dwarf oaks.

But on this day, at least, it was all alive; men and women were bustling about like ants from a distant colony; horses were heard trampling, carts creaking, and whips cracking; there was wonderful excitement in Blueville. My driver chuckled and jerked the reins, exclaiming, "Curm up, old hoss! Curm up, ye brute! J'raslem! stranger! there's as much goin' on in the town as if 'twas Fourth of July. Curm up, hoss!" I asked the boy if he had any idea of the cause of all this bustle. He had none, however.

His widest flight of imagination did not soar above the alternative of "a bar killed," or "a down-caster caught passing off bogus money;" but he hustled on the sure-footed horse as fast as prudence permitted. The road twisted like a corkscrew, and one of its spirals, situated just above the roof of Deacon Quail's store, brought us in view of a most singular mass of rocks, stones and rubbish, which rose like a perpendicular wall, and completely blocked up the ravine that led out of the valley, at its lower extremity. I, though a stranger, was the first to note this, and I called the young carter's attention to it.

"Waal, now, stranger, if that don't whip all!" cried the lad; "there's been a slide that's pretty considerable, and that's a fact, or my name ain't Ebenezer. My! but the Blueville folks are in a noplus; there's Elder Gorham on the old white hoss, a tearin'

along jockey-fashion, and all the gals, and big Nathan Grimes, and Deacon Quail in his shirt-sleeves, and lots more. Curm up!"

And he whipped and jerked the old nag into a quick trot which brought us speedily into the market-square. Here I alighted on the threshold of Col. Bang's timber hotel, and was graciously informed that I could be accommodated with a bed and supper.

"But what has occurred?" asked I of black Phillis, the chambermaid, who was the only person, with the exception of the jetty cook and sable ostler, left in the inn.

"What has occurred to cause so much confusion? Has the 'slide' as you call it, done mischief to houses or travelers, or—"

"O! do slide," interrupted the black hand-maiden, rolling her opal eyes like the revolving orbs in an orrery, "him berry bad business, sir; tellible bad. O! poor Sweetwater! booh!"

And the soft-hearted negress put her cheek-apron to her eyes, and began to blubber and sob with true African energy.

I respected the girl's grief, and did not tease her with more questions, though I should have been glad to know whether "Sweetwater" were a man, an animal, or a place. But on second thoughts, I considered that the best way to solve my doubts would be to saily forth, and mingle with the crowd, whose loud voices were born in at the open window; and I went out at once. On approaching the lower end of the valley, just beyond the market-place, my eye was instinctively attracted by the stupendous pile of ruin and rubbish, which stretched like a wall across the narrow space, and totally cut off the communication. The ravine which was now blocked up in this manner, was a singularly deep and contracted fissure between two precipitous ramparts of rock; at the best of times it could hardly have admitted two wagons abreast and now it was utterly impassable. The nature of the phenomenon which had occurred was not strange to me. I had been long enough among the Alleghenies to learn many particulars respecting those avalanches of stones and earth which mountaineers call "Slides," and which answers to the "moraines" of the Swiss Alps.

The sudden descent of these masses of tottering rocks, loose pebbles, pine trees, and alluvial earth, from the peaks and cliff-tops of the mountains, is greatly dreaded, and tradition records the spot where many a log-hut and many a lonely cottage have been overwhelmed by such a land-slip as this. In this case, the autumnal rains had been the proximate cause; I knew that such disasters commonly happened in autumn, or at the first melting of the wintry snows, and I had but to look up to see that the blue peaks were in dangerous proximity to the village of Blueville. It was not, therefore, the calamity which surprised me, but the remarkable excitement of the population. This, however, might perhaps be accounted for, by the fact that the land-slip had totally barred the road at the lower end of the valley. I drew nearer, and perceived that, close to the heaps of debris and loose earth which bordered the mighty mound, the people were striving to erect some structure of timber. They had struck two young pine trees, hastily deprived of their boughs and leaves, in the ground, and were trying to secure a heavy crosspiece of unheun wood between the two, and to plant in it another young tree, much as a top-mast is stepped on board ship.

"Something in my line!" exclaimed I, quickening my steps. I plainly perceived that the good folks were desirous of rearing a scaffold high enough to reach the top of the rocky rampart which closed the ravine. I perceived, too, that they were wretchedly unskillful engineers, though vigorous workers, and that the whole crazy structure was trembling in a way which threatened some serious accident. I elbowed my way through the gabbling, noisy crowd.

"Take care!" I cried; "and for heaven's sake let those men come down from the scaffold. I am a surveyor, and I give you my word that the woodwork can't bear much more, and when it breaks, smashed bones will be the least of the mischief."

My earnest address coupled with the announcement of my profession, produced its effect. The men who were aloft, hauling at ropes or using carpenter's tools, looked anxiously down, and the women below began to implore in shrill tones that Luke and Roger, and Minadab would come down at once.

And yielding to the entreaties of wives, mothers and sweethearts, the men came slowly and reluctantly down the rude ladder, which was itself but a young tree, on which the ends of the branches had been left as a clumsy substitute for steps.

All but one man. This was a tall, strapping youngster with long, black hair, wearing a blanket coat with large, silver buttons, and a pair of smart Indian moccasins gaudily fringed with wampum and stained quills. His general attire evinced a certain taste for display, as well as the habits of a hunter, and he was quite a forest dandy, when compared with the homely farmers and wood-cutters who made up the bulk of the crowd. He was working very hard, not steadily, but with a kind of fierce impatience; he had managed to fasten the slings, in which the ascending piece of timber dangled, to a post and was straining at the handle of the windlass, which had been lashed to the crossbar, in a vain effort to haul up one end of the spar. He had tried, by taunts and remonstrances, to prevent the other workers from seeking safety in retreat,

and now he remained alone, toiling desperately and uselessly, while the crazy platform rocked beneath his feet.

"Mark Brett, come down!"

It was a respectable old man, one of the patriarchs of the place who spoke thus, in a tone of persuasion, half of authority. The person addressed shook his head, impatiently tossed back his coal-black hair from his flushed face, and worked on like a giant.

"Mark! Mr. Brett! dear Mark! come down, for heaven's sake! you'll be killed else!" cried fifteen earnest voices of men and women.

"No," panted the lad—he could not have been more than one-and-twenty "if there's no one else to risk a life to save Christian souls in their distress, I'll shame you all by doing it alone, men of Virginia."

A groan ran through the crowd. "The scaffold's high down," cried one. "He's stark mad," exclaimed a girl. "What a pity! O, what a pity!"

"Mark Brett, come down, just this once," shouted several men.

I felt attracted towards the young man, not only on account of the devoted courage, amounting to rashness, which he displayed, but because my curiosity had been excited by the purity of his accent and idiom, betokening an amount of education unusual in the mountains. The scaffold cracked and reeled, the props were visibly pricking, the crossbar toppling over.

"Look to yourselves, all!" I cried, with an energy that astonished myself. The crowd ran right and left, the women screamed wildly, and in the midst of their shrieks and clamor, crash! down came the whole mass of timber, in a cloud of dust, and a shower of splinters. There was a rush towards the place where the luckless Mark lay, hurt, bloody, stunned, but alive. There was no doctor present, but many quarry-men and wood cutters who understood fractures and contusions, and soon a rough voice announced:

"No bones broken; nothing but the bruises and the stun. He'll come to, only give him a glass of whiskey, and let him lie on a bed for a spell."

There was quite a joyful buzzing and stir among the people, as Mark Brett was heedfully carried into the nearest house, that of Elder Gorham. I now asked for, and received, from the mouth of no less a person than Deacon Quail himself, a full account of the disaster that had befallen the district.

"You see, stranger," said the Deacon, "slides are the terror of our locality, but the oldest of us never recollected such a big one as this. It's a mercy it didn't come on the very roofs of Blueville town, and so scrunch us like grasshoppers. But it has done nigh a bad turn to our poor neighbors of the village of Sweetwater."

"Sweetwater! so Sweetwater is a village? It is not on my map," said I.

"Praps not, stranger," pursued the Deacon, "but it is a small place, hardly ever heard of. It lies through that gap where you see that great heap of stones and alrth, in a little valley more like a basin in the mountains than aught else, and there isn't another road, nought for beast nor man, by which Sweetwater can be got at, except this that's sealed tight by the slide."

Gradually I was made to understand that the hamlet that had been walled in by this disastrous land-slip was a small and poor one that it was inaccessible at all times, except from Blueville, and that the scanty population might even now be suffering the direst extremities of famine.

"They hadn't, to my certainty, corn enough to feed 'em all for a week, nor yet half a week," said Deacon Quail, "and as bad luck would have it, they sold nigh all their hogs and poultry to Lynchburg market; last Wednesday was a week. A kippie of milch cows, the roosters, and a pig or two, and just some apples, and honey from their hives, makes up their provisions, all told. Sweetwater has but two farms, and mostly depended on its bees, it did—bees and flax-thread."

Three days had now elapsed since the disaster took place, and the Deacon told me that it was melancholy to hear the bell of the little church sounding at intervals, as if to summon succor from the outer world.

"We've done what we can," said the Deacon, "but we can't get at them. There's never a man breathing could scramble up that pile of loose stones and soft alrth, and not get crushed and hurt, if not buried alive, for his pains, nor can we dig through it, for the same reason, even if we must fire hundred spades for the work, instead of seventy. And as for scaling it, poor Mark had two terrible escapes in tryin' that, and no one else dares to follow."

"This Mark Brett," said I, "seems excessively anxious to carry help to the sufferers. I suppose the poor fellow's home and his relatives are behind that fatal barrier, to judge by the risk he has run."

The Deacon turned his quid in a meditative manner.

"I'm getting old, stranger," said he, "and I've most forgot what a young chap in love feels, but I recollects a time when I'd have tried to do as Mark does, if the girl my heart was set upon had been cooped up there to starve, as has happened to Mark's poor Grace. Although," concluded the Deacon apologetically, "I'm fur from saying I was ever the equal of Mark, who's a brave hunter, and a bold climber, and the match for any lad in Virginny, I will say that, for all he hails from Carolina State."

"He has had a good education, if I am not in error," said I, "which is unusual, in the case of a hunter; is it not, Mr. Quail?"

"Why, sir, Mark isn't a hunter by trade, only for the love of it," said the Deacon; "and he's a gentleman, and the only son of Commodore Brett, who had a fine estate in Carolina. And Mark was brought up to school and college with the best, but some speckly failed, and the old Commodore's fortune broke, and his heart broke, too; and Mark was left poor. Not jest without money though. He turned farmer, and what not, and he came rambling here, after a spell in the far West, and he began to keep company with pretty Miss Grace Malton, and—"

"I beg your pardon!" cried I, with an energy that made the Deacon jump; "did you say Malton was the young lady's name?"

"I did," said the Deacon; "seems to skey you a bit, sir."

"I—I knew some people of that name," said I; "pray, has Miss Malton a father and mother living?"

"Only a mother."

"And her father. Was his name John Lechmere Malton?"

"Waal," murmured the Deacon, "he's been dead nigh upon fifteen year, Grace the only child, being now nineteen, or thereabouts. He was schoolmaster to Sweetwater there, and also copied writings for old Bull-brook, the lawyer to Wheeling. John Lechmere? Waal, I hardly recollect his given names. But I think he signed 'J. L. Malton.' We always called him 'Mister.' He was very genteel for a Britisher."

I felt like a man under the shock of a shower-bath. And yet the surprise was a pleasant one.

I, then, I, William Wintle, civil engineer, had found the heirs—the last heirs of the Malton property. True, chance, if chance be the fitting word in such a case, had effected what exertion had failed to do; but still the fact remained that I had found the unconscious clients of Holt and Griggles. Found them, but how? Behind a barrier of rocks and earth, cut off from the great communion of mankind, starving, and shut up in a mountain glen, like some poor nun in her niche at Lindisfarne, or elsewhere. Dear me! the owners of Malton Towers and Lechmere Hall, of fine estates, coal mines, consols, bank stock, and what not, to be actually in danger of perishing by hunger in a dreary walled up village of the Alleghenies.

"Is she—Grace—Miss Malton, in very poor circumstances?"

"Poor? Waal, yes, stranger, she be. Mrs. Malton's got nine-and-twenty lives, and a goat or two, and the two women live by that and spinning thread. She's a right down good manager, the mother, or they'd have been paupers, I guess. Grace is a pretty girl, a born lady, and well taught, she is that. She's too delicate a flower for our rough-and-ready country, she is. She ought to be in New York, or Philadelphia, among silk and velvet, she ought. But she's a good girl, obedient daughter, and works hard, she does. Never looked at any of our young chaps, till Mark Brett came and bought old Kimball's farm. Then those two came together, like a pair of young birds, I expect. Mark would have married her, and taken the mother home to live along; but Mrs. Malton was afraid of his roving ways, thought her daughter and he were too young, and wanted 'em to wait. But he's a good lad, Mark, and—Ah! there's the bell again."

So there was! The silver notes came pealing plaintively on the wind. Toll after toll, peal after peal, from the little bell of the timber-built chapel. I have never heard a sound so sad and touching as the note of that little lonely bell, the voice of a small community cut off from the world, in dire distress, crying aloud for help to the great Christian brotherhood without. I determined, with all my heart, and soul, and strength, to aid them to the utmost of my power, to devote to their succor all the professional skill I possessed, and to help them with brain and sinews. And I beg the reader will not do me the injustice to believe that I came to this determination on account of the reward offered by Holt and Griggles. True—the reward would be very welcome. I was not rich enough to despise five hundred pounds. But I would have toiled as cheerfully and done as much, even if the heirs of the Malton property had not been behind that grim rocky rampart. I induced the deacon to call a meeting of the principal citizens of Blueville: "Gentlemen," said I, when the score or so of sturdy housekeepers had assembled, "you know my profession, and these testimonials will prove to you that I have been trusted with the management of considerable works, and am not without experience. But an engineer is helpless without machinery and materials, and I very much doubt if you can supply these. To make a safe communication to Sweetwater would be difficult, even had I skilled work-people and ample stores. Had that hasty platform which fell this day stood firm, it would have been nearly useless. I can get a rope over the barrier without that."

"How?" "How?" "Ah, let him tell us that!" cried several voices, in rather an incredulous tone.

"In several ways," answered I, with a smile. "I will show you one of the easiest, since I perceive the wind has changed, the vane on the hotel having veered within ten

minutes. Mr. Stokes, (this was the minister,) will you kindly bring me one of those kites I see the boys are flying, also a ball of twine and a cord, and will anybody write a note to somebody at Sweetwater? We'll tie it to a loose packthread and send it over on the tail of a kite." And in the course of a quarter of an hour I easily sent across the mound of stones the kite, with a string attached, bearing the letter. The kite was dragged down by invisible hands on the other side of the huge mountain barrier, and when the wind changed at sunset, with the variable, new habitual to mountain gorges, a note was sent over to us, bearing the simple words:—

"Food for three days. Help us, and the blessing of those who are ready to perish be with you." The note was written in a delicate feminine handwriting—perhaps that of Grace Malton. The honest Virginians now applauded my skill and invention to the skies, and would have obeyed my orders if they had been those of Archimedes. But I was terribly hampered by lack of tools, workmen, everything; and the problem was in itself a difficult one. Sometimes I thought of risking the passage of the sufferers by means of a rope, but the nodding rocks and beetling masses of clay threatened destruction to those who should disturb them. The ruins formed a mound ninety feet high and nearly perpendicular. Gunpowder? We had not enough, and the result of mining and blasting would be tedious and doubtful. A tunnel, then an underground passage, seemed the only hope. I was surrounded by strong men, chafing at the inaction they were condemned to, and eager to work their way to where the poor victims were pining in their captivity. A tunnel let it be! I had to divide the seventy able-bodied men of Blueville into sections. Some went to the forest for timber; some who knew something of carpentering, had to dress and shape the pieces of wood on which I counted for props and arches. For, unless there were a regular succession of supports, I foresaw that the long gallery would cave in and prove but a tomb to the daring fellows who should dare to excavate it. Others, and these were the most envious, snatched pick and spade, and began to scoop out an underground passage, which should pass under the mound, and emerge into the ravine at a considerable distance. I made as good a calculation as possible, and soon superintended all preparations, but the work went on slowly. The props and arches were produced tardily, compared with the zeal of the workers, and I could hardly prevent the diggers from pushing rashly on and burying themselves alive in their dark gallery. All this time, at intervals of three hours, the sad bell of the chapel sent forth its melancholy call for aid. Two days passed. Fifty feet of the tunnel had been achieved, but I very much doubted if we should finish the whole work before the feeblest, at least, of the Sweetwater community, should die of hunger. Several men had received contusions from falling stones, and one party of three more impetuous than the rest, had been all but smothered by a sudden descent of earth. I was obliged to repress, instead of stimulating the zeal of the honest mountaineers. During this time, young Mark Brett had continued ill and helpless, in consequence of his fall. It was on the morning of the third day that he sent for me to Elder Gorham's house, where he had been nursed by the Elder's good wife, a notable dame. I found him dressed and sitting on the side of the bed, very pale, but with an intelligent and bright eye that spoke volumes.

"Sir," he said, taking my hand, "I thank you from my heart for what you are doing to help those who are in danger. I was a headstrong fool not to heed your kindly warning the other day but if you knew—"

He gave a great sob, and stopped short, as if he were choking. I pressed his hand. "I do not know," said I; "never fear, we'll save her yet."

He broke out, "O, Grace, my own, my dearest girl, shut up there to die! By Heaven, sir, I'll have that cursed rock-pile down, though it bury me. I'll save her, if—O, sir, do pity us—save Grace, and I'll be your slave for life; I'll follow you like a dog; I'll—there must be a way to do it, if a man will give his life for it, and I'm ready to give mine."

He clasped his hands in passionate entreaty.

"Now," said I, "you may be sure I'll do my best. You may be sure I have done my best. But the life of Miss Malton can't be ransomed thus, and if it could, from what I've heard, she would never be happy on earth after the sacrifice. I want to know whether there is no path among the mountains by which we could gain access to Sweetwater."

"No!" Mark shook his head, despondently.

"Are you sure?"

"I've been all over the hills, sir," said the young man, "and never could find a track leading there. The oldest hunters say there is none. Stay—" as if a thought struck him—"old Partridge, the money digger, who died last month, and who always was prospecting for gold among the crags, did say in his cups there was a path, but nobody believed him."

"I dare say he spoke the truth," said I, though rather to comfort the lover than from conviction. "Let you and I go up into the mountains and you shall guide me, and we'll try and find a place where, at any rate, a rope and basket may be lowered." We went.

But after a long bout of tough climbing we found ourselves baffled. We could not even reach the precipices which bordered on the little glen; broken and rugged ground, seamed by ghastly ravines, cut us off from the lofty rocks above Sweetwater. Breathless and disappointed, we turned to retrace our steps. "What's that?" cried I, as something rustled through the brushwood at my elbow.

"A loping fox with a chicken in his mouth," answered Mark, throwing a stone at the red fugitive. "I wish I'd my rifle, I'd stop his marauding. Ah! there the varmint nips the cave."

And indeed the fox did indeed vanish within a low-browed cavern in the wall of the rock. I leaned my elbow on a stone, and looked at the bold panorama around me. There were the peaks where the birds of prey had their nests; there was the glistening granite cliff that overshadowed the devoted hamlet of Sweetwater; there the track that led back to Blueville. I heaved a sigh. "We must push the underground gallery to the best of our power. It is our only resource."

Suddenly Mark gave a cry:

"Ha! Mr. Wintle, there's that tarnation fox on again, creeping along the Eagle Rock ridge. How did he get there without wings?"

"Kuraks!" cried I, in my turn; see the rock. It must be the other entrance to the cave, whose nearer approach is close to us, and into which we saw the animal dive.—That fox shall serve us the same good turn that the Spartan fox did to the old Greek hero with the hard name, that I read of at school, Aristos—something!"

"Whoo!" almost screamed Mark Brett.

"O, Grace, I shall save your dear life yet!" and recklessly bounding over boulder and fissure to the mouth of the cave, the young man scrambled in on hands and knees and disappeared. I waited. A few tantalizing minutes, and Mark, scratched and torn, emerged at the other end, and I saw him wave his hand, and heard his shout of victory. He was now actually on the ridge of the hitherto inaccessible rock, overlooking Sweetwater. I went down to Blueville to call off the workmen. The whole population poured to the spot. We had to blow up the rocky passage by repeated blasts of gunpowder, but luckily the store of Deacon Quail contained a couple of kegs, and every powder-horn in the village was at our disposal.

Then, when a rugged but practicable path had been made, and bordered by rope rails, secured to iron pegs driven into the crevices of the rock, we scaled the height, planted a windlass, let down ropes and an arm-chair securely slung, and drew up in succession every man, woman and child in Sweetwater hamlet. Poor people! anxiety and hunger, for they had been on a scanty diet from the first, had made their faces worn and pale, but I never saw anything to equal their transports of gratitude and joy, nor the prayers and tears poured forth upon the brow of that grim cliff. And while Mark caught his pretty, tender Grace to his heart, I approached Mrs. Malton, a quiet, little woman, with raven-gray hair, and sad, thoughtful eyes, and broke to her the tidings that her daughter was mistress of Malton Towers and the rest of the property.

"Great good luck, Mr. Wintle," said the Lincoln Inn lawyer, half grudgingly. "Great good luck, my dear sir! But I assure you that in paying six times the original reward, I strictly fulfil the injunctions of Mr. and Mrs. Mark Brett."

JOHN HARWOOD.

WHAT IS A DARLING?—It is a dear, little, beaming girl who meets one on the door-step; who flings her fair arms around one's neck and kisses one with her whole soul of love; who seizes one's hat, who relieves one of one's coat, and hands the tea and toast so prettily; who places her elish form at the piano, and warbles forth, unselected, such delicious songs; who casts herself at one's footstool, and clasps one's hand, and asks eagerly, unheard of questions with such bright glossy curls one places one's hand and breathes, "God bless her," as the fairy form departs. But there is an angel following in her footsteps, who is not visible to us, but who is anxious to bear our darling from us, and in our minds eye its white shadow flits between us and the darling of our heart!

Religion ought to "pay" in Boston. The Old South Church is taxed on property valued at \$300,000. The Brattle street, Dr. Lenthrop's is taxed on real estate worth \$25,000. Several other churches are taxed for \$10,000 and 12,000 each. Nor are the clergymen and pastors in the apostolic succession in respect to poverty. Rev. Dr. N. L. Frothingham is taxed on \$548,000; Rev. Dr. Thomas Worcester on \$67,000; Rt. Rev. John B. Fitzpatrick, Bishop of Boston, on \$92,500; Rt. Rev. Dr. Manton Eastburn on \$52,400; Rt. Rev. Dr. Cyrus A. Bartol on \$28,000; Rev. George C. Beckwith \$32,000; Rev. Thomas B. Thayer \$22,200. Several clergymen pay on \$15,000, and half a dozen on \$10,000 to \$15,000—and it is well understood that they are all worth more than they are taxed for. There are now no such millionaires in Boston as the late Ebenezer Francis and Joshua Sears were; the richest living Bostonians rating under \$2,000,000.

It is difficult to keep one's temper in a hot day; but getting under a shady tree is the best way of taking unbrage.



















## The Middlesex Journal.

E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR.

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS: \$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

## RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (10 lines this type) one insertion, \$1.00  
Each subsequent insertion, .75  
Half a square (seven lines), one insertion, .75  
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One square six months, 6.00  
One square three months, 4.00  
Half a square one year, 6.00  
Half a square six months, 4.00  
Half a square three months, 2.00  
Less than half a square charged as a square; more than half a square charged as a square.  
Larger advertisements as may be agreed upon.

SPECIAL NOTICES, inserted, 12 cents per line for one insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents.

All advertisements, not otherwise marked, will be inserted until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

## AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Reading:—J. D. MANSFIELD.  
Stoughton:—E. T. WHITTELL.  
Worcester:—J. H. HOBBS.  
Lowell:—THOMAS RICHMONDS.

S. M. PETTINGILL & Co., Boston and New York; S. R. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer), South's Building, Court street, Boston, are duly authorized to take advertisements for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JOB PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms, and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

Subscribers are requested to remit direct to the office of publication.

## The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, AUG. 30, 1862.

## Nine Months Company.

For this company the work of recruiting has gone on very encouragingly this week, although no extraordinary efforts have been made to this effect. To be sure meetings have been held in the Town Hall every evening, until Wednesday, and a use has been made of the hearts of many a citizen, but the meetings were, with few exceptions, entirely devoted to business and not to logical and argumentative harangues. Several public-spirited and patriotic individuals, on each evening, offered five dollars to those who signed, thus showing their will and interest to help on the glorious cause. On one evening, as many as twenty names were enrolled amid much enthusiasm.

On Tuesday evening the necessary order from headquarters to organize and elect Officers, was obtained, and it was voted to meet for that purpose on Wednesday evening, which resulted in the following choice:—Capt. W. T. Grammer, first Lieut. C. S. Converse; 2d Lieut. W. A. Colegate. But few scattering votes were cast, and it was voted to make the election unanimous, which was done with hearty cheers. The officers briefly responded, thanking the men and expressing their pride in being elected to lead such a company. Mr. John Cummings, Jr., presided at the election (according to prescribed rules of the Militia), and at its close made a few timely remarks of good advice and encouragement.

This company now lacks but two or three of being full, excepting those who may be thrown out by the examining Surgeon, Dr. Harlow, who commenced his examinations yesterday, when out of over sixty examined but one was rejected. It will be known as Co. G, 5th Regt. Mass. Vol. Militia. Below we give the names in full up to the time of proceeding to press:

W. T. Grammer, John Burns,  
Thos. Glenn, Bowen Buckman, 2d.  
Chas. E. Carroll, Geo. W. Chapman,  
Walter A. Kilbourne, Geo. W. Chapman,  
C. S. Converse, James Walker,  
Wm. C. Colegate, H. N. Hastings,  
John P. Stevens, Thomas Martin,  
E. F. Waver, John Wyman,  
James Parker, John Wyman,  
S. E. Weman, D. W. Danforth,  
E. H. Lawrence, Henry Buffinch,  
O. K. Wain, Dennis Taylor,  
W. H. Spear, Joseph J. Knox,  
E. W. Hadley, Mark W. Ham,  
C. T. Wood, Charles M. Lurlock,  
H. E. Weston, H. T. Hart,  
O. W. Rogers, Edward Buffinch,  
Wm. A. Colegate, Wm. H. Cummings,  
Wm. Emery, Robert Williams,  
A. B. Lowry, Lowell Z. Taylor,  
George A. Kelley, Abner M. Hall,  
Joseph Linnell, C. W. Richardson,  
Francis Cummings, Leander Cahill,  
Edmund C. Cottle, H. M. French,  
George Parker, George Parker,  
Charles Flagg, John Moore,  
J. B. Davis, George Bancroft,  
S. R. French, T. V. Sullivan,  
George W. Kimball, Charles M. Kimball,  
J. F. Jones, Irving C. Blaisdell,  
Chas. E. Fuller, Jacob Ames,  
Jerome Carroll, J. F. Starkes, 2d.,  
Josiah Brown, M. Seelye,  
Chas. H. Foss, Joseph S. S. LeBaron,  
A. Jameson, John H. Knowlton,  
M. S. Brener, Charles Boutwell,  
Jernard Fletcher, Clark T. Richardson,  
I. F. Hopkins, Samuel R. Dooliver,  
Wm. T. Kendall, Orin W. Stevens,  
George K. Horne, Jonathan B. Shute,  
Martin V. Wade, George L. Currier,  
G. E. Hooper, Samuel Kim,  
B. R. Spencer, James H. Walker, Jr.,  
C. R. Crockett, John H. Johnson,  
G. A. Flagg, Weston S. Patton,  
G. W. Dearborn, Charles Hill,  
Joseph Johnson, Albert Gleason, Jr.,  
M. K. Murphy,

SWORDS FOR THE LIEUTENANTS OF THE "RANGERS."—Through the individual exertions of Mr. A. J. Parker, two swords and belts have been procured for Lieut. Tidd and Wyman, of the Woburn National Rangers. Mr. Parker started a subscription paper on Monday morning, and by noon had received \$40—enough for the attainment of his object. The swords are of excellent material, and will be presented at an early day.

THE Fall Term at Warren Academy, commenced on Monday morning last. A good number of scholars were in attendance, and the prospects are for a prosperous term.

## Woburn National Rangers.

This company being now fully organized, we give below the complete roll of both rank and file.

Names. Age. Occupation.

John I. Richardson, 44, Mason.

Luke R. Tidd, 1st, 35, Shoe Manufact.

L. F. Wyman, 2d, 27, Shoemaker.

Oscar Persons, 1st, 24, Silversmith.

Albert S. Leslie, 2d, 26, Shoemaker.

Wm. McDevitt, 4th, 19, Clerk.

John Gilcrest, 6th, 20, Painter.

S. H. Drown, 1st, 28, Japanese.

Samuel T. Hooper, 2d, 24, Currier.

A. Thompson, 2d, 34, 30, Trader.

C. E. Lincoff, 4th, 20, Clerk.

Loring Seales, 5th, 26, Shoemaker.

Tim. Mahoney, 6th, 41, Shoemaker.

Geo. E. Fowler, 7th, 25, Carpenter.

T. Mary Parker, 8th, 24, Clerk.

W. M. Chote, drum'r, 39, Photographer.

J. W. Garfield, 1st, 23, Shoemaker.

John Chace, 2d, 22, WAGONER.

Thos. Maran, 24, Carpenter.

Michael Avery, 28, Shoemaker.

M. B. Baldwin, 28, Harness maker.

Albert P. Barrett, 18, Painter.

Jonas Bacon, 19, Japanese.

Thomas H. Bradley, 19, Japanese.

F. M. Bryant, 18, Japanese.

Edw. Edgcomb, 20, Printer.

Albert Bancroft, 19, Farmer.

John Brannigan, 21, Blacksmith.

Wm. T. Barrett, 24, Clerk.

Asa Boutwell, 26, Butcher.

A. A. Carpenter, 22, Shoemaker.

John Chace, 22, Shoemaker.

Jeremiah Cronan, 36, Shoemaker.

Robert Curry, 39, Shoemaker.

Freeman E. Colby, 21, Farmer.

Chas. K. Conn, 20, Book-keeper.

Hugh Connolly, 19, Currier.

Newton G. Colby, 19, Farmer.

David W. Gady, 25, Farmer.

John P. Downing, 27, Butcher.

James Dooliver, 33, Teamster.

Patrick Duffy, 22, Shoemaker.

John Doherty, 21, Japanese.

Philip Doherty, 18, Currier.

Joseph G. Dean, 41, Butcher.

Geo. H. Dennett, 18, Clerk.

Parker Eaton, 35, Currier.

Josh Edgcomb, 42, Carpenter.

Cyrus A. Eaton, 38, Shoemaker.

Irving Foster, 20, Currier.

T. W. Flint, 18, Laborer.

John Flynn, 30, Currier.

John Garrison, 18, Shoemaker.

Oris S. Harris, 36, Shoemaker.

Henry Howard, 19, Mariner.

E. J. Houghton, 19, Cabinet-maker.

W. H. Hoskins, 41, Shoemaker.

N. Ingerson, 31, Shoemaker.

W. H. Jones, 18, Clerk.

C. H. Johnson, 33, Pedler.

C. H. Kingsbury, 21, Printer.

James F. Leslie, 21, Drover.

J. C. Libbey, 36, Iron Founder.

Wm. L. LeBaron, 19, Clerk.

A. R. Lincoff, 18, Clerk.

G. W. Lincoff, 19, Clerk.

J. Payson Lincoff, 18, Mariner.

Richard Lombard, 33, Shoemaker.

Wm. McKenna, 43, Shoemaker.

John A. Mead, 44, Farmer.

Hugh May, 44, Carpenter.

Samuel A. McFeely, 20, Shoemaker.

Sylvester Murray, 35, Shoemaker.

John McCarthy, 35, Shoemaker.

Owen O'Donnell, 33, Teamster.

Edward O'Donnell, 29, Laborer.

Wm. O'Brien, 29, Mariner.

T. Morton Parker, 20, Mason.

Peter Parks, Jr., 33, Shoemaker.

George F. Pollard, 21, Clerk.

Chas. T. Parks, 23, Shoemaker.

Edw. F. Poole, 23, Shoemaker.

Moses Roland, 22, Coachman.

Moses D. Reed, 28, Shoemaker.

John Riley, 18, Laborer.

A. H. Richardson, 28, Die maker.

S. Richardson, Jr., 20, Carpenter.

R. Spokesfield, 18, Farmer.

Timothy Sheehan, 44, Carpenter.

Wm. E. Stigles, 19, Barber.

Frederick Sawyer, 36, Printer.

Frederick Smith, 22, Teamster.

Charles Scott, 29, Shoemaker.

Wm. H. Sheehan, 18, Teamster.

Wm. P. Warren, 26, Shoemaker.

B. F. Warren, 23, Carpenter.

Silas Watt, 26, Farmer.

Reville A. Wilson, 21, Shoemaker.

James Wilson, 35, Hostler.

CONNECTION.—Last week we made a mistake in giving the number of men in town liable to do military duty, according to the enrollment recently made by our Assessors. The following is a correct statement: Whole number enrolled militia, 976; number in service previous to the recent calls of the President, 193; number in camp at Lynnfield on Thursday, of last week, 98; which leaves 648, instead of 357 as stated last week, as the number at present in town liable to do military duty.

THE WAR.—War begets rumors, but never was more prolific than at present. Rumors are current everywhere of the occurrence of great battles, the death of distinguished officers, the capture of armies, of raids, advances, retreats, and disasters, creating much excitement and concern among the people, and stirring times among the stock brokers and money changers, yielding no satisfaction to the intelligent masses. This is but the first great disadvantageous result of excluding correspondents from the army lines. It is the duty of the public journalist to furnish the people with the latest news in the most reliable shape, and to this an immense expenditure is sustained by the leading newspapers of the country to send out correspondents with every division of the army of the Republic for the purpose of sending by telegraph or mail the earliest and fullest details of everything that may transpire.

When a battle has been fought, a movement made, a victory gained, or a retreat sustained, can there be any harm in apprising the people of the facts? Is it just that loyal men, good and true, endeavoring to serve the public interests; risking their lives in the prosecution of their profession, while submitting to all reasonable regulations, should be looked upon as spies? When we cannot get news legitimately, we must take up the rumors of Washington and Baltimore, and sift them down so as to get as near the truth as possible. When the telegraph office is closed against us, we must use the mail, and when the editor's pouch is excluded from the mail car, we must employ special messengers until the Government shall take military possession of all the railroads, and deny us this privilege. —Philadelphia Press.

A NEW CONFEDERATE IRON-CLAD.—The London correspondent of the Dublin Evening Mail is responsible for the following: She can steam from sixteen to eighteen knots an hour; is perfectly seaworthy, for all practical purposes invulnerable, and will prove to any vessel she may encounter as formidable an antagonist as our own Warrior the boat of the British navy. This is the "No. 200," as to whose whereabouts federal cruisers have with reason betrayed anxiety. It had been known for some time that a large and powerful iron vessel was being constructed at the dockyard of Messrs. Laird, Birkenhead; but monsters of the deep are so much the order of the day at that establishment that no one troubled his head much about this new production, or cared to remark the extra thickness of the plates which were being used. At the very last moment the Federal authorities seem to have had their suspicions aroused, for the Tuscarora was dispatched to keep watch in the neighborhood of the dock where she lay, and the southern coast of Ireland was also strictly guarded.

"No. 200," meanwhile, apprised of all that was going on, dropped down the river quietly one day, and steamed out into the bay, nominally for her trial trip, with a party of ladies and musicians on board. Instead of returning to moorings at Birkenhead, where she would have been kept in durance vile by the Tuscarora, she quietly landed her passengers at Holyhead, and proceeded on her voyage, avoiding the harbors of Cork, Waterford, &c., in the neighborhood of which she might have heard of something not at all to her advantage. "No. 200" steamed round by Londonderry and Donegal, and was joined off the west coast of Ireland by the steamer which had previously started, having on board the armament intended for the gigantic Ironclads. Had she even met the Tuscarora while still unarmed, it was the intention of her captain to try the fortune of war by running stem on at full speed into her antagonist. It needs no extraordinary powers of discernment to discover what excitement must be caused at the other side of the Atlantic by the arrival of the "No. 200."

APPOINTMENTS UNDER THE TAX LAW.—The following appointments for the State of Massachusetts have been made under the tax law: District 1. Walter C. Durfee of Fall River, Collector; Chas. G. Davis of Plymouth, Assessor. District 2. Charles F. Huntington of Milton, Collector; Elias S. Beals of North Weymouth, Assessor. District 3. John Sargent of Cambridge, Collector; Otis Clapp of Boston, Assessor. District 4. Vincent Brown of Salem, Collector; A. Noyes of Newburyport, Assessor. District 5. Geo. Cogswell of Bradford, Collector; Chas. Hudson of Lexington, Assessor. District 6. A. Thayer of Worcester, Collector; Ives Phillips of Worcester, Assessor. District 7. Daniel Walcott of Greenfield, Collector; Amasa Norcross of Fitzburg, Assessor.

The appointments for the 3d and 7th districts are not yet made.

KNIGHTS OF THE GOLDEN CIRCLE.—The United States Grand Jury in Indiana have indicted a number of men as belonging to this order. They say it was originally a Ribbister organization, but it is now a secession one. Two hundred witnesses belonging to the order, taken from all parts of the state, were examined. They claimed to have 15,000 members in Indiana—said they held secret meetings, &c. They are sworn to fire over each other's heads, if the Northern and Southern members should be enlisted, and should meet in battle.

Prof. Agassiz states that man existed on this earth 150,000 years ago.

## North Woburn Volunteers.

Through the kindness of Mr. Granville Parks, of North Woburn, we are enabled to give below the names of all those who have volunteered in the service of their country from that section of our town, together with other information concerning them. This does not include those who have enlisted for nine months, who are as follows:—S. E. Wyman, L. F. Jones, J. B. Tay, Jr., Charles E. Fuller, and Albert Gleason, Jr.

## FIRST REGIMENT.

Co. K—Squires S. Tidd.

Co. G—Sergeant C. A. McDonald; Corp. T. F. Page, (promoted to Sergt.).

## ELEVENTH REGIMENT.

Co. D—First Lieut. J. W. McDonald, (promoted to Captain); J. W. Goodwin.

## THIRTIETH REGIMENT.

Co. C—Wagoner, O. S. Warland, (discharged).

## FOURTEENTH REGIMENT.

Co. I—A. G. Wier. Co. K—H. L. Page.

## SIXTEENTH REGIMENT.

Co. H—Corp. W. B. Emerson, (wounded in arm).

## NINETEENTH REGIMENT.

Band—S. E. Richardson, (discharged).

## TWENTY-SECOND REGIMENT.

Co. E—Corp. C. F. Mulliken, (promoted to Sergeant); killed at Malvern Hill, in the Seven Days' battle. Co. F—Sergeant W. R. Bennett, (promoted to Second Lieutenant); Corp. Alex. Barker, died at Baltimore, July 12, 1862; Cyrus Converse, Corp. S. Dean, died at Georgetown, Mar. 30th; K. L. Flint; A. J. Harris, died at Hall's Hill, March 24; W. H. Mullen, discharged; Michael Mehan, discharged; Capt. S. I. Thompson, wounded in the battle at Malvern, taken prisoner, released, and died at Baltimore, Aug. 6th; Corp. F. W. Thompson; W. B. Smith.

## THIRTY SECOND REGIMENT.

Co. F—Alvin Hosmer.

## THIRTY FIFTH REGIMENT.

Assistant Surgeon—A. W. Clark.

## THIRTY-NINTH REGIMENT.

Co. K—Asa Boutwell, Hugh Connolly, J. H. Dean, Jonathan Downing, Cyrus Eaton, North Edgcomb, Thos. Flint, I. C. Foster, E. J. Houghton, Corp. C. F. Lincoff, G. W. Lincoff, J. P. Lincoff, A. R. Lincoff, S. A. McFeely, C. T. Parks, R. F. Poole, M. D. Reed, E. A. F. Sawyer, Orin Sanborn, F. Spokesfield, Corp. Thompson, 2d, O. A. Wilson, C. H. Kingsbury, Nathaniel Ingerson.

## FIRST MASS. CAVALRY.

C. B. Richardson.

## FIRST CONN. CAVALRY.

H. J. Flint.

## FOURTH MASS. BATTERY.

J. A. Page.

## SIXTH MASS. BATTERY.

G. W. Dean.

## RICKETTS' BATTERY.

P. E. Collins.

## ELEVENTH RHODE ISLAND BATTERY.

George Goodwin, died at Hilton Head, July 24th; Samuel Ogden.

## FORTIETH N. Y. REGIMENT.

Co. H—J. A. Powers.

## IN NAVY.

Paymaster's Clerk—J. L. Brigham, on board the "Hester B. Hale," Master—J. J. Lincoff, Captain—Steward—J. W. Lafrow, on board Cambridge. Master's Mate—Henry Wyman, on board Tioga.

## THREE MONTHS' MEN.

Fifth Regt., Co. B—O. S. Hosmer. Co. G—T. F. Warland.

Also served Three Months in Co. G, Fifth Regiment.

Served Three Months in Co. G, Fourth Regiment; was wounded in shoulder at Big Bethel.

Served Three Months in Cook's Battery.

## REFORM AT THE CAPITAL.—A Washington letter notes an important reform in affairs at the capital, as follows:—

"There is no denying that there is radical reform at the capital. The rebels are being purged out of offices and places of influence; the circulation of secession and semi-secession journals is being much curtailed; the worst class of traitors, the keepers of treason-mongering boarding houses, are quieted or compelled to leave; the abuse of the police officers checked; the pervasions of the passes to the army are nearly rotted out; the pimp and spy system is nearly destroyed. In addition to all this, one flagrant evil connected with the robbery of government employees by means of shaving brokers and their agents is nearly broken up. The banks refuse to cooperate, as they were wont to do, in the purchase of pay accounts, thereby including economy, and saving large amounts to the earnings of honest labor."

THE RATIO OF BIRTHS IN WAR.—It has often been asserted that the proportion of males to females born in time of war is greater than during the piping times of peace. This appears to be confirmed by the statistics of Providence, R. I., in 1861, the number of masculines born having been 936, against 789 females—a difference of fully eighteen per cent. This will afford the good people of that plucky state some compensation for the waste of manhood during the year.

THE London Times says that "the people of the North are at once so arrogant and so ignorant that they are not incapable even of throwing down the gauntlet to Europe combined."

THE Times is right for once. If we are to go under, we will go under—but we will sink like the Cumberland, with colors flying, and our guns pouring out their shot to the very last.

A BATTLE IN A BURNING PLACE.—The battle of Baton Rouge was the first battle of the war actually fought in a burning ground. There one of the hardest contested points of the battle field was a cemetery in which lie the bones of President Zachary Taylor, who was held alternately by either army, but finally occupied by the rebels, and from which, as the account says, "they never emerged."

ITEMS OF THE CONFEDERATE DEBT.—Figures are given in the rebel newspapers showing the present indebtedness of the Confederate Government to be \$110,000,000. Of this amount \$45,000,000 is due to soldiers; \$50,000,000 to banks; \$65,000,000 for property seized; \$45,000,000 for State aid, to be reimbursed; \$1,000,000 on Treasury notes; War loans \$65,000,000.

## Humorous Letter from Col. Mulligan.



our fore fathers so much effort to obtain and hand down to us? Is it possible that any sane mind can fail to see the issue? Awake then and buckle on your armor, as the prize to be obtained is beyond price. What a change must soon come over the spirit of the dreams of those women who used their influence to prevent men from striking for the life of the nation. Every man or woman must either be for or against the government; they cannot ride on the fence if they would, and wherever disloyalty shows its head, the scorn and contempt of the whole civilized world should be poured out without stint on such a recreant to the best interests and well-being of coming generations. Rebels there are in the North as well as in the South, and they are not clothed in male attire by any means; and it is high time they were all ferreted out and the finger of scorn pointed at them so effectually that their cheeks shall burn with shame whenever their deluded vision is brought to the light of day; and whether that individual wears pants or hoops he or she should be made to skedaddle at the rate of forty miles an hour, barefooted, over a bed of thistles so high that they would be unable to discern whether they were moving by moonlight or the orb of day.

The Town Meeting on Tuesday was largely attended and \$100 was voted to the nine months volunteers, and measures were taken to raise and promptly disburse the same. The articles having reference to paying \$100 to all three years men, and the paying two dollars per week to parents of volunteers, &c., was passed over without debate. It is hoped that other towns will not follow the example set before them by Reading in relation to those who have devoted a year's service to the cause in which we, all alike have a common interest, as it looks much like giving the cold shoulder to those who are already there, and is virtually saying to them, "Boys, we have got you there and you cannot help yourselves, so be content with your \$13 per month, and no grumbling." I do not complain that the nine months men are to receive \$150, but it is a good principle to be acted by—Be just before being generous. "This ought to be done, and not to leave the other undone." But this action of the town in this matter will not stop here, as well informed men, and men of influence, assure me that those three years men who have been longest in the service will not and shall not be forgotten, but it was deemed inappropriate to consider the matter pertaining to them at the present time. The subject will again be brought up for consideration at a future meeting.

Recruiting for the nine months call is going on finely, 48 having enlisted Wednesday evening; this number with those from North Reading and Wilmington added, make 80 members—75 being the requisite number for organization, and it is expected by the close of the week the company will be fully organized.

It is thought by some that if the war continues a few years longer, it will be as difficult to find a dollar in this town as it is often times to find a minister to attend a funeral.

LENO.

## WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

WAR ITEMS.—A rousing War Meeting was held on Tuesday evening last in the Congregational Church. Men, women and children were present, the latter occupying the singing gallery and singing at intervals, during the evening some popular songs. Mr. Alfred Norton presided, and after prayer by Rev. Mr. Robinson, made some introductory remarks. He was followed by Hon. D. W. Gooch of Melrose, and E. C. Baker of Medford, Capt. Minot of the Cadet Regiment, and C. C. Woodman, Esq. After Mr. Gooch had concluded his remarks, which were too lengthy for the occasion, a call was made upon the audience for volunteers, when five came forward and enrolled their names making thirty-five in all, which number it is supposed our quota will not exceed. Great enthusiasm greeted the young men as they stepped up to the desk, and still more so when the announcement was made that our quota was full.

Capt. Minot read a letter from Rev. Dr. A. L. Stone in reply to one inviting him to become Chaplain of the Cadet Regiment. The reverend gentleman expressed his entire willingness to serve his country in any capacity, provided his Society would release him. Capt. Minot said it was understood that the Society had given their pastor leave of absence for nine months, generously continuing to him his salary during that period.

David Abrahams was called upon as one of the heroes of the war to come forward, and did so, but did not speak on account of the nature of his wounds. Dr. Chapin stated that this young man when he found he was to be taken prisoner by the rebels, took the lock from his musket, and threw it away so that it should not be of service to them. The young hero was greeted with great applause.

Hon. O. R. Clark said that they wanted some money as well as men, and on his motion a Committee consisting of the mover, A. Thompson 3d, and D. N. Skillings were appointed to pass around among the audience with a subscription paper. \$500 was the amount asked for, and \$500 was subscribed. The meeting closed with singing "America" and was the most spirited one of the kind ever held here. A portion of the audience were very much annoyed by the loud talking of the children in the gallery who seemed to forget or disregard their behavior on this occasion.

It was stated by Mr. Ayer that an opportunity would probably be afforded hereafter by which our citizens might see the volunteers from this town under the last quota, and evince to them their gratitude and appreciation of their services so readily given in this hour of our country's need. A complete list of the volunteers under the last quota will be given soon.

**SCHOOLS.**—Miss Caroline A. Hartwell, the teacher of the Rumford School for several years, has been appointed teacher of the Gifford School, and Miss Elmer Hussey, a former pupil of our High School who has been teaching in New York State for some time has been appointed teacher in the Rumford School. The several schools will commence the Fall Term on next Monday, September 1st, and continue twelve weeks.

**ORDINATION.**—The ordination and installation of Mr. Hinckley as pastor of the Baptist Church and Society, will take place on Thursday, Sept. 4th. Sermon by Rev. Dr. Baron Stow.

**FUNERAL.**—The funeral services over the remains of the late Cyrus Bancroft, Esq., took place on Thursday afternoon of last week at Lyceum Hall, and were largely attended. The town flag was put at half mast, and the exercises were of an impressive character. The remains were deposited in Wildwood Cemetery.

**SOLDIERS' SPECIAL NOTICE.**—Do your duty to yourselves, protect your health, use HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT. For wounds, Sores, Bowel Complaints and Fevers, they are a perfect safeguard. Full directions to use them with every box. Only 25 cents.

J. A. GOUTL, Secretary.

Woburn, Aug. 28th, 1862.

## Special Notices.

**NOTICE.**  
All the Public Schools in Woburn will commence their Fall Term next Monday, Sept. 1st, 1862.  
Per order of School Committee,  
J. A. GOUTL, Secretary.  
Woburn, Aug. 28th, 1862.

**NOTICE.**  
The Annual Meeting of the Woburn Lyceum Hall Association, will be held at the office of the Woburn A. M. Association, on Tuesday the second day of September next, at 7 o'clock, P. M., to choose officers for said Association for the year ensuing, and to transact such other business as may legally come before the meeting.  
JOHN JOHNSON, Secretary.  
Woburn, Aug. 20, 1862.

**ORDER.**  
SELECTIONS ROOM, Woburn, Aug. 14, '62.  
Ordered, That the Chief of Police report to this Board in writing, monthly, the name, residence and occupation of each and every person who is a person found on the public street disturbing the peace through the influence of intoxicating liquor; also, the name of the party by whom such persons are generally employed.

Also, Ordered, That the Chief of Police make diligent enquiry and report to this Board, in writing, on or before the first Thursday in September next, the names of all persons who are believed by him to be sellers of intoxicating liquors in the Town of Woburn, together with the location and ownership of the premises where such liquors are believed to be sold.

Ordered, That the Clerk of this Board transmit forthwith a copy of this Order to the Chief of Police.  
Voted, To publish the above order in the Middlesex Journal.  
N. WYMAN, Clerk.

## Important to Females.

**DR. CHEESEMAN'S PILLS.**  
The combination of ingredients in these Pills are the result of a long and extensive practice. They are mild in operation, and certain in correcting all irregularities. Painful menstruations, resulting from colds, or from other causes, or from moving all obstructions, whether from cold or otherwise, headache, pain in the side, palpitation of the heart, whirling, all nervous affections, hysterics, fatigue, pain in the back and limbs, &c., disturbed sleep, which arises from interruption of nature.

**DR. CHEESEMAN'S PILLS**  
are the most effective remedy ever known for all complaints peculiar to Females. To all classes they are invaluable, inducing, with certainty, periodical regularity. They are known to thousands, who have used them at different periods, through the influence of the press, and the influence of some of the most eminent Physicians in America.

Explicit directions, stating when they should be used, with each box the Price ONE DOLLAR per Box, containing from 50 to 60 PILLS.

Pills sent by mail, promptly, by remitting to the Proprietor, Sent in the following manner:  
R. B. HUTCHINGS, Proprietor,  
90 Cedar Street, New York.

Geo. C. Goodwin & Co., Boston, Charles Garfield, Groton Centre, Samuel Kidder, Lowell, John F. Billings, Lowell, E. K. Kimball, Lowell, John F. Hunter, Marlboro.

**Notice to our Readers.**  
We wish to say a word to our gentlemen readers who purchase their CLOTHING in Boston. Do you know when they do so, they are in the best position? Or where you can get the most for your money? There is no such place as Boston, where all are holding out so many inducements, a stronger may well be puzzled as to the best place. We are holding out to you many inducements, a stronger may well be puzzled as to the best place. We are holding out to you many inducements, a stronger may well be puzzled as to the best place.

**Fowle's Clothing House,**  
16, 18 and 24 Washington Street.  
Mr. Fowle has one of the largest establishments of the kind in that city, and has built up a large trade, by making for his motto and acting up to it. He is holding out to you many inducements, a stronger may well be puzzled as to the best place. We are holding out to you many inducements, a stronger may well be puzzled as to the best place.

**Married.**  
GALUCIA, CATIE.—In Reading, Aug. 23d, by Rev. Mr. Richards, of Nashua, Mr. Geo. A. Galucia to Miss Eliza J. Cate, both of Reading Mass.

**Died.**  
SMITH.—In Woburn, Aug. 26th, Geo. H., son of Patrick and Rosanna Smith, aged 5 years.

**Princed.**—In Winchester, Aug. 26th, of Scarlet Fever, Frances Chapman, youngest daughter of James H., and Eliza A. Prince, aged nearly 19 years.

**Children.**—In South Reading, Aug. 23d, of croup, Carrie Ella, infant daughter of Lester M., and Susan R. Colburn, aged 4 w.

**Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."**  
CHAMBER.—In New York, Aug. 23d, Mrs. Lydia Craine, of South Reading, aged 76 years.

**Central Market.**  
Main Street, Woburn.

**THE** subscriber having taken the store formerly occupied by E. O. SOLES, will keep on hand all kinds of Groceries, including Flour, Beans, Peas, Potatoes, &c. &c. H. WHITEHEAD, Oct. 8, 1859.

**HORACE COLLAMORE,**  
DEPUTY SHERIFF FOR MIDDLESEX COUNTY.  
OFFICE—1 WATER BLOCK,  
Woburn Centre  
Jan. 31, 1860.

**INSTANDS**—Just the thing for soldiers to put in their knapsacks for sale at WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

## EYE AND EAR.

**A. P. LIGHTHILL, M.D.,**  
Aurist and Oculist,  
No. 10 Bedford St., Boston.

**EXCLUSIVE** attention paid to all diseases of the Eye and Ear, Catarrh, and all diseases of the Throat.

Office hours: (Sundays excepted), from 10 A. M. to 1 P. M., and from 2 to 5 P. M.

**CURE OF DEAFNESS.**  
Dr. A. P. Lighthill, Dear Sir: I am happy to inform you of my complete recovery from deafness, through the means of your invaluable treatment. Seven weeks ago, when I placed myself under your care, my hearing was much impaired so that I could not hear preaching unless sitting very close to the minister, and could only understand him when he would raise his voice unusually loud, could not hear the ticking of a watch unless when pressed on my ears, and my head and ears were full of disagreeable noises. My hearing is now entirely restored, and my head is as clear again as it was before I was so afflicted with deafness.

I submit this publication with a desire to benefit the similarly afflicted. E. A. GREEN, R. I. Son of B. F. Green, Pawtucket, R. I.

**CURE OF DISCHARGE FROM THE EAR.**  
For eight months and more I was afflicted with a severe discharge from my ears. I consulted my physician and used various remedies, but was unable to obtain relief until I placed myself under the care of Dr. Lighthill's care, and in a few days, the discharge was entirely cured. My ears are now perfectly healthy, and I feel now as well as free of all the noises. I feel now as well as free of all the noises. I feel now as well as free of all the noises.

**WILLIAM JOHNSON, Lumber Dealer,**  
Albion Court, Charlestown, Mass., May 9, 1862.

**DEAR PUBLISHER:** I wish to permit me to make a statement in your valuable paper for the benefit of your readers who may be afflicted with catarrh of the eye. I have been much troubled with the catarrh of the eye for some twenty years. It gradually grew worse, producing much pain and discomfort, and in the course of two months' treatment entirely cured my discharge. My eyes are now perfectly healthy, and I feel now as well as free of all the noises. I feel now as well as free of all the noises.

**CURE OF DEAFNESS.**  
This is to certify that I was very deaf in my left ear for 15 years, and in my right ear for 7 weeks. That I applied to different aurists, without getting any relief, and have been much troubled with my ears and head, so much so that I was scarcely able to sleep at night; have been under Dr. A. P. Lighthill's care at New Bedford, Mass., for four weeks, and now my head is free of all the noises. I feel now as well as free of all the noises. I feel now as well as free of all the noises.

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## THE HORACE WATERS

Modern Improved Overstrung Bass  
FULL IRON FRAME PIANOS

Are justly renowned by the Press and Music Writers to be superior Instruments. They are built of the best and most thoroughly seasoned American Spruce. The tone is very deep, round, full and mellow; the touch elastic. Each Piano warranted for three years. Prices from \$175 to \$200.

**OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.**—The Horace Waters Pianos are known among the very best. We are enabled to speak of these instruments with some degree of confidence, from personal knowledge of their excellent tone and durable quality. —*New York Evangelist.*

**\$150.—NEW 7-OCTAVE PIANOS**  
In Rosewood cases, iron frames, and overstrung bass, of different makes, for \$150; do, with mouldings, \$160; do, with carved legs, \$175; do, with pearl keys, \$225; do, with pearl keys, \$250; do, with pearl keys, \$275; do, with pearl keys, \$300; do, with pearl keys, \$325; do, with pearl keys, \$350; do, with pearl keys, \$375; do, with pearl keys, \$400; do, with pearl keys, \$425; do, with pearl keys, \$450; do, with pearl keys, \$475; do, with pearl keys, \$500; do, with pearl keys, \$525; do, with pearl keys, \$550; do, with pearl keys, \$575; do, with pearl keys, \$600; do, with pearl keys, \$625; do, with pearl keys, \$650; do, with pearl keys, \$675; do, with pearl keys, \$700; do, with pearl keys, \$725; do, with pearl keys, \$750; do, with pearl keys, \$775; do, with pearl keys, \$800; do, with pearl keys, \$825; do, with pearl keys, \$850; do, with pearl keys, \$875; do, with pearl keys, \$900; do, with pearl keys, \$925; do, with pearl keys, \$950; do, with pearl keys, \$975; 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## Miscellaneous.

The following lines were written by a soldier in the hospital at New Haven, who lost his leg in the battle of Fair Oaks:

L-E-G ON MY LEG.

Good leg, thou wast a faithful friend,  
And truly hast thy duty done;  
I thank thee most, that to the end  
Thou didst not let this body run.

Strange paradox! that in the fight  
Where I of thee was so bereft,  
I lost my leg for "the Right,"  
And yet the right's the one that's left!

But while the sturdy stump remains,  
I may be able yet to patch it,  
For even now I've taken pains  
To make an L-E-G to match it.

DEATH.—There are two figures of dying in the New Testament which I think are exquisitely beautiful. One is that of *falling asleep in Jesus*. When a little child has played all day long, and become tired out, and the twilight has sent it in weariness back to its mother's knee, where it thinks it has come for more excitement, almost in the midst of its frolicking, and not knowing what influence is creeping over it, falls back in its mother's arms and nestles close to the sweetest and softest cheek that cheek ever pressed, and, with long breath, sleeps; and she smiles and is glad, and sits humming unheard joy over its head.

So we fall asleep in Jesus. We have played long enough at the games of life, and, at last, we feel the approach of death. We are tired out, and we lay our head back in the arms of Christ, and quietly fall asleep.

Then there is that other figure, of the coming of the Son of Man. And here let me remark that you cannot find in the New Testament any of those hateful, devilish representations of dying which men have invented, and which one would suppose could have emanated from no other source than a beetle under a stone—representations by which death is portrayed as a ghastly skeleton with a scythe, or something revolting. In the New Testament dying is represented by that beautiful figure of the coming of the Son of Man.

A child is away at school, and the vacation is near at hand; and you may be sure the father and mother want to see the child, more than the child wants to see the father and mother. And so, according to the good old custom, the father takes the carriage, and wends his way to the school, perhaps with, and perhaps without, intimations in the child's mind of his coming. In the midst of his tasks on the last day, the child is suddenly greeted by the voice and majestic presence of the father; and no sooner are the first salutations exchanged, than the father says, "Are your things ready? We go to-morrow." And wine is not so sparkling as the joy in the child's heart. He can neither eat, nor sleep, nor play. The thought that he is going home to see his mother and brothers and sisters, has quite intoxicated him.

And by such glorious pictures as this God has pleased to represent our departure from the present life. The Lord Jesus Christ shall come to our poor old battered school-houses in this world, and say to us, "Come home! you are wanted."—Henry Ward Beecher.

A LITTLE GLOSSARY FOR VOLUNTEERS.—(Dedicated to the drill, Sergeant in general.)

Stannet tea Stand at ease.  
Tebun Attention.  
Fozz Fours.  
Fozz dee Fours deep.  
Fozz ee Fours right.  
Fozz law Fours about.  
Fozz left Fours left.  
Shalar hrm Shoulder arms.  
Hlordearm Order arms.  
Hlaout Halt.  
Zewaro At you were.  
Toc Two.

Dr. Garth, of Edinburgh, stayed one night at his club long after he had said he must be off to see some patients. At length one of his friends, becoming uneasy about the poor fellows, told him he had better stop drinking and be off. "It is no great matter," replied Garth, "whether I see them to-night or not; for nine of them have such bad constitutions that all the physicians in the world can't save them, and the other six have such good constitutions that all the physicians in the world can't kill them."

Petitions to be presented to the next Legislature.—From a bankrupt husband, praying that a bill might be passed to restrain his wife from the use of more than six bonnets in one season. From a jealous husband, praying that it might be made a felony for a bachelor to ask a married lady to dance.—From a fidgity husband, for an act to declare the rearing of parrots and lap-dogs a capital crime. From a distracted husband, for an act to prohibit the squalling of babies. From an old maid, for an act to make marriage compulsory at a certain age—to extend to both sexes. From a young lady, inveigling against the length to which moustaches have grown of late.

The last improvement in pharmacy is a pill got up on the principles of a shell. When swallowed it explodes. Instead of requiring four or five hours to operate, it produces instantaneous results.

It has been said, and truthfully, that we can catch genuine manhood only by serving out faithfully the period of boyhood.

A man with a scolding wife, when inquired of in relation to his occupation, said he kept a hot house.

Women often go to the destruction of their husband's fortunes by buy-ways. Rulers wield the people, but school-masters wield rulers.

If a steamboat passenger can't pay his fare, he is pretty sure to get a blowing up.

The wild boar is one of the most dreaded animals in nature—except the tame boar.

## TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES

IN the month of December, 1858, the undersigned for the first time offered for sale to the public Dr. J. Bovee Dods' Imperial Wine Bitters, and in this short period they have given universal satisfaction to the many thousands of persons who have tried them. It is now an established article. The amount of bodily and mental misery arising simply from a neglect of small complaints is surprising, and it is therefore of the utmost importance that a strict attention to the least and most trifling bodily ailment should be had; for diseases of the body must invariably affect the mind. The subscribers now only ask a trial of

DR. J. BOVEE DODS' Imperial Wine Bitters!

from all who have not used them. We challenge the world to produce their equal. These Bitters, for the cure of WEAK STOMACHS, GENERAL DEBILITY, and the PURIFYING and ENRICHING the BLOOD, are absolutely unsurpassed by any other remedy on earth. To be assured of this it is only necessary to make the trial. The wine itself is of a very superior quality, being about one-third stronger than other wines, warming and invigorating the whole system from the head to the feet. As these Bitters are tonic and alterative in their character, so they strengthen and invigorate the whole system, and brace the system to action to all its parts, by equalizing the circulation, removing obstructions, and producing a general warmth. They are also excellent for the cure of Weakness peculiar to Females, where a tonic is required to strengthen and brace the system. No lady who is subject to lassitude and faintness, should be without them as they are reviving in action.

## THESE BITTERS

Will not only cure, but prevent diseases, and in this respect are doubly valuable to the person who may use them. For

## INCIPENT CONSUMPTION,

Weak Lungs, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Diseases of the Nervous System, Paralysis, Piles, and for all cases requiring a tonic

## Dr. Dods' celebrated Wine Bitters ARE UNSURPASSED!

For Sore Throat, so common among the Clergy, they are truly valuable.

These Bitters, for the cure of the Gout, Rheumatism, and all the ailments of the Gout, are truly valuable. They are also excellent for the cure of the Gout, Rheumatism, and all the ailments of the Gout, are truly valuable.

Physicians, Clergymen, and temperance advocates, as well as all who are desirous of spreading the use of these Bitters, should be provided with them. They are truly valuable in banishing Drunkenness and Disordered Appetite.

In all Affections of the Head, Sick Headache, or Nervous Headache, Dr. Dods' Imperial Wine Bitters will be found to be most Salutory and Efficacious.

These Bitters not only cure, but prevent diseases, and in this respect are doubly valuable to the person who may use them. For

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## Something for the Times!

A NECESSITY IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD

JOHNS & CROSELY'S

AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE!

The strongest Glue in the world. The cheapest Glue in the world. The most durable Glue in the world. The only reliable Glue in the world. The best Glue in the world.

AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE

the only article of the kind ever produced which

Will Withstand Water.

It will Mend Wood,

Save your broken Furniture.

It will Mend Leather,

Mend your Harness, Straps, Belts, Boots, &c.

It will Mend Glass,

Save the pieces of that expensive Cut Glass Bottle.

It will Mend Ivory,

Don't throw away that broken Ivory Fan, its easy repair.

It will Mend China,

Your broken China Cups and Saucers can be made as good as new.

It will Mend Marble,

That piece knocked out of your Marble Mantle can be put on as strong as ever.

It will Mend Porcelain,

No matter if that broken Pitcher did not cost but a shilling; a shilling saved is a shilling earned.

It will Mend Alabaster,

That costly Alabaster Vase is broken and you can't match it; mend it, it need not be new when you are done.

It will Mend Bone, Coral, Lava, and in fact everything but Metals.

Any article Cemented with AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE will not show where it is mended.

"Every Housekeeper should have a supply of Johns & Crosely's American Cement Glue."—New York Times.

"It is so convenient to have in the house."—New York Express.

"It is always ready; this commends it to everybody."—Independent.

"We have tried it, and find it as useful in our house as water."—Spirit of the Times.

Economy is Wealth.

\$10.00 per year saved in every family by One Bottle of

AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE

Price 25 Cents per Bottle.

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## DR. WM. B. HURD'S

MOUTH WASH,

A SURE REMEDY FOR A

BAD BREATH,

SORE MOUTHS,

CANKER,

DISEASED BLEEDING GUMS,

NURSING SORE MOUTH,

AND the best specific now in use for any

diseased condition of the mouth. It is particularly

beneficial to persons wearing

ARTIFICIAL TEETH,

completely destroying every taint of the mouth

absorbing and removing all impurities, insuring

A SWEET BREATH

to all who make use of it. No YOUNG LADY or

YOUNG GENTLEMAN who is afflicted with a

BAD BREATH

should delay applying this remedy, for it is a certain

cure, and is approved and recommended by

every physician under whose notice it has been

brought.

A BAD BREATH

is an offence for which there is no excuse while

DR. WM. B. HURD'S

Mouth Wash,

can be procured.

Many persons carry with them a bad breath,

greatly to the annoyance and often to the disgust

of those with whom they come in contact, without

being conscious of the fact. To relieve yourself

from all fears regarding this

USE DR. WM. B. HURD'S MOUTH WASH.

Cleanliness of the mouth is of great importance

to the general health, which is often affected, and

not unfrequently seriously impaired, through want

of proper attention to this subject.

USE DR. WM. B. HURD'S MOUTH WASH.

Prepared at Dr. Hurd's Dental Office, No. 77

Fourth Street, Brooklyn, E. D.

Price, 37 cents per Bottle.

A liberal discount made to dealers.

Address Principal Office, Tribune Building,

No. 1 Spruce Street, New York.

Sold also by Cassell, Mack & Co., Fifth Avenue

Hotel, J. & L. Coddington, 715 Broadway; D. S.

Barnes, 202 Broadway, and by all Druggists.

DR. WM. B. HURD'S







## The Middlesex Journal.

E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR.

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS.—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof to the publisher, or the printer, at least one week before the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

## RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (14 lines this type) one insertion, \$1.00  
Each subsequent insertion, 75 cts.  
Half a square (seven lines), one insertion, 75 cts.  
Each subsequent insertion, 50 cts.  
One square one year, 10.00  
One square six months, 6.00  
One square three months, 4.00  
One square one year, 10.00  
Half a square six months, 6.00  
Half a square three months, 4.00  
Less than half a square charged as a square; more than half a square charged as a square.  
Larger advertisements may be agreed upon.

SPECIAL NOTICES, *read*, 15 cents per line for one insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents.  
All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly.

## AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

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Stoughton.—E. T. WHEELER.  
Woburn.—J. H. HAYES.  
Reading.—THOMAS RICHARDSON.  
S. M. PETTINGILL & Co., Boston and New York, 8, N. B. NILES, successor to V. F. Palmer, Scollay's Building, Court Street, Boston, are duly empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and all will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JOB PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms, and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.  
Subscribers are requested to remit direct to the office of publication.

## The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, SEPT. 6, 1862.

## Presentations to the Rangers.

The past ten days have witnessed no less than three presentations in this company. On Friday of last week, a beautiful sword was presented to Capt. Richardson on behalf of the company, by Lieut. L. F. Wyman. The act was performed with a few brief and neat remarks, and Capt. Richardson replied, heartily thanking the company for their generous present.

On Monday evening, Lieuts. Tidd and Wyman were each presented with a sword—the result of Mr. A. J. Parker's endeavors and our citizens' generosity. This event was somewhat hurried on account of news being received that the 39th Regiment was soon to leave for the seat of war, so that no formal presentation took place. The swords were presented by Mr. N. Wyman, with the following letter:—

Woburn, Sept. 1st, 1862.

Lieut. L. R. Tidd and L. F. Wyman.  
GENTLEMEN: I have been selected by citizens of Woburn, (your neighbors and friends) to present to you the accompanying sword and belts, as a slight testimonial of their respect for you as men and citizens and their appreciation of the efforts put forth by you to organize the Woburn National Rangers. Having known you from earliest boyhood, they have fullest confidence in your loyalty, integrity, and ability to fill the places to which you have been called.

We feel that never was a sword drawn in a holier cause than that which now claims your services. A Union and a Constitution that was established and cemented by the noblest blood that ever flowed in mortal veins, is in danger; a Constitution and Union that gives more freedom of thought and speech than any heretofore known. Under its influence we have come to be a great nation, our material prosperity has been unprecedented in the history of the world, all these are imperiled by traitors now in arms to blot out forever all that has made us glorious a nation.

These swords are presented to you as emblems as you go forth as guardians of our rights. Accept them as trusts committed to you by friends; use them bravely in defense of all that is dear to us as a people, and God will bless your efforts and future generations will embalm your memories forever.  
Respectfully your obedient servant,  
N. WYMAN.

On Tuesday, the last, though by no means the least interesting, presentation took place. In the morning, a number of our citizens went to Bedford, for the purpose of presenting to the company the flag recently bought through the exertions of a few ladies. The party reached the camp between 11 and 12 o'clock, and partook of dinner. At three o'clock the presentation took place. The company was drawn up in front of the officers' quarters, under command of Lieut. Tidd—Capt. Richardson being absent. Miss Henrietta M. Young then addressed the company as follows:—

## Soldiers of the National Rangers:—

Called as you have been to leave the pursuits of peace, your friends, and your firesides, and to take upon yourselves the garb and arms of soldiers in defense of those principles, which alone can make our homes the abodes of happiness, it seems but proper that we who cannot take part in active duties of the field, should show our appreciation of the patriotism and self-devotion of those who have come forward to the help of our country in this her time of need; and what more fitting tribute can we bring than this banner, the emblem of our liberty and independence. Consecrated at its birth in blood, and now anew baptized on many a well-contested field, it yet retains its place in the affections of the people, free from stain or dishonor. In the name, therefore, of the Ladies of Woburn I now present you this banner, and when in the hour of conflict you see the flag of our country waving over you, may it bring back to your minds this scene, and the dear ones you have left behind, and these thoughts inspire you to deeds of noble daring, so that no reproach shall be brought upon our cause or our country, by any neglect of any duty on your part, and may the God of our Fathers, who has brought us out of many difficulties, cover your heads in the day of battle and bring you safely to your homes, to enjoy the peace and prosperity which we believe he will in his own time give to this people.

The flag was then handed to Lieut. Tidd, and Lieut. L. F. Wyman, in a very neat and happy address returned the thanks of the company. We endeavored to secure a copy of his address, but as he had none, and did not desire to see his name in print, we are debarred from laying it before our readers,

and thus they are prevented from perusing a very pleasing and satisfactory acknowledgment of the kindness of our citizens.  
Bond's Band furnished the music, and added much to the *clat* of the occasion. The company will retain the flag until they leave Boston when it will be returned to town.

## WOBURN SOLDIERS IN THE FIELD.—We present our readers this week with the following report:—

Lieut. Cyrus T. of Co. B, 32d Regt., has been promoted to Captain.  
Edward S. Danforth, of Co. E, 16th Regt., died on Friday last, at Philadelphia.  
Edward Carroll, 1st Major, 1st Regt., and John McSwaney, Co. A, 29th Regt., have been discharged.

George T. Morse, of Co. G, 13th Regt., is sick at Washington.

The following are all reported wounded, but no facts have yet come to hand:—

Captain Crane, Co. F, 22d Regt.; Corp. Michael Mathews, Co. G, 13th Regt.; Joseph W. Pierce, Co. G, 1st Regt.; William McCormick, Co. D, 11th Regt.; William Miles, Co. C, 13th Regt.

PRESENTATION.—After a spirited drill in the Armory Hall last evening, the Phalanx Associates marched in, (three of whom bore fine regulation swords), commanded by Capt. Walter Wyman, and having halted, Mr. A. E. Thompson stepped forward and read a very appropriate speech, presenting the sword to the three Commissioners of the company—Capt. Grammer, Lieut. Converse and Colgate. Receiving the sword and sashes, each made terse and timely replies, and with short addresses by Capt. Wyman and Winn, (past commanders of the Phalanx), the presentation ended. Capt. Grammer reported that the probabilities were that he should lead them into camp the first of the week.

TOWN MEETING.—On Thursday afternoon last, a town meeting was held in the Town Hall, to act upon a warrant, the articles of which were published in this paper week before last. The following is the result of the meeting:—

On Art. 1.—Chose Horace Conn, moderator.

On Art. 2.—Voted, That the town of Woburn agree to pay one hundred dollars (if so many volunteers) to make up the proportion of nine months' men called for of the town of Woburn, and the Selectmen are instructed to draw orders for said sums, when the men are sworn into the service of the United States.

On Art. 3.—In relation to paying a bounty to such soldiers in the army as enlisted previous to the last two calls for troops. Dismissed, on the assurance of the committee that families of wounded soldiers should be cared for.

On Art. 4.—The sum of \$17,500 was appropriated to meet the above votes.

Meeting dissolved.  
WOBURN NINE MONTHS COMPANY.—This Company has unanimously adopted for its name—"Woburn Mechanic Phalanx." The following is a list of the non-commissioned officers:

1st Sergt. (Ordnery), John P. Stevens,  
2d " " H. N. Hastings,  
3d " " E. F. Weyer,  
4th " " James Walker,  
5th " " Thomas Gynn.

CORPORALS.—S. R. DOLLIVER, T. T. FERGUSON, J. S. BROWN, JOSEPH JOHNSON, O. W. ROGERS, GEO. K. HORNE, E. W. HADLEY, S. E. WYMAN.  
WAGONER.—J. B. Davis.

CALL ACCEPTED.—We understand that the Rev. J. Spencer Kennard, late of Washington City, has accepted the call of the Baptist Church and Society in this place, and will commence his labors on the first Sabbath in October. Mr. K. is the son of Dr. I. Kennard, a Baptist clergyman in Philadelphia. He comes with the reputation of being a talented preacher of much promise and an earnest warm-hearted Christian. Most cordially do we welcome him to our pleasant town.

Attempts have been made this week to form a Company of Irishmen in this town, but they have failed. The cause is not altogether apparent, as they have had no inducement offered them that could be.

RELIEF FOR THE SOLDIERS.—We insert with pleasure the following appeal to the people of Massachusetts, and hope that every one in this and adjoining towns will consider it a duty as well as a privilege to do all they can toward lessening the sufferings of those truly brave men who have suffered every thing but death that we might rest in safety and quiet at home now and hereafter. There is not a moment to lose; if you cannot send articles, send money according to directions below given. At any rate send something and send it quickly. Don't be afraid of sending too much; you cannot do that.

## TO THE PEOPLE OF MASSACHUSETTS.—

The Massachusetts Soldiers' Association of Washington earnestly renew their appeal for immediate aid.  
In the recent deadly conflicts the men of Massachusetts have fallen by hundreds.  
Our wounded are fast filling the hospitals and private residences of this city and vicinity.  
Their sufferings appeal for your sympathy; their wants demand instant relief.  
Men, women and children of Massachusetts, give your aid.

For the Association,  
Geo. Wm. McLELLAN, President.

J. E. FORBUSH, Secretary.  
GARDNER TUTTS, Treasurer.  
Washington, September 1st, 1862.

N. B.—The articles especially needed are clothing of all kinds, bandages, lint, wine, brandy, good tea and coffee, sugar, gelatine, and crackers.  
Stockings and leather slippers are in great demand. To many, Tobacco is a necessity.  
Send money, by mail, to GEORGE Wm. McLELLAN, Second Assistant Postmaster General, Washington.

Goods of all kinds to GARDNER TUTTS, State Agent, corner Pennsylvania avenue and Seventh street, Washington.

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## Petition to the President of the U. S.

A petition is now open at the Woburn Bookstore, of which the following is a copy, for the purpose of receiving signatures, and we hope that every lady in Woburn will call and sign it. It is a matter of great moment and needs immediate attention.

## TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

We, the undersigned, women of the United States, who have freely given our brothers, sons and husbands to fight for their country in this deadly struggle, and who will seek every opportunity to aid, cheer and uphold them to the end—seeing our army, the flower of the land, exposed to needless danger and suffering—do hereby ask of you, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, that you, as chief ruler of this nation, see to it that the strength which is needed against the enemy be not wasted by a foe within—and that you cause all negligent, incompetent, drunken or knavish men, who in the first hurry of selection obtained for themselves weighty charges and posts of responsibility, to be at once sought out and dismissed—and that you give our precious soldiers in keeping to the most honest, the most capable, the most faithful, trustworthy and zealous officers, both civil and military, that can be found within our land.

So that we, waiting at home that issue which the God of Battles alone can give, need fear for our soldiers no evils but those inseparable from war—need fear no inefficient or untrusty quartermasters, no careless, ignorant or drunken officers, no unskillful, unfeeling or drunken surgeons.

We believe that a just severity to such offenders would greatly increase the efficiency of our army, and would strengthen the hands of government by securing the confidence of the people.

It would be welcome to all those officers and officials who are now working faithfully; for though men are prone to float on the frail platform of "Whatever is, is right," they rejoice when some bold hand breaks it in fragments under them.

We have entrusted to you all that we most value—we believe that you will care for our soldiers, and conscientiously remembering that of this host when one man suffers many hearts bleed. We suffer willingly in the cause of civilization and humanity, and to maintain our national self-respect—we suffer willingly—but we look to you, our chosen ruler, that we do not suffer in vain.

For the Middlesex Journal.

## Card of Acknowledgment.

In behalf of the numerous disabled and grateful soldiers at the U. S. Hospital in this city, with which I am at present connected, special thanks are returned to those Messrs. N. H. and N. Y. friends, who, by timely and generous donations, have enabled me to furnish them with needful reading and other luxuries. Let the blessing of these suffering patriots, and of the "God of all mercies" be a rich "recompense of reward" to the charitable donors.

WILLIAM C. WHITCOMB.

CHAIRMAN, U. S. A.

NEWBURY, N. C., Aug. 23, 1862.

## ENLISTMENTS IN THE PHALANX SINCE LAST WEEK.

The following persons have enlisted in the Phalanx since last week: Henry T. Lord, Fort Staples, Thomas P. Stowers, Edwin G. Champney, James Little, Horace E. Marston, Chas. Parker, Henry W. Dean.

## Rev. Swift Byington, of North Woburn,

will preach at the First Congregational Church to-morrow.

## For the Middlesex Journal.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

MR. EDITOR:—I take the liberty of sending you a short article concerning the movements of the 13th Mass. regiment in the terrible battles of last week.

It was late on Saturday afternoon when the regiment was ordered into action, but the order was promptly obeyed, all felt that the hour had come for action. In the absence of Col. Leonard, who is in this city sick, the command of the regiment devolved upon Major Gould. I have conversed with several of the regiment, who speak in the highest terms of his bravery during the action; he came out of the fight unharmed, though I am told that a bullet passed through his coat sleeve, which certainly was quite near enough.

The regiment fought bravely, and sustained quite a loss, in killed and wounded. I have time to give you only of company G.

Sergt. B. F. Richardson, Jr., shot in the leg, flesh wound, not serious; E. McGrady, shot in left shoulder, serious; William Trow, shot in right shoulder, not very serious; W. E. Foster, of Reading, one finger shot off. Missing—Peter Nolan, John Best, John W. King, Thomas Parker, Calvin H. Conant, O. C. Eastman, J. F. Davis, J. C. Berry, C. S. Pratt and Edmund Eastman; without doubt most of the missing will yet be heard from.

John Noyes, of Reading, was on his way from this city to the regiment at the time of the rebel raid on Manassas, was taken prisoner, but in two or three days was paroled, and is now in this city.

Surgeon Whitney is in this city sick. Adj. Bradley, is here in the hospital, he was injured in the fight.

Capt. John H. Dike, promptly answered to the call of the Sect. of War, for a large force to proceed to the battle ground to assist in getting the wounded to this city. The Captain is in good health, and aside from his duties in the War Department, is doing much for sick and wounded soldiers in various ways.

Assistant Surgeon Heath, 2d Mass. Reg. is here in the Hospital, he is rapidly recovering from his recent severe illness, and will soon be able to rejoin his regiment.

It was my fortune to be one of the number to assist in bringing the wounded to this city. Hundreds of two horse Ambulance Wagons went up from the city, arriving at Centerville on Sunday morning, passing on towards Manassas, some four miles; here all the wounded which had been taken from the field, were taken in the ambulances and brought to Fairfax Station, thence to this city by cars most of them arriving in this city on Tuesday. It was no light or easy task, much more could be said in regard to the wounded, but I will only add that on the arrival of the trains in this city, the people at once furnished the sick and wounded with whatever they could desire to eat or drink, for such acts they should receive credit.

M.

## Now.

Arise, for the day is passing  
While you lie dreaming on:  
Your brothers are eased in armor,  
And forth to the fight are gone;  
Your place in the ranks awaits you;  
Each man has a part to play;  
The past and the future are nothing  
In the face of the stern to-day.

Arise from your dreams of the future—  
Of gaining a hard-fought field,  
Of storming the airy fortress,  
Of bidding the giant yield!  
Your life may have deeds of glory,  
Of honor; God grant it may!  
But your arm will never be stronger,  
Or needed as now to-day.

Arise! If the past detain you,  
Her sunshine and storm forget,  
No chains so unworthy to hold you  
As those of a vain regret;  
Sad or bright, she is lifeless ever;  
Cast her phantom arms away,  
Nor look back, save to learn the lesson  
Of a noble strife to-day.

Arise for the hour is passing;  
The sound that you dimly hear,  
Is your enemy marching to battle;  
Rise! rise! for the foe is near.  
Stay not to brighten your weapons,  
Or the hour will strike at last,  
And from dreams of a coming battle  
You will wake, and find it past.

[Household Words.]

For the Middlesex Journal.

MR. EDITOR.—There appeared in your paper under date of Aug. 23d, an article signed "Justice," supposed to refer to me, stating that my friends used their influence to prevent my going to war. Now so far from being true it was, that none of my friends ever in the least objected to it, and furthermore I consulted with neither of my brothers upon the subject until more than a week after that article appeared in print. And I wish to inform all those interested that in my opinion if I am successful in shooting as great a rebel as the writer of that article must be, I should do my country good service.

GEORGE W. KIMBALL.

Sept. 5th, 1862.

GEN. SIOBEL.—We copy from the New York Post a few words which attempt to do this general justice:—

"It will be remembered by our readers that he had just come up from the Rappahannock, where he had for four days held the advance under a heavy fire, and where, too, he had displayed marked traits of generalship, such as have rarely been shown in this war. For two days he had been upon the march, and then, after a rest of only four hours, he again took the advance in the most momentous struggle which our arms have waged with rebellion."

No precaution was overlooked by him which might guard against defeat or insure success. The General was not miles in the rear, ready to come up only after the engagement was over, to congratulate his troops on their success, and to pen a brilliant dispatch; he was on the field, acquainting himself with every important position; and long before the light could reveal his operations to the wily foe, every battery was stationed under his own eye and by his own direction. The enemy received no warning, save that given by the roar of Sig's artillery. The advance was not made at random; scouts were sent out in every direction, and all day long they went forth and returned to their General, who found time for caution even in the utmost fury of the contest. His march was rapid, but at every step his troops were under cover of their artillery. When the enemy was engaged, his battalions were brought up in perfect order, and precisely at the time and place they were most needed. Under such leadership there was no flinching. By skillful management one brigade relieved another, and nothing was lost by delay. At night, although the enemy had fought under cover of the woods, we had gained upon his position and held the advantage."

THE FRENCH SYSTEM OF DRAFTING.—Under French law, every birth in the Empire must be registered within 48 hours, under pain of severe penalties for any attempted violation of the code. France is divided into 40,000 communes, each of which has a Mayor, holding his appointment from the Department of the Interior at Paris—which, by the way, is in all respects the most important branch of the French Government. It is in the presence of the Mayor that births are declared and formally placed upon record for future reference and use. The law requires that the child itself be brought before the civic functionary, the names and condition of both parents, when known, given, also the sex of the child declared, and all the facts certified to by two credible witnesses, whose names, residence and occupations are also carefully recorded.

It will be seen at a glance that the information thus obtained is of immense utility to the Government, in conducting the operations of the conscription, whose mechanism may be described in a very few words: The Government calls for a contingent, let us suppose, of 100,000 recruits, for 1862. The Legislative Body authorizes the levy to be made. Each department of the Empire, of which there are now eighty-nine, is required to furnish a quota, based upon the amount of its population. The Mayors hold lists of all individuals born in their respective communes, and notifications are sent to every male child born in 1842 (the drafting age being twenty years) that he is to present himself on such a day, at the *mairie*, to take part in the drawing.

This notification is a mere formality, as every young man knows when he will be required to come forward, and it frequently happens that youthful Frenchmen, residing abroad, return to their native land at this period, for the special purpose of fulfilling a duty, which, if they choose might be readily avoided, by simply remaining out of France.

To illustrate the mode in which the drawing takes place, we will suppose that a particular commune is required to furnish 100 conscripts—the total number of eligible young men being, say 500. Five hundred bits of paper are placed in an urn, of which

four hundred are blanks, and the remainder, marked from one to one hundred, oblige their holders to "fall in." The 400 who have escaped are now exempt from military service, unless some extraordinary event—such as an invasion of France—should demand the calling out the entire arms-bearing population.

The mode of raising recruits, as has been seen, is simple enough—all being afforded a fair chance. As regards exemptions, the French system is scarcely less simple. In the first place the conscripts undergo a rigid medical examination, and if any are found laboring under physical disability they are at once discharged. Next in order are the exemptions of *soutiens de famille*, or individuals with families dependent on them. Thus, the only son of a widowed mother is exempted. So also is the only brother of an orphan sister. Brothers of a soldier still serving in the army are exempted until the latter's term shall expire, only one of a family being drawn at a time. A wife cannot exempt her husband, even if there be children, as the law holds that young men ought not to marry until they have fulfilled their military obligations at the State.

A last class of exemptions has a pecuniary feature. In former years—that is to say, up to 1856—no conscript not exempt by physical disability, or by the other causes above enumerated, could escape service, except by procuring a substitute. This had given rise to a degrading species of trade or speculation, in which large numbers of men sellers and buyers were engaged. But under the system referred to, the conscript who brought a substitute, was responsible for his substitute, and if the latter deserted or died, before the expiration of the seven years' term, was liable to be forced back into the ranks. This system was abolished in 1856, by order of the Emperor, and the government itself accepts pecuniary indemnity for the withdrawal of a conscript, and practically pays for his substitute by offering an ample bounty to volunteers. It is arranged that the sum received and paid by government shall vary according to the military exigencies of the country, but the present basis is as follows: A conscript is exempted for 2,400 francs (\$480), and the government pays a bounty to volunteers amounting to 2,200 francs (\$440)—making a profit of 200 francs by the exchange.

A GROSS OUTRAGE.—A correspondent of the New York Tribune, writing from Fredericksburg, Va., gives the following account of an act of vandalism which we can hardly imagine any Northern soldier to be guilty of: "I wish it had fallen to some other person than myself to report a gross outrage which was recently perpetrated in Fredericksburg, for I blush to think that possibly American soldiers in wantonness or for lust of gain should have committed such an act. Every one knows that Washington was a Freemason, a consistent friend of the Order, a lifelong champion and exponent of its principles. Rising from the humble condition of Entered Apprentice, he became Deacon, Warder, and finally Master of a Lodge; and his attention to the duties of these several offices was so strict that which he gave to all other trusts which he assumed. He was made a Mason in the old Lodge in Fredericksburg, among the archives of which are preserved the papers which testify to his membership. The Lodge is a very ancient one, its Charter from the Grand Lodge of Scotland dating back to the middle of the last century. Its silver jewels or emblems were made in Scotland, and sent to the lodge at the same time as its Charter, and they were used at the initiation of Washington, and afterwards worn by himself. They are therefore so sacred as the insignia of his military rank, so carefully preserved as the property of the nation, or any other personal mementoes of that great and good man. For a hundred years they and the other property of the Fredericksburg Lodge have been untouched, successive generations of Free Masons have regarded the jewels as sacred heirlooms, and strangers from all parts of the country have visited the place to examine them. But a few weeks ago burglars broke open the lodge-room door, opened the Secretary's safe, stole some of the papers, scattered the others about the floor, and cut every jewel from its collar, and carried them away. The act of vandalism was committed only a day or so before the 11th Connecticut was sent to garrison the city, and must have been done during the Provost-Marshalship of Gen. Patrick. The robbery was not discovered until a few days afterward, when Mr. Secretary Hart took me to the lodge to see the precious relics, and, to his dismay, found the outer door burst open. It is to be hoped that Gen. Patrick, who is, I believe himself a Mason, will use every means to discover and punish the thieves and return the property. Intrinsically the emblems may, perhaps, be worth \$400 or \$500, but their historical associations give them a far greater value. Some search should be made throughout the Division. Masonic jewels are not so small as to be hidden in a vest pocket, nor, considering that they all have engraved upon them the name and number of Fredericksburg Lodge, is it difficult to identify them."

THE REMOVAL OF GEN. HUNTER.—The New York Commercial Advertiser comments, editorially, upon some suspicious incidents connected with this removal, as follows:—

"The date of Gen. Hunter's removal is not yet communicated to the public, and the removal has only been announced within a few hours. Yet as long ago as the 21st of August, Jefferson Davis promulgated an order in which the removal is assumed to have taken place. That order commences thus:—'Whereas, as Major General Hunter, recently in command, &c., language showing very plainly that the chief of the insurgents supposed or knew him to be already removed. Had the order for the change then been made by the War Department? Or had the removal then been decided? At whose instigation and for what reason was the removal made? How came Jefferson Davis to know it while it was yet a secret in the War Department? If Jefferson Davis had not betrayed his knowledge of Gen. Hunter's removal, the change, as we have said, might have passed without a word of comment. If General Hunter's removal was ordered or decided upon before the 21st of August, but kept secret until his successor had been agreed upon, it will be impossible to make the people believe that Jefferson Davis was not acquainted with the fact. How did he get his information? It could be known to but very few in the War Department. It cannot, therefore, be difficult to trace Davis's informant. The President, and the Secretary of War, and Major General Halleck, owe it to themselves and the country to investigate the matter."

Our dead lay untouched as they fell in battle, with the exception of their caps and shoes. I did not see a single instance among the whole eighteen hundred dead, where the shoes had not been rifled. There were palliating circumstances, for many of the rebels were barefooted.

The rebel dead and wounded had all been disposed of, and not a single vestige of sick, killed or wounded remained on the field. Even the straggling soldiers did not know where they had been taken to. They were evidently buried secretly in the night by negroes, for occasionally in a deep ravine I came across mounds sometimes ten or fifteen feet square, where their victims had been secreted from the gaze of their own men.

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"The time of war is upon us. The men are preparing for the contest, and the ladies, and children are not idle. On Monday of the present week, the news in the morning indicated very strongly that our friends at the seat of war were in great need of assistance. Accordingly there was a notice placed upon the Blackboard at Lyceum Hall Building, calling upon mothers to come out and do what they could, and children to do what they could. All to bring what material they could that could be worked into bandages or lint. Accordingly on Monday evening there were one hundred and fifteen pairs of hands working as busy as need be, and at 9 o'clock there was 2130 yards of bandages well packed and ready to start for any place they should be needed. On Tuesday there was another gathering, and before 10 o'clock P. M., there was boxed up ready for the express, 8916 yards of bandages, making in all 10,236 yards of bandages in 1830 rolls. Also 42 Shirts, 16 Sheets, 2 Flannel Shirts, 92 Towels, 5 Pillow Cases, 5 Linen Handkerchiefs, and about 15 pounds of Lint, which I hope may in some degree alleviate the sufferings of a few of the poor wounded soldiers. Also, we have some 20 packages of preserves to be packed when a few more shall arrive that have been promised. May this also relieve some of those famished Stomachs craving some home delicacies."

WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

On Monday afternoon the Richardson Light Guard came out for a march, probably the last time before they go into camp. They passed through some of the principal streets, accompanied by the Boston Brigade Band. In the evening they partook of an excellent supper provided by Dr. S. O. Richardson in his Riding house; at which also a large number of citizens and invited guests from other towns were present.

After all had freely partaken of the bounty set before them, (a large number of "baskets full" being left), the audience were entertained by stirring speeches from N. W. Bryant Esq. of Malden, Wm. L. Brown, P. H. Sweetser Esq. and Mr. Allen of South Reading; songs were sung by Mr. Field and Chas. Adams of South Reading, and Mr. Morse of Melrose. Geo. O. Carpenter Esq. presided, and in that easy manner, which secured a feeling of freedom to all present. It was a very pleasant occasion, aside from the consideration, that the Company might soon go forth to do a terrible duty, and perhaps never meet their patron and their fellow citizens under like circumstances again.

The company now numbers men from So. Reading, Melrose, Saugus, Lynnfield, &c.

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## Miscellaneous.

**THE FRENCHMAN AT HIS ENGLISH STUDIES.**  
*Frenchman*—Ha, my good friend, I have met with one difficulty—one very strange word. How do you call H-o-u-g-h?  
*Tutor*—Huff.  
*Frenchman*—Tres bien, Huff; and *Saufl* you spell S-n-o-u-g-h, ha?  
*Tutor*—O no, no; *Saufl* is s-n-u-double-f. The fact is, words in *ough* are a little irregular.

*Frenchman*—Ah, very good! 'Tis beautiful language. H-o-u-g-h is Huff. I will remember; and C-o-u-g-h is Cuff. I have one bad Cuff, ha!  
*Tutor*—No, that is wrong. We say *Kaugh*, not *Cuff*.  
*Frenchman*—*Kaugh*, eh bien. Huff and *Kaugh*, and, pardonnez moi, how you call D-o-u-g-h—Duff, ha?  
*Tutor*—No, not Duff.  
*Frenchman*—Not Duff? Ah! out; I understand, it is Duff, ha?  
*Tutor*—No, D-o-u-g-h spells doe.  
*Frenchman*—Doe! It is very fine, wonderful language, it is Doe; and T-o-u-g-h is Tue, certainly. My breakfast was very too.

*Tutor*—O, no, no; you should say Tuff.  
*Frenchman*—Tuff! Le Diable! and the thing the farmer uses, how you call him, P-l-o-u-g-h, Pluff! Ha! you smile I see I am wrong, it is Pluff! No? Ah, then it is Plae, like Doe; it is a beautiful language, ver fine—Plae!  
*Tutor*—You are still wrong, my friend. It is a plow.

*Frenchman*—Plow! Wonderful language. I shall understand ver soon. Plow, Doe, Kauff, and one more—R-o-u-g-h—what you call General Taylor, Rauff and Ready? Certainment it is Rauff and Ready?  
*Tutor*—No? R-o-u-g-h spells Ruff.  
*Frenchman*—Ruff, ha! Let me not forget. R-o-u-g-h is Ruff, and B-o-u-g-h is Buff, ha?  
*Tutor*—No, Bue.  
*Frenchman*—Ah! 'tis ver simple, wonderful language, but I have had what you call E-n-o-u-g-h! ha! what you call him?

A very happy comment on the annihilation of time and space by locomotive means of travel was made by a little girl who had ridden fifty miles in a railroad train, then took a coach to her uncle's house, some five miles further, and was asked on her arrival if she came by the cars. "We came a little way in the cars, and then all the rest of the way in a carriage."

"The banana tree," said Humboldt, "will furnish food for fifty persons upon the same surface which, under wheat, will maintain but two." The potato will maintain three times as many as wheat. The extent of country and varieties of climate which a crop will endure are appreciable elements in the estimate of its value."

Father Taylor, the veteran sailor preacher, recently offered the following prayer:—"Oh Lord, guide our dear President, our Abraham, the friend of God, like old Abraham. Save him from those wriggling, intriguing, politic, piercing, slimy, boring keel worms; don't let them go through the sheathing of his integrity."

"Well, what next?" said Mrs. Partington, as she interrupted him, who was reading the war news. "The pickets were driven five miles? Bless my poor soul! but that will make a strong fence. I suppose they had to be driven in deep to keep the secessionaders from digging out under them!"

THROWING ONE'S SELF ABOUT.—An instance of this proceeding was witnessed a few evenings ago at a party, in the case of a young lady who, when asked to sing, first tossed her head, and then pitched her voice!

A western schoolmaster advertises that he will keep a Sunday-school twice a week—Tuesdays and Saturdays.

What is taken from you before you get it?—Your portrait.  
 Bullets can sing and whistle, but they are not pleasant musicians.  
 If a young woman's disposition is gun powder, the spark should be kept away from her.  
 If you have a scolding wife, trust to time: old age may bring you the blessing of deafness.  
 Pride of birth is the most ridiculous of all vanities. It is like roasting the root of a tree, instead of the fruit it bears.  
 A man may have a thousand intimate acquaintances, and not have a friend among them all. If thou hast one friend, think thyself happy—he is a great treasure.  
 A dandy, smoking a cigar, having entered a menagerie, the proprietor requested him to take the weed from his mouth, "lest he should teach the other monkeys bad habits."  
 Write your name by kindness, love and mercy, on the hearts of the people you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten.  
 A female begging impostor, importuning a gentleman to give her a "copper," the benevolent gentleman replied that she should have one, if she would only leave off begging and take in washing.  
 A writer in a daily paper is indignant that "the ladies are always drunk last" at convivial gatherings. What would the writer expect? They are certainly the last we would like to see drunk.

## TO THE PEOPLE

## OF THE UNITED STATES

IN the month of December, 1858, the undersigned for the first time offered for sale to the public Dr. J. Bovee Dods' Imperial Wine Bitters, and in this short period they have given universal satisfaction to the many thousands of persons who have tried them. It is now an established article. The amount of bodily and mental misery arising simply from a neglect of small complaints is surprising, and it is therefore of the utmost importance that a strict attention to the least and most trifling bodily ailment should be had; for diseases of the body must invariably be fed the mind. The subscribers now only ask a trial of

## DR. J. BOVEE DODS'

## Imperial Wine Bitters!

from all who have not used them. We challenge the world to produce their equal. These Bitters for the cure of WEAK STOMACHS, GENERAL DEBILITY, and the PURIFYING and ENRICHING the BLOOD, are absolutely unsurpassed by any other remedy on earth. To be assured of this is only necessary to make the trial. The wine itself is of a very superior quality, and is about one-third stronger than other wines, warming and invigorating the whole system from the head to the feet. As these Bitters are tonic and alterative in their character, so their strength and invigorating the whole system and give a fine tone and healthy action to all its parts, by equalizing the circulation, removing obstructions, and producing a general warmth. They are also adapted for diseases and Weakness peculiar to Females, where a tonic is required to STRENGTHEN and BRACE the SYSTEM. No lady who is subject to lassitude and faintness, should be without them as they are relieving in action.

## THESE BITTERS

Will not only cure, but prevent diseases and in this respect are doubly valuable to the person who may use them. For

## INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION,

Weak Lungs, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Diseases of the Nervous System, Paralysis, Piles, and for all cases requiring a tonic

## Dr. Dods' celebrated Wine Bitters ARE UNSURPASSED!

For Sore Throat, so common among the Clergy; they are truly valuable.

For the aged and infirm, and for persons of a weak constitution, the Ministers of the Gospel, Lawyers, and all public speakers, for Bookkeepers, Tailors, Seamstresses, Students, Artists, and all persons leading a sedentary life, they will prove truly beneficial.

As a leverage, they are wholesome, innocent, and delicious to the taste. They produce all the exhilarating effects of Brandy and Wine, without intoxicating; and are a valuable remedy for persons addicted to the use of excessive strong drink, and who wish to abstain from it. They are pure and entirely free from the poisons contained in the adulterated Wines and Liquors with which the Druggists and Dealers are so liberally supplied.

These Bitters not only CURE, but PREVENT Disease, and should be used by all who live in a country where the winter months are so cold and FEVERS are prevalent. Being entirely innocent and harmless, they may be given freely to Children and Infants with the most perfect safety. Physicians, Clergymen, and temperance advocates, as well as the respectable women of the land, spreading these truly valuable Bitters over the land, and thereby essentially aid in banishing Drunkenness and Disease.

In all Affections of the Head, Sick Headache, or Nervous Headache, Dr. Dods' Imperial Wine Bitters will be found to be most Salutory and Efficacious.

## FEMALE.

The many certificates which have been tendered us and the letters which we are daily receiving, are conclusive proof that among the women of this country a satisfaction which no other have ever done before. No woman in the land should be without them, and she who once uses them will not fail to keep a supply.

## DR. J. BOVEE DODS'

## Imperial Wine Bitters

Are prepared by an eminent and skillful physician who has used them successfully in his practice for the last twenty-five years. They are made from the purest and most valuable ingredients, before purchasing the exclusive right to manufacture and sell Dr. J. Bovee Dods' celebrated Imperial Wine Bitters, and they are made from the purest and most valuable ingredients, before purchasing the exclusive right to manufacture and sell Dr. J. Bovee Dods' celebrated Imperial Wine Bitters.

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## Something for the Times!

## A NECESSITY IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD

## JOHNS &amp; CROSLY'S

## AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE!

The strongest Glue in the world.  
 The cheapest Glue in the world.  
 The most durable Glue in the world.  
 The only reliable Glue in the world.  
 The best Glue in the world.

## AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE

the only article of the kind ever produced which will withstand Water.

It will Mend Wood,  
 Save your broken Furniture,  
 It will Mend Leather,  
 Mend your Harness, Straps, Belts, Boots, &c.

It will Mend Glass,  
 Save the pieces of that expensive Cut Glass Bottle.

It will Mend Ivory,  
 Don't throw away that broken Ivory Fan, its case is easily repaired.

It will Mend China,  
 Your broken China Cups and Saucers can be made as good as new.

It will Mend Marble,  
 That piece knocked out of your Marble Mantle can be put on as strong as ever.

It will Mend Porcelain,  
 No matter if that broken Pitcher did not cost but a shilling; a shilling saved is a shilling earned.

It will Mend Alabaster,  
 That costly Alabaster Vase is broken and you can't match it; mend it, it will never show when put together.

It will Mend Everything, Lava, and in fact everything that breaks.

Any article Cemented with AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE will not show where it is mended.

EXTRACTS:  
 "Every Housekeeper should have a supply of Johns & Crosley's American Cement Glue."—*New York Times*.

"It is so convenient to have in the house."—*New York Express*.

"It is always ready; this commends it to every body."—*Telegraph*.

"We have tried it, and find it as useful in our house as water."—*Wilkes' Spirit of the Times*.

**Economy is Wealth.**  
 \$10.00 per year saved in every family by One Bottle of it.

## AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE

Price 25 Cents per Bottle.  
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VERY LIBERAL REMISSION TO WHOLESALE BUYERS.

TERMS CASH.  
 For sale by all Druggists, and Storekeepers generally throughout the country.

JOHNS & CROSLY,  
 (Sole Manufacturers),  
 78 William Street,  
 Corner of Liberty Street, NEW YORK.

Important to House Owners.  
 Important to Builders.  
 Important to Railroad Companies.  
 Important to Farmers.

To all whom this may concern, and it concerns everybody.

## JOHNS &amp; CROSLY'S

## Improved Gutta Percha

## CEMENT ROOFING,

The cheapest and most durable Roofing in use.  
 It is Fire and Water Proof.

It can be applied to New and Old Roofs of all kinds, steep or flat, and to Shingle Roofs without removing the Shingles.

The Cost is only about One-Third that of Tin, and IT IS TWICE AS DURABLE.

This article has been thoroughly tested in New York City and all parts of the United States, Canada, West Indies and Central and South America, on buildings of all kinds, such as Factories, Churches, Railroads, Depots, Cars, and on Public Buildings generally, Government Buildings, &c., by the principal Builders, Architects and others during the past four years, and has proved to be the CHEAPEST and MOST DURABLE ROOFING in use; it is in every respect A FIRE, WATER, and WIND PROOF.

THIS IS THE ONLY material manufactured in the United States, which is so perfectly adapted to the properties of Elasticity and Durability, which are universally acknowledged to be possessed by GUTTA PERCHA AND ASPHALT ROOFING.

No heat is required in applying it. The expense of applying it is trifling as an ordinary roof can be covered and finished the same way.

It can be applied by any one, and when finished forms a perfectly Fire Proof surface, with an elastic body, which cannot be injured by Heat, Cold, Storms, Shrinking of Roof Boards, nor any external action whatever.

LIQUID GUTTA PERCHA CEMENT,  
 For Coating Metals of all kinds when exposed to the Action of the Weather, and For Preserving and Repairing Metal Roofs of all kinds.

THIS IS THE ONLY COMPOSITION KNOWN which will successfully resist extreme changes of all climates, and for any length of time, when applied to metal, to which it adheres firmly, forming a body equal to three coats of ordinary paint, costs much less, and will LAST THIRTY YEARS AS LONG, and from its elasticity is not injured by the contraction and expansion of Tin and other Metal Roofs, consequent upon sudden changes of the weather.

IT WILL NOT CRACK IN COLD OR RUN IN WARM WEATHER, AND WILL NOT WASH OFF.

Leaky Tin and other Metal Roofs can be readily repaired with GUTTA PERCHA CEMENT, and prevented from further corrosion and leaking, thereby ensuring a perfectly water-tight roof for many years.

This Cement is especially adapted for the preservation of Iron, Steel, Stoves, Ranges, Safes, Agricultural Implements, &c., also for general manufacturers' use.

GUTTA PERCHA CEMENT  
 For preserving and repairing Tin and other Metal Roofs of every description, from its great elasticity, it is not injured by the contraction and expansion of Metals, and will not crack in Cold or run in Warm weather.

These materials are adapted to all climates, and we are prepared to supply orders from any part of the country, at short notice, for GUTTA PERCHA ROOFING in rolls, ready prepared for use, and GUTTA PERCHA CEMENT in barrels, with full printed directions for application.

AGENTS WANTED.  
 We will make liberal and satisfactory arrangements with responsible parties who would like to establish themselves in a lucrative and permanent business.

Our Terms are cash.  
 We can give abundant proof of all we claim in favor of our Improved Roofing Materials, having applied them to several thousand Roofs in New York City and vicinity.

JOHNS & CROSLY,  
 Sole Manufacturers,  
 Wholesale Warehouse 78 William Street  
 Cor. of Liberty St. NEW YORK.

Full descriptive Circulars and Prices will be furnished on application.

A VARIETY OF NEW GAMES.—"THE COQUETTE," &c., &c.—can be found at the WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

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## DR. WM. B. HURD'S

## MOUTH WASH,

A SURE REMEDY FOR A  
 BAD BREATH,  
 SORE MOUTHS,  
 CANKER,  
 DISEASED BLEEDING GUMS,  
 NURSING SORE MOUTH,
 AND the best specific now in use for any diseased condition of the mouth. It is particularly beneficial to persons wearing

## ARTIFICIAL TEETH,

completely destroying every taint of the mouth absorbing and removing all impurities, insuring

## A SWEET BREATH

to all who make use of it. No YOUNG LADY or YOUNG GENTLEMAN who is afflicted with a

## BAD BREATH

should delay applying this remedy, for it is a certain cure, and is approved and recommended by every physician under whose notice it has been brought.

## A BAD BREATH

is an offence for which there is no excuse while

## DR. WM. B. HURD'S

## Mouth Wash,

can be procured.  
 Many persons carry with them a bad breath, greatly to the annoyance and often to the disgust of those with whom they come in contact, without and unperceptibly seriously injured, through want of proper attention to this subject.

USE DR. WM. B. HURD'S MOUTH WASH.  
 Cleanliness of the mouth is of great importance to the general health, which is often affected, and not unfrequently seriously injured, through want of proper attention to this subject.

USE DR. WM. B. HURD'S MOUTH WASH.  
 Prepared at Dr. Hurd's Dental Office, No. 77 Fourth Street, Brooklyn, E. D.

Price, 37 cents per Bottle.

A liberal discount made to dealers.

Address Principal Office, Tribune Building, No. 1 Spruce Street, New York.

Sold also by Caswell, Mack & Co., Fifth Avenue Hotel; J. & L. Coddington, 715 Broadway; D. S. Barnes, 302 Broadway, and by all Druggists.

## DR. WM. B. HURD'S

## TOOTH POWDER.

This Powder possesses the CARBONIC WITHOUT THE INJURIOUS PROPERTIES OF CHARCOAL,

and is free from all Acids or Alkalies that can in the least injure the teeth.

ITS ACTION BEING ENTIRELY MECHANICAL—POLISHING WITHOUT WEARING THE ENAMEL.

Dr. Wm. B. Hurd's Tooth Powder

IS RECOMMENDED BY ALL EMINENT DENTISTS.

Prepared at Dr. Hurd's Dental Office, No. 77 Fourth Street, Brooklyn, E. D.

Price, 25 cents per Box.

A liberal discount made to dealers.

Address Principal Office, Tribune Building, No. 1 Spruce Street, New York.

Sold also by Caswell, Mack & Co., Fifth Avenue Hotel; J. & L. Coddington, 715 Broadway; D. S. Barnes, 302 Broadway, and by all Druggists.

## DR. WM. B. HURD'S

## TOOTHACHE DROPS

FOR THE CURE OF TOOTHACHE

produced by exposed nerves.

It is particularly adapted to all cases of children afflicted with TOOTHACHE.

Parents can relieve themselves from that distressing weariness caused by

LOSS OF SLEEP,  
 and their children from great suffering, by keeping a bottle of

DR. WM. B. HURD'S TOOTHACHE DROPS in the house.

Prepared at Dr. Hurd's Dental Office, No. 77 Fourth Street, Brooklyn, E. D.

Price, only 12 cents per Bottle.

A liberal discount made to dealers.

Address Principal Office, Tribune Building, No. 1 Spruce Street, New York.

Sold also by Caswell, Mack & Co., Fifth Avenue Hotel; J. & L. Coddington, 715 Broadway; D. S. Barnes, 302 Broadway, and by all Druggists.

## DR. WM. B. HURD'S

## NEURALGIC PLASTER,

FOR THE CURE OF NEURALGIC OR TOOTHACHE

produced by colds.



# Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stenham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XI: : No. 50.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1862.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.  
SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS.

## Poetry.

### The World is What We Make it.

Oh, call not this a vale of tears,  
A world of gloom and sorrow;  
One half the grief that o'er us comes,  
From self we often borrow.  
The earth is beautiful and good;  
How long will man mistake it?  
The folly is within ourselves;  
The world is what we make it.

Did we but strive to make the best  
Of troubles that befall us,  
Instead of meeting cares half-way,  
They would not so appall us.  
Earth has a spell for loving hearts;  
Why should we seek to break it?  
Let's scatter flowers instead of thorns—  
The world is what we make it.

If truth and love and gentle words,  
We took the pains to nourish,  
The seeds of discontent would die,  
And peace and concord flourish.  
Oh, has not each some kindly thought?  
Then let's at once awake it;  
Believing that for good or ill,  
The world is what we make it.

## Select Literature.

### BLOOD FOR BLOOD.

A STORY OF THE ENGLISH CIVIL WAR.

Arabella Greenville was of a very proud stomach and unbending humor. She might be led, but could not be driven. She adored her father, but laughed at the commands of the governante, and the consuls of the household, who knew not how either to lead or to rule her. It was early determined to send her to Madam Ribotte's academy at Bristol, for even so early as King Charles' time had outlandish and new-fangled names been found for schools; and thither she was accordingly sent, with instructions that she was to be kept under a strict regimen, and corrected of her faults; but that she was not to be thwarted in her reasonable desires; was to have her pony, with John coachman on the skewball sent to fetch her every Saturday and holiday; was not to be overweighed with tedious and dragging studies; and was by no means to be subject to those shameful chastisements of the fustian and the rod, which, even within my own time, I blush to say had not been banished from schools for young gentlewomen. To sum up, Miss Arabella Greenville went to school with a pocket full of guineas, and a play-chest full of sweetmeats and preserved fruits, and with a virtual charter for learning as little as she chose, and doing pretty well as much as she liked.

Of course my grandmother—the said Arabella—ran a fair chance of being wholly spoiled, and growing up to one of those termagant romps we use to laugh at in Mr. Colley Cibber's plays. The schoolmistress frowned upon her, for, although untitled, Esquire Greenville (from whom my descent is plain) was one of the most considerable of the country gentry; the teachers were glad when she would treat them from her abundant store of guineas; and she was a kind of divinity among the schoolmaids her companions, to whom she gave so many cakes and sweetmeats that the apothecary had to be called in about once a week. But this fair young flower-bed was saved from blight and choking weeds, first, by the innate rectitude and nobility of her disposition, which (save only when that dangerous look was in her eyes) taught her to keep a rein over her caprices, and subdue a too warm and vigorous imagination; next, by the entire absence of vanity and self-conceit of her mind—a happy state, which made her equally alive to her own faults and to the excellencies of others; and, last, by her truly prodigious aptitude for polite learning.

I have often been told that but for adverse circumstances Miss Greenville must have proved one of the most learned, as she was one of the wittiest and best-bred women of her age and country. In the languages, in all manner of fine needle-work, in singing and fingering instruments of music, in medicinal botany and the knowledge of diseases, in the making of the most cunning electuaries and syllabubs, and even in arithmetic—a science of which young gentlewoman were then almost wholly deficient—she became, before she was sixteen years of age, a truly wonderful proficient.

A Bristol bookseller spoke of printing her book of recipes (containing some excellent joints on cookery, physics, the casting of nativities, and farriery;) and some excellent short hymns she wrote, are, I believe, sung to this day in one of the Bristol free-schools. But the talent for which she was most shiningly remarkable was in that difficult and laborious art of painting in oils. Her early drawings, both in crayons and Chinese ink, were very noble; and there are in this house now some miniatures of her father, brother, and school-companions, limned by her in a most delicate and lovely fashion; but 'twas in oils and in portraiture of the size of life that she most surpassed. She speedily outwent all that the best masters of this craft in Bristol could teach her; and her pictures—especially one of her father, in his buff coat and breast-plate, as a Colonel of the Militia—were the wonder, not only of Bristol, but of all Somerset and the counties adjacent.

About this time those troubles in the West, with which the name of Prince Rupert is so sadly allied, grew to be of such force and fury as to decide Mr. Greenville on going to London, taking his daughter Arabella with him,

to make interest with the Parliament, so that peril might be averted from his estate. For although his son was in arms for King Charles, and he himself was a gentleman of approved loyalty, he had done nothing of an overt kind to favor king or parliament. He thus hoped, having ever been a peaceable and law-worthy gentleman, to preserve his lands from peril, and himself and family from prosecution; and it is a great error to suppose that many honest gentlemen did not so succeed in the very fiercest frenzy of the civil wars in keeping their houses over their heads, and their heads upon their shoulders. Witness worthy Mr. John Evelyn's of Wotton and Sayes' Court, and many other persons of repute.

While the Esquire was intent on his business at Westminster, and settling the terms of a fine, without which it seemed even his peaceable behavior could not be compounded, he lay at the house of a friend, Sir Fortunatus Geddings, a Turkey merchant, who had a fair house in the street leading directly to St. Paul's Church, just without Ludgate. The gate has been pulled down this many a day, and the place where he dwelt is now called Ludgate Hill. As he had much going to and fro, and was afraid that his daughter might come to hurt, both in the stoppage of the times, and in the unquietness of the times, he placed her for a while at a famous school at Hackney, under that famous governante Mrs. Desagulliers. And here she had not been for many weeks ere the strangest adventure in the world—as strange as any one of my own—befell her.

The terrible battle of Naseby had by this time been fought, and the king's cause was wholly ruined. Among other cavaliers fortunate enough to escape from that deadly fray, and who were in hiding from the vengeance of the usurping government, was the Lord Francis V—s, younger son to that hapless Duke of B—n who was slain at Portsmouth by Captain F—n. It seems almost like a scene in a comedy to tell; and, indeed, I am told that Tom D'Urfey did turn the only merry portion of it into a play; but it appears that, among other shifts to keep his disguise, the Lord Francis, who was highly skilled in all the accomplishments of the age, was fain to enter Mrs. Desagulliers' school at Hackney in the habit of dancing-master, and that as such he taught corantos and rounds to the young gentlewomen. Whether the governante, who was herself a staunch royalist, winked at the deception, I know not; but her having done so is not improbable.

Strange to tell, the Lord Francis brought with him a companion who was, forsooth, to teach French and the lute, and who was no other than Captain Richard, son to the Esquire of the West country, and who was likewise inveterately pursued by the Usurper. The brother recognized his sister, to what joy and contentment on both their parts I need not say; but ere the false dancing-master had played his part many days, he fell madly in love with Arabella Greenville. He made no secret of it to his fast friend, Captain Richard (my grand uncle); and he made no more ado, as was the duty of a brother jealous of his sister's fair fame, but to write his father word of what had chanced. The Esquire was half-terrified and half-flattered by the honor done to his family by the Lord Francis. The poor young man was under the very sternest of proscriptions, and it was openly known that if the Parliament laid hold on him his death was certain. But on the other hand, the Esquire loved his daughter above all things; and one short half-hour, passed with her alone at Hackney, persuaded him that he must either let Arabella's love passion have its vent, or break her heart forever.

And, take my word for it, you foolish parents who would thwart your children in this the most sacred moment of their lives—thwart them for no responsible cause, but only to gratify your own pride of purse, avarice, evil tempers, or love of meddling—you are but gathering up bunches of nettles wherewith to scourge your own shoulders, and strewing your own beds with shards and pebbles.—Take the advice of old John Dangerous, who suffered his daughter to marry the man of her choice, and is happy in the thought that she enjoys happiness; and I should much wish to know if there be any hatred in the world so dreadful as that curdled love, as that reverence decayed, as that obedience in ruins, you see in a proud, haughty daughter, married against her will, to one she holds in loathing, and who points her finger and says within herself, "My father and mother made me marry that man, and I am miserable."

It was agreed among those who had most right to come to an agreement in the matter, that as a first step the Lord Francis V—s should bask himself to some other place of hiding, as more in keeping with Miss Greenville's honor; but that, with the consent of her father and brother, he should be solemnly betrothed to her; and that, so soon as the troubles were over, or that the price which was upon his head were taken off, he should become her husband. And there was even a saving clause added, that if the national disturbances unhappily continued, Miss Greenville should be privately conveyed abroad, and that the Lord Francis should marry her as soon after a certain lapse of time as he could conveniently get beyond the sea. My Lord Duke of B—n had nothing to say against the match, loving his brother, as he did, very dearly; and so, in the very roughest of times, this trust of true loves seemed to bid fair to have a smooth course.

But alas the day! My grandmother's passion for the young Lord was a very madness. On his part he idolized her, calling her by names and writing her letters that were nonsensical enough in common life, but which are not held to be foolish pleas in Love's Chancery. When the boy and girl—for they were scarcely more—parted, she gave him one of her rich brown tresses; he gave her one of his own dainty love-locks. They broke a broad piece in halves between them; each hung the fragment by a ribbon next the heart. They pledged eternal fidelity, devotion.—Naught but death should part them, they said. Foolish things to say and do, no doubt; but I look at my grizzled old head in the glass, and remember that I have said and done things quite as foolish at forty—fifty years ago.

Nothing but death was to part them; and nothing but death so parted them. The Esquire Greenville, his business being brought to a pleasant termination, having paid his fine and gotten his safe conduct and his redemption from sequestration, betook himself once more to the West. His daughter went with him, nourishing her love and fondling it, and dwelling syllable by syllable, on the letters which the Lord Francis sent her from time to time. He was in hopes, he said, to get away to Holland.

Then came the business of the king's murder. Mr. Greenville, as became a loyal gentleman, was utterly dismayed at that horrid crime; but to Arabella the news was as of the intelligence of the death of some loved and revered friend. She wept, she sobbed, she called on Heaven to shower down vengeance on the murderers of her gracious Prince. She had not heard from her betrothed for many days, and those who loved and watched her had marked a strange wild way with her.

It was on the third of February that the dreadful news of the Whitehall tragedy came to her father's house. She was walking on the next day very moodily in the garden, when the figure of one booted and spurred, and with the stains of many days' travel on his dress, stood across her path. He was but a clown, a mere boor; he had been a ploughboy on her father's lands, and had run away to join Captain Richard, who had made him a trumpeter in his troop. What he had to say was told in clumsy speech, in hasty, broken accents, with signs and stammerings and blubberings; but he told his tale too well.

The Lord Francis V—s and Captain Richard Greenville—Arabella's lover, Arabella's brother—were both dead. On the eve of the fatal thirteenth of January they had been taken captive in a tilt boat on the Thames, in which they were endeavoring to escape down the river. They had at once been tried by a court-martial, of rebel officers; and on the thirteenth day of that black month, by express order sent from the Lord General Cromwell, in London, these two gallant and unfortunate gentlemen had been shot to death by a file of musketry in the courtyard of Hampton Court Palace. The trumpeter had by a marvel escape, and lurked about Hampton till the dreadful deed was over. He had sought out the sergeant of the firing party, and questioned him as to the last moments of the condemned. The sergeant said that they died as Malignants, and without showing any sign of penitence; but he could not guess at their bearing was soldierlike.

Arabella heard this tale without moving.

"Did the Captain—did my brother—say aught before they slew him?"

"Nowt but this, my lady: 'God forgive us all!'"

"And the Lord Francis, said he ought?"

"Ay; but I dunno loike to tell."

"Say on."

"'Twas 't Sergeant told us. A' blessed the king, and would hev' 't soldiers drink 't health, but they wouldn't. And 'a' wouldn't let us bandage his eyes; an' 'jest befor 't red coats fired, 'a' took a long lock o' ledly's hair from 's pocket and kissed us, and cried out 'Bloud for Bloud!' and then 'a' died all straight along."

Miss Arabella Greenville drew from her bosom a long wavy lock of silken hair—his hair, poor boy!—and kissed it, and crying out "Bloud for Bloud!" fell down in the garden-path in a dead faint.

She did not die, however, being spared for many purposes some of them terrible, until she was nearly ninety years of age. But her first state was worse than death; she lying for many days in a kind of trance or lethargy, and then waking up to raving madness. For the best part of that year, she was a perfect maniac, from whom nothing could be got but gibberings and plungings, and ceaseless cries of "Bloud for Bloud!" The heir-at-law to the estate, now that the Esquire's son was dead, watched her madness with a keen avicious desire. He was a sour Parliamentarian, who had pinned his faith to the Commonwealth, and done many awakening things against the cavaliers, and he thought now that he should have his reward and inheritance.

It was so destined, however, that my grandmother should recover from that malady. On her beauty it left surprisingly few traces. You could only tell the change that had taken place in her by the deathly paleness of her visage, by her never smiling, and by that fierce expression in her eyes, and being now an abiding instead of a passing one. Beyond these, she was herself again; and after a little while went to her domestic

concerns, and chiefly to the cultivation of that pleasing art of painting in oils in which she had of old time given such fair promise of excellence. Her father would have had several most ingenious examples of history and Scripture pieces by the Italian and Flemish masters brought for her to study by—such copies being then very plentiful, by reason of the dispersing of the collections of many noblemen and gentlemen on the king's side; but this she would not suffer, saying that it were waste of time and money, and, with astonishing zeal applied herself to the branch of portraiture.

From a little miniature portrait of her dead Lord, drawn by Mr. Cooper, she painted in large many fair and noble presentments, varying them according to her humour—now showing the Lord Francis in his panoply as a man of war, now in court habit, now in an embroidered night gown and Turkish cap now leaning on the shoulder of her brother, the captain, deceased. And anon she would make a ghastly image of him lying all along in the courtyard at Harpington Court, with the purple bullet-marks on his white forehead, and a great crimson stain on his bosom, just below his hands. This was the one she most loved to look upon, although her father pressed her to put it by, and not dwell on so unenviable a theme, the more so as, in crimson characters, on the back-ground she had painted the words "Blood for Blood." But whatever she did was now taken little account of, for all thought her to be distraught.

By-and-by she fell to quite a new order in her painting. She seemed to take infinite pleasure in making portraits of Oliver Cromwell, who had by this time become Lord protector of the Commonwealth. She had never seen that bold bad man (the splendor of whose mighty achievements must for ever remain tarnished by his blood-guiltiness in the matter of the king's death); but from descriptions of his person, for which she eagerly sought, and from busts, pictures and prints cut in brass, which she obtained from Bristol and elsewhere, she produced some surprising resemblances of him who was now the greatest man in England.

She painted him at full and at half length—in full-face, profile, and three-quarters; but although she would show her work to her intimates, and ask eagerly "Is it like—is it like him?" she would never part with one copy (and there were good store of time-servers ready to buy the Protector's picture at that time), nor could any tell how she disposed of them.

This went on until the summer of the year 1657, when her father gently put it to her that she had worn the willow long enough, and would have had her ally herself with some gentleman of worth and parts in that part of the country. For the poor Esquire desired that she should be his heiress, and that a man-child should be born to the Greenville estate, and thus the heir-at-law, who was a wretched attorney at Bristol, and more bitter against the king than ever, should not inherit.

She was not to be moved, however, towards marriage, saying softly that she was already wedded to her Frank in Heaven—for so she spoke of the Lord Francis V—s, and that her union had been blessed by her brother Dick, who was in heaven too, with King Charles and all that blessed army of martyrs. And I have heard, indeed, that the unhappy business of the king's death was the means of so crazing, or casting into a sad eddily and devouring melancholy, multitudes of comely young women who were born for love and delights, and to be the happy mothers of many children.

So, seeing that he could do nothing with her, and loth to use any unhandsome pressure towards one whom he loved as the apple of his eye, the Esquire began to think it might divert her mind to more cheerful thoughts if she quitted for a season that part of the country (for it was at home that she had received the dreadful news of her misfortune); and, Sir Fortunatus Geddings and his family being extremely willing to receive her, and do her honor, he despatched Arabella to London, under protection of Mr. Landrail, his steward, a neighbor of his, Sir Hardness Eustis, lending his coach for the journey.

Being now come to London, every means which art could devise, or kindness could imagine, were made use of by Sir Fortunatus, his wife and daughter, to make Arabella's life happier. But I should tell you a strange thing that came about at her father's house the day after she had left it for the town. Mr. Greenville chancing to go in a certain long building by the side of his pleasure pond that was used as a boat house, when to his amazement, he sees, piled up against the wall, a number of pictures, some completed, some half finished, all representing the Lord Protector Cromwell.

But the strangest thing about them was, that in every picture the canvass about the head was pricked through and through in scores of places with very fine sharp holes, and, looking around in his marvel, he found an asabale or cross-bow, with some very fine sharp bolts, and was led to conjecture that some one had been setting these heads of the Protector up as a target, and shooting bolts at them. He was at first minded to send an express after his daughter to London to question her if she knew aught of the matter; but on second thought he desisted, remembering that in the message, almost (as the times stood) there was treason, and concluding

that after all, it might be some idle fancy of Arabella, and part of the demi-craze under which she labored. For there could be no manner of doubt that the pictures, if not the holes in them, were of her handiwork.

Meanwhile Arabella was entertained in the stateliest manner by Sir Fortunatus Geddings, who stood in great favor with the government, and had, during the troubles, assisted the Houses with large sums of money. There were then not many sports or amusements wherewith a sorrowing maiden could be diverted; for the temper of England's rulers was against vain pastimes and junketings. The Maypoles had been pulled down; the players whipped and banished; the bear and bull baitings, and even the mere harmless minstrelsy and ballad singing of the streets, all rigorously pulled down. But whatever the worthy Turkey merchant and his household could do in the way of carrying Arabella about to suppers, christenings, country gatherings, and so forth, was cheerfully and courteously done.

Sir Fortunatus maintained a coach (for he was one of the richest merchants in the city of London) and in this conveyance Arabella was oftentimes taken to drives in Hyde Park, or towards the Uxbridge Road. 'Twas on one of these occasions that she first saw the Protector, who likewise was in his coach, drawn by eight Holstein mares, and attended by a troop of horse very gallantly appointed, with scarlet liveries, bright gorgets and back-pieces, and red plumes in their hats.

"He is very like, very like," she murmured, looking long and earnestly at the grand cavalcade.

"Like unto whom, my dear?" asked Mrs. Nancy Geddings, the youngest daughter of Sir Fortunatus, who was her companion in the coach that day.

"Very like unto him who is at home in the West yonder," she made answer. "Now take me back to Ludgate, Nancy sweet, for I am sick."

She was to be humored in everything, and she was taken home as she desired. It chanced, a few days after this, that word came that his Highness the Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England (for to such state had Oliver grown) desired to visit the city, to dine with the citizens at Guildhall. There was to be a great pageant. He was to be met at Temple Bar by the Mayor and Aldermen, and to be escorted towards Chesham-side by those city Trainbands which had done such execution on the Parliament side during the wars, and by the companies with their lively banners. Foreign ambassadors were to bear him company; for Oliver was then at the height of his power, and had made the name of England dreaded, and even his own prowess respected by all nations that were beyond sea. He was to hear a sermon at Bow Church at noon, and at two o'clock—for the preacher was to be Mr. Hugh Peters, who always gave his congregation a double turn of the hour-glass—he was to dine at the Guildhall, where I know not how many geese, bustards, capons, pheasants, ruffs, and reeves, sirloins, shoulders of veal, pastries, sweet puddings, jellies, and custards, with good store of Rhenish and Canary, and Bordeaux and Burgundian wines, were provided to furnish a banquet worthy of the day.

For although the Protectorate was a stern, sad period, and Oliver was (or had schooled himself to be) a temperate man, the citizens had quite forgotten their love of good cheer; and the Protector himself was not averse from the keeping up some state and splendor, Whitehall being now well nigh as splendid as in the late King's time, and his Highness sitting with his make-believe lords around him, (Lisle, Whitelocke, and the rest), and eating his meat to the sound of trumpets, and being otherwise puffed up with vanity.

The good folks with whom Arabella was sojourning thought it might hap to cure her of her sad, moping ways if she saw the grand pageant go by, and mingled in the merriment and feasting which the ladies of St. Fortunatus' family—the Knight himself being bidden to the Guildhall—proposed to give their neighbors on the day when Oliver came into the city. To this intent, the windows of their house without Ludgate were all taken out of their frames, and the casements themselves hung with rich cloths and tapestries, and decked with banners. And an open house was kept, literally, meats and wines and sweets being set out in every room, even to the bed-chambers, and all of the Turkey merchant's acquaintance being bidden to come in and help themselves, and take a squeeze at the windows to see his Highness go by.

Only one window on the first floor was set apart, and there sat the ladies of the family, with Mistress Deborah Clay, the Remembrancer's lady, one that was sister to a Judge of Commonwealth's Bench, and Arabella Greenville, who was for a wonder quite cheerful and sprightly that morning, and had for her neighbor one Lady Lisle, the wife of John Lisle, one of Cromwell's Chief Councillors and Commissioners of the Great Seal.

The time that passed between taking their seats and the coming of the pageant was passed pleasantly enough; not in drinking of healths, which practice was then considered as closely akin to an awful thing, but in laughing and quaffing, and whispering of merry jests. For I have usually found that, be the Rule of Church and State ever so sour

and stern, folks will laugh and quaff and jest on the sly, and be merry in a green tree, if they are forced to be sad in the dry.

There was a gentleman standing behind Arabella, a councillor of Lincoln's Inn, I think, who was telling a droll story of Mr. President Bradshaw to his friend from the Temple. Not greatly a person of whom to relate merry tales, I should think, that terrible Baneher, who sat at the head of the High Commission, clothed in his scarlet robe, and passed judgement upon his lord, the King. But still these gentlemen laughed loud and long, as one told the other how the President lay very sick, sick almost to death, at his country house; and how he, being one that was in the Commission of the Chancery, had taken them away with him, and would by no means surrender them, keeping them under his pillow, night and day; wherefore one of his brother commissioners was fain to seek him out, and press him hard to give up the seals, saying that the business of the nation was at a standstill, for they could neither seal patents nor pardons.

But all in vain, Bradshaw crying out in a voice, that, though weak was terrible, that he would never give them up, but would carry them with him into the next world; whereto quoth the other commission, "Mr. President, they will certainly melt if you do." And at this tale the gentleman from Lincoln's Inn and he from the Temple both laughed so, that Arabella, who had been listening without eavesdropping, burst into a fit of laughter, too; only my Lady Lisle (who had likewise heard the story) regarded her with a very grim and dissatisfied countenance, and murmured that she thought a little trailing up before the Council, and committing to the Gate-house, would do some popinjays some good, and cure them of telling tales as treasonable as they were scurrilous.

But now came a great noise of trumpets and hautboys and drums, and the great pageant came streaming up towards Ludgate, a troop of Oliver's own Body-Guard on iron-gry chargers clearing the way, which they did with scant respect for the lives and limbs of the crowd, and with very little scruple either in bruising the Trainbands with their horses' hoofs and the flat of their broadswords. As Arabella leant forward to see the show approach, something hard, and it would seem of metal, that she carried beneath her mantle, struck against the arm of my Lady Lisle, who, being a woman of somewhat quick temper, cried out:

"Methinks that you carry a pocket-flask with you, Mistress Greenville, instead of a vial of essences. That which you have must hold a pint at least."

"I do carry such a flask," answered Arabella, "and, please God, there are those here to-day who shall drink of it even to the dregs."

This speech was afterwards remembered against her as a proof of her intent.

All, however, were speedily too busy with watching the show go by to take much heed of any word passage between the two women. Now it was Mistress Deborah Clay pointing out the Remembrancer to her gossip; now the flaunting banners of the companies, now the velvet robes of the Lord of the Council were looked upon; now a great cry arose that his Highness was coming.

He came in his coach drawn by eight Holstein mares, one of his lords by his side, and his two chaplains, with a gentleman of the bed-chamber sitting over against. He wore a rich suit of brown velvet pulled with white satin, a bright gorget of silver,—men said that he wore mail beneath his clothes,—boots and gaudiest of yellow Spanish, a great baldric of cloth-of-gold, and in his hat a buckle of diamonds and a red feather. Yet, bravely as he was attired, those who knew him declared that they had never seen Oliver look so careworn and so miserable as he did that day.

By a kind of coincidence, he turned his glance upwards as he passed the house of the Turkey merchant, and those cruel eyes met the fierce gaze of Arabella Greenville.

"Blood for blood!" she cried out in a loud clear voice; and she drew a pistol from the folds of her mantle, and fired downwards, and with unerring aim, at the Protector's head.

My Lady Lisle saw the deed done. "Jezebel!" she shrieked, striking the weapon from Arabella's hand.

Oliver escaped unharmed, but by an almost miracle. The bullet had struck him, as it was aimed, directly in the centre of his forehead, he wearing his hat much slouched over his brow; but it had struck—not his skull, but the diamond buckle, and glancing off from that hard mass, sped out of the coach window again, on what errand none could tell, for it was heard of no more. I have often wondered what became of all the bullets I have let fly.

The stoppage of the coach; the Protector half stunned; the chaplain paralyzed with fear; the Trainbands in a frenzy—half of terror, half of strong drink—firing off their pieces hap-hazard at the windows, and shouting out that this was a plot of the Papists or Malignants; the crowd surging, the Body-Guard galloping to and fro; the poor standard-bearers tripping themselves up with their own poles,—all this made a mad turmoil in the street without Ludgate. But the Protector had speedily found all his senses, and had whispered a word to a certain sergeant in whom he placed great trust, and pointed his finger to a certain window. Then the ser-

geant being gone away, orders were given for the pageant to move on; and through Ludgate, and by Paul's, and up Cheape, and to Bow Church, it moved accordingly.

Mr. Hugh Peters preached for two hours as though nothing had happened. Being doubtless under instructions, he made not the slightest allusion to the late tragic attempt; and at the Guildhall there were only a few trifling rumors that his Highness had been shot at by a mad woman from a window in Fleet street; and he, however, being speedily given to this, by persons in authority, who declared that the disturbance without Ludgate had arisen simply from a drunken soldier of the Trainbands firing his musketoon into the air for joy.

But the sergeant, with some soldiers of the Protector's own, walked tranquilly into the house of Sir Fortunatus Geddings, and into the upper chamber, where the would-be avenger of blood was surrounded by a throng of men and women gazing upon her, half in horror, and half in admiration. The sergeant beckoned to her, and she arose without a murmur, and went with him and the soldiers, two only being left as sentinels, to see that no one stirred from the house till orders came. By this time, from Ludgate to Blackfriars all was soldiers, the crowd being thrust away east and west; and, between a lane of pike-men, Arabella was brought into the street, hurried through the narrow lanes behind Apothecaries' Hall, and so through the alleys to Blackfriars Stairs, where a barge was in waiting, which bore her swiftly away to Whitehall.

"You have flown at high game, mistress," was the only remark made to her by the sergeant.

She was locked up for many hours in an inner chamber, the windows being closed, and a lamp set on the table. They bound her, but, mindful of her sex and youth, not in fetters, or even with ropes, contenting themselves with fastening her with the sergeant's silken sash. For the sergeant was of Cromwell's own guard, and was of great authority.

At about nine at night the sergeant and two soldiers came for her, and so brought her, through many corridors, to Cromwell's own chamber, where she found him still with his hat and baldric on, sitting at a table covered with green velvet.

"What prompted thee to seek my life?" he asked, without anger, but in a slow, cold, searching voice.

"Blood for blood!" she answered, with undaunted mien.

"What evil have I done thee, that thou shouldst seek my blood?"

"What evil—what evil, Moloch?—all!—Thou has slain the king, my lord and master. Thou has slain the dear brother who was my playmate, and my father's hope and pride. Thou hast slain the sweet and gallant youth who was to have been my husband."

"Thou art that Arabella Greenville, then, the daughter of the wavering half-hearted Esquire of the West?"

"I am the daughter of a gentleman of long descent. I am Arabella Greenville; and I cry for vengeance for the blood of Charles Stuart, for the blood of Richard Greenville, for the blood of Francis Villiers. Blood for blood!"

That terrible gleam of madness leaped out of her blue eyes, and all bound as she was, she rushed towards the Protector as though in her fury she would have spurned him with her foot, or torn him with her teeth. The sergeant for his part made as though he would have drawn his sword upon her; but Oliver laid his hand on the arm of his officer, and bade him forbear.

"Leave the maiden alone with me," he said calmly; "wait within call. She can do no harm." Then, when the soldiers had withdrawn, he walked to and fro in the room for many minutes, ever and anon turning his head and gazing fixedly on the prisoner, who stood erect, her head high, her hands, for all their bonds, clenched in defiance.

"Thou knowest," he said, "that thy life is forfeit."

"I care not. The sooner the better. I ask but one mercy; that you send me not to Tyburn, but to Hampton Court; there to be shot to death in the courtyard by a line of musketeers."

"Wherefore to Hampton?"

"Because it was there you murdered my lover and my brother."

"I remember," the Protector said, bowing his head. "They were rare Malignants, both. I remember; it was on the same thirtieth of January that Charles Stuart died the death. But shouldst thou not, too, bear in mind that vengeance is not mine, but the Lord's?"

"Blood for blood!"

"Thou art a maiden of stern resolve and a strong will," said the Protector, musingly.—"If thou art pardoned, wilt thou promise repentance and amendment?"

"Blood for blood!"

"Poor distraught creature," this once man made answer, "I will have no blood of thine. I have had enough," he continued, with a dark look and a deep sigh; "I am weary, and blood will have blood. But that my life was in mercy saved for weal of these kingdoms, thou mightest have done with me, Arabella Greenville, according to thy desires."

He paused, as though for some expression of sorrow; but she was silent.

"Thou art hardened," he resumed; "it may be that there are things that cannot be forgiven."



"There are," she said firmly. "I spare thy life," the Lord Protector continued; "but Arabella Greenville, thou must go into captivity. Until I am dead, we two cannot be at large together. But I will not doom thee to a solitary prison. Thou shalt have a companion in duress. Yes," he ended, speaking between his teeth, and more to himself than to her, "she shall join him yonder in his life-long prison. Blood for blood; the slayer and the avenger shall be together."

She was taken back to her place of confinement, where meat and drink were placed before her, and a tending-woman attended her with a change of garments. And at day break the next morning she was taken away on a litter towards Colechester in Essex.

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Less than half a square charged as a square; more than half a square charged as a square.  
Larger advertisements as may be agreed upon.

SPECIAL NOTICES, headed, 10 cents per line for one insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents.

All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly.

### AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Reading.—Dr. J. D. Mansfield.  
Stonham.—E. T. Whitwell.  
Winchester.—JOSIAH HOVEY.

Reading.—THOMAS RICHARDSON.

S. M. PETTINGILL & Co., Boston and New York, 8, N. B. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer), Scollay's Building, Court street, Boston, are duly empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and all will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JOB PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms, and in good style. We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

Subscribers are requested to remit direct to the office of publication.

## The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, SEPT. 13, 1862.

The past few weeks have seen great changes in the positions of the opposing armies in Virginia. Our army stands to-day almost where it stood a year ago, and in place of menacing the capital of Virginia, as it did a short time since, it is engaged in defending the capital of the nation against the intimated attack of the enemy. The rebel army, instead of defending Richmond, is on its way to Pennsylvania through Maryland, with the avowed purpose of making that great and loyal State what Virginia is—a desert. Verily the tables have been turned, and who is to blame for this new state of things no one can tell. Few of our generals are on good terms with each other, in fact there appears to be as much hatred between them as there should be between loyalist and rebel. We cannot succeed under such circumstances, because it is simply an impossibility, and a necessity that every man engaged in the defense of the country should use all his powers in doing the work imposed upon him. Those Generals who are at enmity one with another, forget the good of the nation in the nursing of their petty jealousies and rivalries; and they ought to know that they cannot, at one and the same time, promote their personal ambition and do the work of the country as it should be done. Either one or the other they will fail in. General Pope, in his official report of the recent battles in Virginia, makes grave charges against some of our most prominent Generals, which, if not rebutted, should consign each one to a felon's cell for the remainder of his natural life. And, moreover, it is the imperative duty of the President to see at once what truth rests in these statements, and if he finds them correct he should immediately order a court martial to be held for the trial of the delinquents. The country cannot afford, in its greatest hour of peril, to have its dearest rights tampered with and squandered away because a few officers happen to be at dagger points with each other. Our army and our capital, need purifying and thorough regeneration; and until these things are done it is almost useless to look for success in the field. If matters should continue in their present course it will be but a short time before we will from the depth of our great sorrow, be compelled to call out, "Save us from our friends." Strange it is that some men, Generals in our army, cannot see the magnitude of the responsibility that rests upon them, and how necessary it is that they should do all that lay in their power to bring about the result which is so essential to the nation's existence. No greater breach of military duty can occur, than a General to refuse, on the battle field, to comply with the commands of his superior. There is no excuse for such a proceeding, no matter how urgent the necessity for a refusal may seem to be. Lord Casligan, at Balaklava, did not, even when he knew that "some one had blundered," stop to remonstrate when he received orders to attack the Russian army with his "six hundred"; nor should Fitz John Porter have refused to attack the enemy at Manassas when ordered so to do by General Pope, even if the destruction of his whole corps stared him full in the face. A General cannot succeed unless his Lieutenants enter with spirit and willingness into his plans. This has been proved time and again in the career of Napoleon, who met with his most serious reverses when separated from

his most trusted marshals. And so it is with our Commanders unless their subordinates support their plans with all their might they are worthless. They may plan and plan from now till doomsday, and no good will come from it. We have men, good and true, who are willing to do the bidding of their superiors on every occasion, and they must be sought out and placed in the most responsible situations. Until this is done, reports like the following will reach us after every great battle:

"I do not hesitate to say that if the corps of Porter had attacked the enemy in flank on the afternoon of Friday, as he had my written order to do, we should have utterly crushed Jackson before the forces under Lee could have reached him. Why he did not I cannot understand. Our men, much worn down by hard service and continuous fighting for many previous days and very short of provisions, rested on their guns. Our horses had no forage for two days.—I telegraphed and wrote urgently for rations and forage to be sent us, but on Saturday morning, before the action was resumed, I received a letter from Gen. Franklin, written the day before at Alexandria, stating to me that he had been directed by Gen. McClellan to inform me that rations and forage for my command would be loaded into the cars and available wagons as soon as I would send a cavalry escort to Alexandria to bring them up.

"All hopes of being able to maintain my position, whether victorious or not, vanished with this letter. My cavalry was utterly broken down by long and constant service in the face of the enemy, and had as they were could not be spared from the front, even if there had been time to go back thirty miles to Alexandria and await the loading of trains.

"At the time this letter was written, Alexandria was swarming with troops, and my whole army interposed between that place and the enemy. I at once understood that we must, if possible, finish what we had to do that day, as night must see us behind Bull Run if we wished to save men and animals from starvation."—Extract from Gen. Pope's official report.

EXAMINING SURGEONS.—Dr. William Ingalls of Winchester, "one of the Surgeons appointed to examine Militia men claiming to be disabled," has had assigned to him the towns of Malden, Melrose, South Reading, Reading, North Reading, Wilmington, Stoneham and Winchester. During the past three days he has attended to the business imposed upon him, and has examined persons from all these places.

Woburn comes in the district assigned to Dr. Warren of Waltham, who gives notice that he will meet all persons belonging in the towns of Woburn, Burlington and Lexington, claiming to be disabled, on Saturday and Monday, the 13th and 15th insts., at the Lexington House, at 11 o'clock, A.M.

UNION SENTIMENT!—We are informed by one who came passenger from St. John to Portland in the Steamer New England on Friday morning, that a vote was taken to see who were for the Union and who were not, and out of one hundred and fifty passengers, only four were for the Union, and one of these was George Francis Train. During Thursday night an attempt was made to start the song, "We'll hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple tree," but it failed for want of support. The Union has no friends in the Provines.

WOBURN SOLDIERS.—The following is our report, for this week, concerning Woburn soldiers:—

Killed.—Clifford B. Fowle, Co. E, 16th Regt. Wounded.—Wm. B. Cornick, Co. D, 11th Regt., wounded and taken prisoner. Missing.—Charles H. Smith, Co. E, 16th Regt., Sick.—James Sheehan, Co. F, 23d Regt., and James McCain, Co. F, 16th Regt. Captain Crane was not wounded, as stated last week.

WOBURN HOSPITAL AID SOCIETY.—This Society has sent off the following articles during the past two weeks, and are still laboring in the good cause:—

251 shirts, 214 sheets, 370 napkins, 72 linen and silk handkerchiefs, 61 pillow cases, 8 feather pillows, 15 pairs draws, 10 pairs slippers, 4 pairs socks, 5 papers pins, 2 cambric cravats, 1 vest, 1 pair pants, 1 cake of castile soap, rolls of old linen, rolls cotton cloth, quantities of lint.

WOBURN'S QUOTA.—The quota of Woburn under the last call, is seventy-nine, which leaves us a surplus, on both quotas, of nearly thirty men. This will be a very good number to begin with should another call be made.

L. B. Norris has purchased the express route of Converse & Co., and will carry on the business of the late firm in all its branches.

Y. M. L. A.—Twenty-five members of the Young Men's Literary Association of this town, are now in the service of the United States. This number will compare very favorably with those published by other associations elsewhere, and will stand as a badge of honor for the Association long after the present rebellion has ceased to exist.

N. E. WOMEN'S AUXILIARY ASSOCIATION, 22 Summer street, Boston, Sept. 9, 1862.

The supply of lint and bandages for the soldiers is, at present, so largely in excess of all other supplies that we earnestly request the friends of the Sanitary Commission to turn their attention in other directions, where the demand is far greater than the supply. Shirts and drawers of flannel and cotton, slips and handkerchiefs are greatly needed. Of good, old-fashioned knitted socks we have none on hand; and at Washington they are in a similar predicament; while the calls for them are very great and will daily increase for months to come. All other garments are needed, but the above mentioned are most pressing called for. For the Executive Committee.

ABBY W. MAY, Chairman.

### Woburn Mechanic Phalanx.

This company took its departure from our midst on Wednesday last, and proceeded to Camp Lander, at Wrentham. Ninety-six men went at this time, and the remainder will probably follow in a short time. The Company formed line in their army about one o'clock, when by invitation of Capt. Grammer, Rev. Dr. Stebbins addressed them. His remarks were fervent and pointed, and gave the company to feel that wherever their lot might be cast, they would have the hearty sympathy of praying friends at home. When they issued from the army they were received by the "Phalanx Associates," and escorted to the depot. Here doubtless many a prayer went up that this gallant band of men might be spared to return to their homes, after having done their duty, with the laurel of victory encircling their brows and amid the joyous shoutings of an enfranchised nation.

We shall publish a complete roll of the company as soon as it reaches the maximum standard.

Our town begins to wear a dull appearance. The taking of over two hundred men, nearly all of whom we have been accustomed to meet daily, from us in so short a time, could but have this effect. That this calamitous war may soon be brought to an end, cannot but be the wish of every one; but that it should be a dishonorable end no one can for a moment tolerate such a thought. Woburn has done her part so far in this great struggle for justice, and if need be will do as much more. Like other towns, she has sacrificed some of her best sons, and laid them as willing offerings at her country's altar. May the giving up of their lives prove no vain sacrifice.

HOME GUARD.—A meeting of the Tract Society was held in the First Congregational vestry, on Wednesday evening, and after the business before the meeting had been transacted, the gentlemen present proposed to take into consideration the feasibility of forming a "Home Guard." The subject was discussed, and it was decided to request the citizens of the town to meet in the Town Hall on Monday evening next, at 7 1/2 o'clock, to take such steps as they may deem necessary to bring about the desired object. A full attendance is requested.

HISTORICAL WAR MAP.—We have received from Benj. B. Russell, of 515 Washington street, Boston, a new map of the Southern and Western States. Connected with it, is a "Rebellion Record," commencing with the passage of the Secession Ordinance, by South Carolina, in 1860, and ending with the battle of Culpepper. The price of the map is 25 cents.

CAUCUS.—On Tuesday evening, the Republicans held a Caucus in the Town Hall, for the purpose of choosing delegates to attend the Convention to be held at Worcester the next day. Delegates were chosen, but they did not attend the Convention.

APPOINTMENT.—Mr. Sparrow Horton, has been appointed Pound keeper, vice M. Seely resigned.

Rev. Dr. Stockbridge, will preach at the First Congregational Church, to-morrow.

DRAFTING IN CONNECTICUT.—In those cities and towns of the "Nutmeg State," which have failed to raise their quotas, the work of drafting commenced on Wednesday, although it was the opinion of a large portion of the press in that State that volunteering would have filled the ranks if a little more time had been allowed by the Governor.

The complaint is somewhat general that the people of that State are being pressed a little too hard in the matter. At Fairfield, Wednesday afternoon, there was a determined resistance to the draft, and the Governor was notified of the fact. He immediately notified Col. Woodward, the military commandant of the forces at New Haven, and requested him to detail men to proceed to Fairfield and suppress at once the supposed rebellion. That officer detailed the Stamford company who happened to be on drill at the time, and sent them to the armory of the New Haven Grays, where they were furnished with arms and accoutrements, and five rounds of ball cartridges for each man.

A special train was provided, the Governor and the troops started for the scene accompanied by Lieut. Ingalls, of the Connecticut 10th, and two other officers of the same regiment, and a delegation from the New Haven Grays, all of whom volunteered their services. Upon their departure from the depot, three cheers were given "for the Stamford Company," and the train proceeded on.

During the passage over, the soldiers examined their guns, and got all ready for action. When near Fairfield, a man was observed sitting near the track with two pistols in his hand, one of which he pointed toward the engineer. This caused some excitement among those who noticed him, and was sufficient cause to lead them to believe that an enemy was soon to be encountered. No other warlike demonstration was noticed, and when the train arrived at the Fairfield depot, two hours and thirty minutes after the dispatch was received by the Governor, he found, instead of an armed band formed in "battle array," the Selectmen and a few citizens of the place quietly awaiting their arrival.

The ground of opposition to the draft was reported to the Adjutant General's office to be dissatisfaction with the unfair character of the enrollment and method of drafting.

Just before Gen. Stevens' death his son and aid, Hazard, on receiving a wound exclaimed, "Father, I am wounded!" Gen. Stevens replied, "Well, son, I have no time to take care of you now," and turning to a soldier said, "Corporal, see to my boy." At the moment of attacking Gen. Stevens sent back for support. His aid applied to several Generals, who answered that they had other duties, but when he came to Kearney, that lamented General said, "I won't refuse to stand by Stevens." Lieut. Belcher was the officer who went for assistance.

### CAMP LANDER, WRENTHAM, SEPT. 11th, 1862.

DEAR JOURNAL:—After days and weeks of anxious waiting and longing, we, the Woburn Mechanic Phalanx, are in camp and enjoying the delights incident to it. Delights I say, because the man with the least particle of the soldier in his disposition can ever find in the social and jaunty life of the camp, with congenial companions and humane and competent officers, delights which to the uninitiated are without conception. Such companions and officers it is our happy lot to have, and each man, rank and file, from Captain to cook, I believe is determined to do his whole duty and to do credit to Old Woburn and honor to those whom he leaves in his peaceful home.

We arrived in camp Wednesday, at 4 1/2 o'clock P. M., and soon our building was assigned to us when, instantly taking possession, each man selected his "bunk" and prepared to make himself comfortable. The bunks are so arranged that each will hold two, above and below, and are commodious and comfortable in the fullest sense of the word. Those who wish have straw to spread on the boards, others take the plain boards which are by far more comfortable. Blankets were served to each man, and all seemed happy and contented with and in them. There are nine companies on the field (so reported) and the camp is in command of Capt. Stone, of the Charlestown City Guards; in his order No. 1, of to-day, the following routine of duty is specified.

Reveille, at 6 A. M. Breakfast, 7. Guard Mounting at 9. Company drill from 10 to 12 M. Dinner at 1 P. M. Company drill from 3 to 5. Retreat at 6. Supper 7. Tattoo at 9. Taps 9 1/2.

Our ration which are served are excellent, and everything, as day after day shall dawn, will be more and more perfected and those to whom active military duty is a novelty will soon cease to be the novices which they seem now.

It is a busy day to-day as numerous rolls are to be made and arrangements perfected, so this must suffice, but soon when uniformed, equipped and drilled we shall be glad to grasp our friends by the hand and extend to them the hospitalities, which are neither few nor small, of Camp Lander and make them truly glad by a soldier's welcome.

Adieu. Very truly yours, O. W. R.

ORPHEUS C. KERR'S LAST.—From the last letter of Orpheus C. Kerr, we extract the following passage:—

It is the "Union as it was" that we want, my boy, and those who have other articles to sell are hereby accused of being accused abolitionists. I was talking the other day to a venerable Congressman from Maryland, who had just arrived to protest against the disturbance of mail facilities between Baltimore and the capital of the Southern Confederacy, and says he "I have several friends who are Confederates, and they inform me they are perfectly willing to return to the Union as it was, in case they should fail in their present enterprise."

"If I thought," says the Congressman, hastily placing a lottery ticket in his vest pocket, "if I thought that this war was to be waged for the purpose of injuring the Southern Confederacy, rather than to restore the Union as it was, I should at once demand more mileage of the Government, and repeatedly inquire what had become of all the 'Wideawakes.'"

As he uttered the last horrible threat, my boy, I was impressed with the sense of something darkly Democratic. Too many of the wide-awakes of the last campaign are indeed fast asleep now, when their country needs them. I saw one of them slumbering near Culpepper Court House last week. He was sleeping with his right arm twisted in the spokes of a disabled cannon wheel, and a small purple mark was on his right temple. But he was not alone in his forgetful slumber, my boy, for near him, and rightly grasping his disengaged hand, was a democrat slumbering too!

The sight, I remember, rendered me so honestly indignant that I could not help pointing it out to the chaplain. The chaplain looked a moment at the Passion Ticket before us.

"They sleep for the Flag," says he softly, "and may its stars shed pleasant dreams upon their loyal souls forever."

Orpheus has written many witty passages, but neither he nor any one else in this war has written a prettier thing than the closing passage of the above extract.

### A DISHONORABLE SPECTACLE.

The Alexandria (Va.) correspondent of the New York Tribune speaks thus truthfully of the leading Generals of the Federal army:—

One of the most discouraging as well as disgusting features of the present condition of things is the bitter jealousies existing between many of the leading Generals. It is next to impossible to hear one General speak well of another. The old ideal of a soldier—that he was chivalrous, honorable and high minded, and would rather lose his own life than weaken or destroy the well earned reputation of another—seems to have passed from the minds of the present generation. A General now-a-days seems to be one who strives to win victories by restoring the reputation of his fellow officers, and to be constantly making efforts to demonstrate that if this or that man had acted differently, he himself would have long since crushed the rebellion. We have made too many Generals out of very common men. The cant that they are politicians amounts to nothing. I believe the best Generals we now have in our army were the most successful politicians in times of peace. West Point, certainly, has not effected much thus far, unless it is to spawn traitors. Washington and Hamilton were soldiers, politicians, and statesmen. They were successful. I believe it is not in the order of Providence that West Point shall have the glory of saving the nation. She has had her hand in destroying it. Saving it devolves upon a nobler and a better class of men.

HOGS IN THE APPLE ORCHARD.—Nobody sends such apples to market as my neighbor John Jacobs. He always has apples to sell, and gets the highest price. Folks prefer fair, large apples, and such apples are always packed in Jacob's barrels. You might search them with a candle and not find a knotty fruit or a worm hole. Such Rhode Island Greenings and Roxbury Russets I have never met with in the old State. They are as handsome as anything in the Virgin soils of the West.

I was going by Jacob's orchard last summer, and I had the curiosity to call and examine for myself. Says I, "neighbor, what is there in your soil that makes such smooth large apples? They are a third bigger than I can get, and my trees look as well as yours."

"The secret is not in the soil," John replied, with a twinkle in his eye. "Do you see those grunners there? My pork brings me fifty cents a pound—eight in flesh and the balance in fruit. I began to pasture my orchard ten years ago with hogs, and since that time I have had no trouble with wormy fruit. Apples, as a general thing, don't fall from the trees unless something is the matter with them. The apple worm and curculio lay their eggs in the fruit, and the apples drop early. The pigs devour the apples, and by September every unsound apple is gone, and I have nothing but fair fruit left. The crop of insects for the next year is destroyed by the pigs. They root around the trees, keep the soil loose, manure the land some, and work over what manure I spread. The apples help the pigs, and the pigs help the apples."

I saw John's secret at once, and have profited by it. I never had so few insects as this spring, and I give the pigs credit for it.

In turning the pasture into an orchard, pig in pigs—no landpicks with snouts like levers, in that case. But well bred animals with judicious snouts, will root in a subdued and Christian like manner.—American Agriculturist.

A RAIN GLASS.—The following may be depended upon as a rain glass: I have used it for months. Get a common pickle bottle, such as is sold at every Italian warehouse; fill it with any kind of water, to within two or three inches of the top; plunge the neck of any empty Florence oil flask into the pickle bottle. Before rain the water will rise two or three inches in the neck of the inverted flask—often in three or four hours. If the weather is settled for fair, the water will remain not more than half an inch high, for days, in the neck of the flask. It never fails to foretell rain; and to-day July 12, rose as high as the rim of the pickle bottle, in the neck of the flask. It may stand in or out of doors, in the sun or shade, and the water never needs changing so long as it can be seen through. Mine is now green through long standing. The oil flasks must be cleaned before the neck is plunged in water. Soda and warm water will clear it of oil. —Cor. Athenaeum.

SUPERSTITIONS OF GREAT MEN.—Most great men have been superstitious. The courier bringing a letter from England, in which the death of his old physician, Polidori, was announced, Lord Byron remarked,—"I was convinced something unpleasant hung over me, last night. I expected that somebody I knew was dead; so it turns out." who can help being superstitious? Scott believed in second-sight; Rousseau tried whether he was to be damned or not, by aiming at a tree with a stone; Goethe trusted to the chance of a knife striking the water, whether he was to succeed in some undertaking. Swift placed the success of his life on the drawing of a trout he had hooked for out of the water.

PLUCKY NEGRO.—A colored man named Gayton, of Geneva, in Van Buren county, Michigan, has traveled to Rhode Island to enlist in Gov. Sprague's regiment of colored men. He is truly an example of patriotism.

### WINCHESTER.

WAR SERMONS.—On Friday evening of last week, Rev. E. B. Eddy, the former pastor of the Baptist Society, now of Portsmouth, N. H., delivered a very patriotic discourse in Lyceum Hall, from the text—"Let the dead bury the dead!" He announced his intention to join the army in the capacity of Chaplain to one of the New Hampshire Regiments now being recruited, to be off to the seat of war in a few weeks. He earnestly enforced the duty of all capable of bearing arms to enlist in the country's cause.

On Sunday morning last, the pastor of the Congregational Church, Rev. Mr. Robinson, preached a discourse from the text—"Honor the King!" 1st Peter, 2:17. Loyalty to Government is a Christian duty. He considered the origin and object of Government and contended that the true theory of Civil Government was not that it derived power from the consent of the governed as stated in the Declaration of Independence, but from a higher source. The practical points brought out in the sermon were,—First, the duty of all to assist in bearing the burdens of the State, among other things, the duty of every citizen to pay his proportionate part of the enormous debt incurred by this war, cheerfully and willingly, was dwelt upon. Second, we were not to give our substance only, but ourselves, a living sacrifice if need be on the altar of our country. Third, there was work for women and children in this contest. They however needed no word to incite them, for all over the loyal States their hands were busily employed in the task assigned them.

In some general remarks the preacher referred to the inefficiency of many of the subordinate officers in our army—the want of men in Congress and in our high places equal to the exigencies of the hour. He counseled them not to be discouraged in view of the present position of affairs, but to believe that God reigneth and he will assuredly defend the right and accord to us the victory in his own good time if we put our trust in him.

ENGINE MATTERS.—At a meeting of Excelsior Engine Company, Horace Hatch was

chosen 2d Foreman vice Ira G. Hatch resigned, and Albert Ayer, clerk, vice Joseph McConville resigned. Both the resigned officers have enlisted in the nine months volunteers, but will retain their connection with this company.

HOSPITAL STORES.—Three boxes of Lint and Bandages, were sent to the Tremont Temple, Boston, last Saturday by Dr. Ingalls. They were prepared from the contributions of our town's people by the doctor and his family, at his house, and of course were done up in the right shape. The Soldiers Aid Society also sent a box to the same place in Boston, containing various articles of hospital stores.

Agreeable to notice given the several schools, the children assembled in large numbers at the vestry of the Congregational Church last Saturday afternoon and spent some two hours in preparing lint.

WAR ITEMS.—A. P. Bacon is not a Corporal, and is not wounded, but is acting as Clerk to one of the officers of the regiment. He is Corporal Henry Bacon a cousin of the former that is wounded. Recent letters convey the information that private James Abrahams, of the 21st, was taken prisoner in one of the recent battles near Manassas and has since been paroled. Privates Sharon and Bedell, of the 2d Regiment, during the recent movements in Virginia, on a long march accidentally got astray from the main body and losing their way were some days in getting back, leading to the supposition that they had been taken prisoners. E. D. Chaloner has gone to the seat of war to act in the capacity of reporter for one of the Boston Dailies.

POLITICAL.—At a meeting of the Republicans on Tuesday evening last, Messrs. O. R. Clark, Wm. F. Young and J. A. Woodbury, were chosen delegates to the State Convention at Worcester. Messrs. E. A. Wadleigh, Salem Wilder, O. R. Clark, J. A. Coolidge and A. H. Field, were chosen the Town Committee.

SAD EVENT.—Mr. Holt's son, who was injured by falling from a load of hay, died on Friday noon of last week. His skull was fractured by the fall and although at first, hopes were entertained of his recovery, yet for

two days before his death, his case was considered hopeless. He was watched over day and night by his devoted parents but all their love and care, nor the skill of the physician, could avert the sad result. He passed on to the better land a week after receiving the fatal blow.

It is enough to say of him, that he was a good boy. Possessing somewhat of a delicate constitution he was ill fitted to bear the storms and tempests of the lower world.—God in his wisdom has taken him to himself, to the home of the pure in heart.

A short time since his mother had a dream in which she was walking by the banks of a river with this boy at her side. Suddenly she missed him and could see nothing of the loved one. At last some one told her that he had passed over the river and turning her eyes thitherward she saw her dear boy with outstretched arms beckoning to her from the other side of the stream. Little did she think that this dream was so soon to be verified,—that so soon and suddenly this boy was to pass over the river of death, and she be called upon to say, "Over the river they beckon to me." The night before he died he recited one of his familiar hymns and was able to recognize his parents almost till the time of his departure. His earthly remains were consigned to their last resting place on Saturday afternoon last.

Great as is the loss which these parents have sustained in the departure of one so near and dear to their hearts, may they be able to say in the spirit of a Christian faith,

"Oh no, we would not call him back. This treasure God has given, But with a calm and perfect trust Will lay it up in heaven."

And the link that this is severed, In the holy chain of love, We'll strengthen with still purer bonds, When we meet again above."

### SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

MILITARY.—The Richardson Light Guard are about to leave town for the Camp at Wrentham. Wherever their lot may be cast in the future, they will bear in remembrance the very pleasant incidents and scenes of the past. They will carry with them the associations which their friends have endeavored to make pleasant and agreeable in the many acts of kindness so cheerfully shown them. At their meeting in the Hall last Monday evening, some of them doubtless were surprised to see present a large number of ladies, as well as male citizens of the town. Geo. O. Carpenter Esq., addressed the company in a very appropriate and truly eloquent speech, reverting to the history of the company,—their hasty departure for the defense of the government in April 1861, on the first sound of the tocsin of alarm from Washington—of their service—their return—and of their readiness again to take the field, and battle for their country. He also alluded to the enlistment and departure of Capt. Wiley with his hundred men in the summer of 1861—and complimented the town for the encouragement they had given to the Military spirit, and their liberality in furnishing men and means to assist the government in putting down this unholy rebellion. He congratulated the company on the character of its officers, speaking of each separately, and concluded by saying that many ladies and gentlemen had assembled on the occasion to exchange congratulations with those officers and their men previous to their departure for camp and the battle-field, and asked of Capt. Degen, the commander, the privilege of introducing the ceremonies of the evening, by calling on Samuel F. Littlefield Esq., the first Lieut. of the company, to come forward and receive the greetings of the audience. By this time probably Mr. Littlefield found that they had some design upon him, and he appeared exceedingly disturbed for the result. But there he was, with no good opportunity to retreat, and so he advanced, like a good soldier, and submitted to his fate. It must

be said that he stood with downcast eyes, for doubtless it would require less courage for him to look into the cannon's mouth, than to meet so many flashing, piercing eyes, as were now turned to the centre of the Hall, where stood our worthy Lieut. In a moment more Mr. Carpenter led Miss Ida L. Coffin to the table, who, in behalf of the Ladies presented Mr. Littlefield with a beautiful sword sash and belt. Her words were distinctly and elegantly uttered, and were as follows:—

LIEUT. LITTLEFIELD:—I have been deputized by the ladies of So. Reading, many of whom are present this evening, to express to you their sincere thanks for your noble example in coming forward at a time like the present, and offering your valuable services to this company. And we feel it our duty, as it is our great pleasure, to assemble here and personally express what we feel, although this has been a purely voluntary act on your part, yet you have made, and are about to make great personal sacrifices.

You have lived among us many years, and your countenance, willing hands, and good disposition, which we as your friends, have often had occasion to notice, prove to be the index and covering of a noble, patriotic and courageous heart. When you leave us you take with you many of those who are over all,—all for whom we live, our dearest ties, and we feel you cannot doubt our confidence when we place such charges in your care.

And with these, allow me in behalf of your lady friends, to place in your hand this sword and equipments as a token of their regard for you as a citizen, and their confidence in you as a soldier and a patriot. May its glittering blade never be drawn but for the right, may no crimson ever tarnish it but in defense of your country, and if ever amid the din of battle your thoughts should for a moment revert to your home, or to this meeting, may the recollection that So. Reading mothers and daughters are saying, "God speed you and the right" and bring you and your brave soldiers safely back to your friends, nerve your arm to strike home to the traitorous foe, against whom you may be opposed.

"Strike! till the last armed foe expires, Strike! for your altars and your fires, Strike! for the green graves of your sires, God, and your native land!"

Mr. Littlefield replied in tears, and in a few words, for his heart was too full for much utterance. Hon. P. H. Sweetser was introduced and spoke in his behalf.

Next called upon, was 2d Lieut. James D. Draper, to whom was introduced Mrs. Fannie Aborn, who, in behalf of the ladies also, very gracefully presented him with a revolver. Her voice did not fill the Hall, and the reporter regrets in not being able to hear the address or to obtain a copy for publication. The ability of Mrs. Aborn to perform such a part, fully justifies the belief that it was appropriate and interesting. Mr. Draper replied briefly, when Hon. Lilley Eaton, being called upon, responded more fully. Other remarks and singing occupied the remainder of the meeting. A very agreeable occasion.

TOWN MEETINGS.—The new Town Meeting and the adjourned one, were held on Monday evening, over the first of which, Hon. Lilley Eaton presided, and over the second, Riv. Wm. Heath. The proposition to allow a bounty of











# Middlesex Journal.

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR  
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS.

## Poetry.

### The Negro on the Fence.

Harken to what I now relate,  
And on its moral meditate.

A wagoner, with grist for mill,  
Was stalled at bottom of a hill.  
A branny negro passed that way,  
So stout he might a lion slay.  
"I'll put my shoulder to the wheels  
If you'll bestir your horse's heels!"  
So said the African, and heeds  
As if to render timely aid.  
"No," cried the wagoner, "Stand back!  
I'll take no help from one that's black!"  
And, to the negro's great surprise,  
Flourished his whip before his eyes.  
Our "darky" quick "skedaddled" thence,  
And sat upon the wayside fence.  
Then went the wagoner to work,  
And lashed his horses to a jerk;  
But all his efforts were in vain,  
With shout and oath, and whip and rein,  
The wheels bugged not a single inch,  
And tighter grew the wagoner's pinch.  
Directly by there came a child,  
With toiling step and vision wild.  
"Father," said she, with hunger dread,  
"We famish for the want of bread."  
Then spake the negro, "If you will,  
I'll help your horses to the mill.  
The wagoner, in grievous plight,  
Now swore and raved with all his might,  
Because the negro wasn't white;  
And plainly ordered him to go  
To a certain place that's down below.  
Then rushing came the wagoner's wife,  
To save her own and infant's life.  
By robbers was their homestead sacked,  
And smoke and blood their pillage tracked.  
Here stops our tale. When last observed,  
The wagoner was still "conserved,  
In mud at bottom of the hill,  
But bent on getting to the mill.  
While hard by, not a rod from thence,  
The negro sat upon the fence.

## Select Literature.

### A NIGHT ADVENTURE.

Many years ago I was living in Paris, my lodgings being in the Rue Richelieu. One day I went to dine with an old friend, who was about leaving the great city, and before I could tear myself away from the jolly company it was one o'clock in the morning. At any other time I should not have cared a straw about this, but have walked on quietly to my lodging; but now I knew that would be of no use. Ganache, the porter of the house in which I lodged, to save himself a little trouble, had detained my letters of a morning till I came down, instead of sending them by the *garcon* to my room on the fourth floor, and I had quarrelled with him in consequence, and given notice to quit at the end of my month. Since my quarrel he had used me savagely, and I knew he was no more likely to let me in after one o'clock than he was to pay my tailor's bill. This reflection brought me to a standstill. What should I do? Where should I go? To increase my chagrin it began to rain in a rather sharp shower. Instinctively I faced about, ran across the Place, and got under shelter of the piazzas in the Rue de Castiglione, just in time to save myself from a drenching torrent which burst on the street like a water-spout. I was walking up and down in the dark, taking council of myself, until the storm should cease, when I stumbled and tripped over somebody lying crouched up at the foot of a pillar.

"Is that you, Janin?" said a rather whining voice, which seemed to proceed from some one in the act of waking from sleep.  
"No," said I, "it isn't Janin. Who are you? Why are you lying here at this time of night?"  
"Un pauvre aecble," said he; "I am waiting for my comrade, who has gone to the spectacle. You see, M'sieu, Janin is fond of the spectacle, and while he is getting his fill of it, I take my pastime upon the cold stones."

I thought it but a grim sort of a joke, and told him I should think more of Janin if he was more considerate for his friend.

The poor blind wretch did not agree with me, and, to my surprise, began vindicting the character of Janin.

"You see, M'sieu," he said, "if I am blind Janin has good eyesight, and why should he not enjoy it? He may as well be blind as I, if he is to see nothing. One should not be selfish, although one is unfortunate."

While he was speaking, and I was innocently admiring his simple magnanimity, Janin came up at quick pace, and chanting a lively ditty.

"What, my old philosopher! so you have company," he said; "I am afraid I must disturb your conference."

"Make no apology for that I pray," said I, "but if you can direct me to a lodging I shall feel obliged."

"You are English," said Janin. "There is an English house in the Rue de l'Odéon, which is always open till two; if you make for the Point Neuf at once, and step out, you will be there in good time."

"Good-night, then, my lads," and away I trudged at a round pace for Point Neuf—crossed it in a pelting shower, and made the best of my way to the Rue l'Odéon.

I accounted myself fortunate in reaching the house a few minutes before the hour for closing the door, but found that I had not so much cause for congratulation as I had imagined, as the only accommodation the landlady could offer me was a small truckle-bed in a two bedded room, already bespoken for the night by a previous comer.

Being wet through by the rain, and feeling that I should not mend matters by looking further, I was fain to make a virtue of necessity, and accept the truckle-bed. Moreover, wishing to get out of my damp clothes as quickly as possible, I asked for a candle, and was forthwith shown up to the dormitory, which I found was up four flights of stairs. I lost no time in getting between the sheets, but had no intention of going to sleep until I knew at least what sort of a subject was to be the companion of my slumbers. So I took a book from my pocket, and placing a candle on the chair by the bedside, began to read, resolved to keep my lamp burning, and myself awake, until the sound of footsteps on the stairs should apprise me of the approach of the stranger. After the lapse of about half an hour the sounds I was listening for approached, and then clapping the extinguisher on the light, I lay back, half closed my eyes, and affected to sleep.

The figure that now entered the room was not at all a fascinating one, to my view, at least. He was a man of about five-and-thirty, jauntily garbed in one of the pea-green, high-colored suits current among the fast men who affected Luxembourg quarter of the Paris of that day, but which, surmount, like the rest of his garments, seemed to have run all too suddenly to seed. There was something boozey and vicious in the expression of his face, which, spite of a fierce-looking moustache, gave one the idea of meanness and servility, coupled with a reckless kind of a bravado, which smacked rather of swagger than of daring, and in every feature there was the impress of debauchery and intemperance. He uttered a brief, commonplace greeting as he entered the room, but finding I took no notice of it, probably concluded that I was asleep, and so said no more.

In less than five minutes he had bundled himself into bed, and had put out the light, and after a few minutes more began to give audible tokens of the soundness of his slumbers. Though I had formed the worst opinion of my companion, I did not feel the slightest alarm. He evidently had no hostile purpose; he had no weapon of any kind, not even a stick, and I felt that in a personal encounter I could easily master him. Still, there was something in his wandering eye, which had never rested a moment on a single spot, that I did not like, and I felt a little annoyed with myself that I had not placed my garments nearer my hand, instead of spreading them on chairs in the middle of the room, in order to get them dry. These thoughts, however, were but momentary, and in a brief space I had forgotten everything in a quiet slumber.

I suppose I may have slept about two hours, and the dawn was just breaking, when I was awake by a slight noise like something falling on the tiled floor of the apartment. Luckily I did not start, or make the least movement, but, half opening my eyes, in the consciousness of the situation, I saw that my companion was in the act of getting out of bed. His movements were so slow and cautious, and noiselessly made, that they aroused my suspicion, and I watched narrowly through seemingly closed lids. With the stealthiness of a prowling cat he got upon his feet, and, with his eyes fixed upon me, advanced stealthily to the foot of my bed. His object plainly was to be sure that I slept; and I took care to betray no sign of wakefulness that might deceive him. After a status-like watch of a few moments, he seemed to have assured himself of my slumbers, and, turning softly round, thrust his hand into one of the pockets of my pantaloons, and withdrawing the contents, retreated to his bed, carrying the plunder with him. Here he lay motionless for several minutes, watching me attentively the while. At length he raised himself, and drawing a bag from beneath his pillow, deposited within it the booty he seized, replaced it, and lay down, as if to compose himself to sleep.

My blood was boiling in my veins at the fellow's impudent robbery, and I felt half inclined to rise and pummel him as he lay, and recover my property. There was no occasion, however, for any hurry; and reflecting that second thoughts are sometimes best, I lay still, endeavoring to form some plan for doing myself justice, if it might be, without a scene of violence, which might be attended with unpleasant consequences, but fully determined to do battle for my own, if no other alternative presented itself. The contents of the pocket which the fellow had rifled amounted to about three pounds English, all in five-franc pieces, which I had received from my friend of the night before, in final discharge of an accommodation account between us, but it was more than I could afford to lose; and, indeed, the idea of resigning it without a struggle was the last I should have thought of entertaining.

While puzzling my brains for some practical expedient, which, however, did not present itself, I could not help admiring the calm placidity of the countenance of the villain who had robbed me, who from his satisfied expression, seemed to be enjoying the consciousness of some good action; but in this I was much deceived. The rascal was no more asleep than I was. If my anxiety and indignation were perplexing me, his apprehensions were at the same moment troubling him; and just as I was abandoning all hope of conceiving a plan for the recovery of my money without fighting for it, a movement on his part put me in possession of one which had at least the promise of success.

I saw him open his eyes suddenly, and fix them full on me; then rising, he withdrew the canvas bag once more from beneath his pillow, and stepped out of bed with it in his hand. There stood upon the window-sill a withered geranium in a glazed earthen-ware pot; the plant was a mere stick, which had dried up and died, for want of water. To my amazement, the thief lifted the plant out of the pot by the stem, raising the earth in which it had grown, and which was all matted together by the roots, along with it; he then deposited the bag in the bottom of the pot, and replacing the plant, got quietly into bed once more.

I saw at once that this move placed the result of the game very much in my own power, and I soon made up my mind how to act. I do not suppose that either of us went to sleep again; and I have often thought since, what curious study we might have presented to any one concealed spectator who should have been in the secret of our relative predicaments during the following two hours or so. I knew, of course, that my light-fingered friend would not think of rising till I was up and gone; having placed his booty where I might easily deem it beyond the possibility of discovery, he was doubtless prepared to outface any suspicion or accusation that might be made against him, and therefore he would lie there until he had the field to himself. Accordingly about seven o'clock I got up, deliberately washed and dressed, and having finished my toilet, was almost ready to start, being well aware that the fellow, who was feigning sleep, had his eyes upon me, and was watching for the moment when I should discover my loss. Of course I did not discover it; but when I had drawn on my boots, and was ready to go, I became suddenly aware that the atmosphere of the room was insufferably close, and began to puff and blow, and ejaculate interjections of complaint of the want of air; at the next moment I ran to the window, threw it wide open with one hand, and, leaning forward as if to catch the morning breeze, awkwardly swept off the flower-pot, drove into the little court seventy feet below.

In an instant the seeming sleeper was standing in his shirt on the middle of the floor, and demanding, with an angry oath, what I had done.  
"Nothing," said I, "beyond breaking a flower-pot—the plant was withered, and good for nothing. Excuse my awkwardness; I will indemnify the landlady. Good-morning!"  
My nonchalance deceived the scoundrel, and he stood aside to let me pass, looking rather black, however, as I walked out. There seemed to be no one astir in the house save the *garcon*, who was roasting coffee at the open front-door, and I was only made aware of him by the agreeable fumes which assailed my nostrils, as I sped like a greyhound down stairs. In half a minute I was in the little back court, where lay the smashed remains of the pot, and the withered flower. Feeling morally certain that the shocking head, and scowling visage, of the thief were protruding from the window above, I drew the canvas bag from the crumbled dry mould, and held it up to his gaze. There he was, sure enough, growling and grinding his teeth with mortification.

"Why don't you cry, stop thief!" I bawled out to him. "Did you think to catch the Englishman asleep? *Au revoir, Coquin!*"  
I waited for no reply, but, making for the street, jumped into the first *fiacre* that came in view, and in half an hour had alighted at my own lodging. As I was mounting to my own apartment, *aquaticienne*, I met on the stairs my friend and chum, Ollendorf, who was sallying forth to meet his morning pupils.  
"Hallo!" said he, "you have been out all night."  
"Yes," said I, "and I have had an adventure."  
"Good! let me hear all about it."  
I told him how I had passed the night, and all that had happened.  
"Capital," he cried; "and have you examined the thief's bag?"  
"No, I have not done that yet; but of course it contains nothing but what is my own."  
"Do not be too sure of that; come, we will examine it together."  
He followed me into the room, and I lugged forth the bag, feeling confident that the fertile imagination of my philological friend had misled him, as it was apt to do. To my astonishment there were in the bag, in addition to the money rifled from my pocket, a gold Napoleon, a five-franc piece, and a pair of enormously large circular earrings of alloyed gold, such as one often sees in the cars of the provincial immigrants, who crowd the wharves, markets, and warehouses of Paris.

"There," said my friend, "you see that the rascal had more strings to his bow than you gave him credit for. If you had made an uproar, and a charge of theft, he could have retorted the charge upon you—would have shown his empty pockets, and might have as good a chance of eliminating you as you of eliminating him. However, you may forgive him, since he has paid you for defeating his purpose; and, really, I think he has treated you handsomely."

"Against his will; but, seriously, what ought I to do? Had I not better put the affair into the hands of the police?"  
"Do you know the rule in such cases here? If not, I must tell you that if you put the thief's money into the hands of the police,

you will also be compelled to hand over the whole contents of the bag; and how much of it you will get back, and when you will get any, you must be more clever than I am if you can guess."

I finally decided not to trouble the police with the business; but, as I could not have made use of the scoundrel's money, any more than I could have worn the huge ear-rings, I wrapped both up in a paper together, and placed them in my pocket-book until time and circumstances should present some fit and proper mode of disposing of them.

It was about a year after the above adventure, and when the details of it had almost faded from my memory, that I was invited by a friend from England to accompany him on a visit to one of the Parisian prisons—if I recollect right, it was the new Bictre, which after a good deal of solicitation and trouble, he had obtained permission to inspect. While we were wandering through the workshops in which the prisoners labor together in silence for so many hours a day, as my friend was committing his notes to paper, I amused myself by scanning the demoralized physiognomies around me, little suspecting that I was destined to find an acquaintance among them. Close to my elbow there stood a man at a bench, bending over his work, which was that of carving sabots from unsightly blocks of willow wood.

I was admiring the rapidity and boldness of his execution, when he suddenly lifted his head and exposed to view the face—which I had formerly studied with such deliberation—of the thief of the Rue de l'Odéon. I knew him at once, and saw that the recognition was mutual, for he lowered his head again instantly, and plainly sought to elude my gaze. I could not, of course, speak to him then, without contravening the rules of the prison; but on imparting my wish to do so to the guide who had us in charge, he promised to give me the opportunity I sought when we had finished our survey. He was as good as his word, and before leaving the prison I was conducted to the delinquent in his own cell, whither he had been remanded that I might see him. The poor wretch who, it was clear, imagined that I was going to lodge a fresh charge against him, seemed struck with a mortal palsy as I entered.

"Do not be alarmed," said I; "I have no complaint against you; but I have been wishing to meet you, and to make a restoration of property which may, perhaps, be of use to you."

I unfolded my pocket-book and took out the little packet containing the Napoleon, the five franc pieces and the ear-rings.  
"These, I think, belong to you—is it not so?"

He bowed assent, but did not speak.  
"Take them," I said; and take better care of them than you did when you had them last."

He glanced at the attendant, as if to intimate that the man's presence prevented his saying more, and merely replied with impressive earnestness:

"M'sieu, you are a man of honor."  
I wished I could return the compliment.

### An Object of Interest.

[We find the following among the selections of one of our exchanges. It is worth giving credit for, if we knew to whom credit was due.]

"Oh, Alice," said a silly girl to me, one day clasping both her hands in a sort of the art folk's fashion, "if I could only be an object of interest! I'm sure there is foundation enough. Wasn't I born in the arms-house, where half the heroines of novels are born; and when I was fourteen, didn't Mrs. Green take me and keep me till she died? Oh, Alice, such a beautiful life as I led there!"

She used to rise about noon, like lady Arabella Seraphina, in the "Widowed Heart"; and as soon as she was dressed she sent for me to read to her, and we read the most entrancing novels until bedtime. Sometimes when we had one that was very interesting, we sat up till two or three o'clock. She told me she was sure I had a history. Oh, if I could only find out what it is! I don't get much time to read here."

"So much the better," said I, "your head has enough trash in it now, I imagine."

"Oh, Alice, if you only had a soul above your station!"

I was mad. To have this little brat of an arms-house chit telling me that my station was low! I who only took the place of child's nurse because my chest was too weak for me to keep at dress-making. So I answered her rather sharply: "If you fill your station properly, you won't have time to be making remarks about other people's."

She didn't notice my dignity, but went on sorting the children's clothes for the wash, and talking away: "My station! Oh, Alice, I am convinced that I was not born to be a nursery maid; I feel a moving spirit within me that says: 'Jennie, you will be a great lady.' But I don't care for that; if I can only be interesting! Oh, Alice, if I was only the maid in 'The Maid and the Magpie'! Think of being incarcerated in a dungeon on a false charge, and finally having your innocence proved, and everybody looking at you, shaking hands with you, and offering their congratulations. Oh, Alice!"

And down went the baby's apron for the hand clapping performance.

"If you think a dungeon so lovely, you had better steal some poisons," I said.

"Steal! But then I would only be a common thief. Besides, Alice, what would become of the conscious innocence that supported the maid? I don't mind being poor a bit; heroines always have to be poor some time in their lives; but I have liked to play the piano, or do something like that. You see in the nursery I have no chance; if I was a governess now, with deep mourning dresses fitting my exquisite figure to perfection; or an authoress who goes to the publisher, and lifting a veil, discloses features of bewildering loveliness; or a teacher whose graceful figure flits lightly down the street to her day's toil—there might be a chance; but who ever comes after a heroine in the nursery? I do my best when I take Miss Nettie out for a walk, but nobody seems to notice my fair curls or fair complexion; it's bandoline and chalk thrown away."

"You are throwing the muslins into the pile of colored clothes."

"I'm sure I've mental abstraction enough for a library of heroines," said Jennie, gathering up the pile of clothes, and marching off to the kitchen. And this was only one specimen of that girl's ruling passion. She was pretty; had a little, graceful figure, with big blue eyes and lots of light hair, with a pale complexion which would have been pretty if she hadn't sent all the color out of it, by eating slate pencils and chalk, and drinking vinegar. Mrs. Green, a silly old woman, who had taken her for a maid, had filled the child's head with novels till she had pretty well driven out all the sense there had ever been in it. She was nearly eighteen when the old lady died and my mistress, Mrs. Green's niece, Mrs. Wood, took Jennie for a nursery maid. Such a life as she led me?—First of all, she insisted upon wearing all her mass of tow-colored hair in long curls flying all around her, because Mrs. Green had said it reminded her of Sophonisba Araminta Monticello, in the "Love Lorn Shepherd."

After the baby had hauled out some fistfuls of it, and she had caught it in each lock and handle in the nursery closets and drawers, caught it on fire once in the gas-light, hung suspended by it when jumping down from a chair, after getting a-bale from the top of the wardrobe and catching her hair there in its place, having me shut it once in a closet door, while she was sitting down, and leave the room for two hours while she had to sit still or drag all her curls out by the roots, upsetting a bucket of water all over her by catching a curl in it as it stood on the table, and encountering various other mishaps of a like kind, she finally consented to turn it up with a comb, and wear it smooth like a Christian. Then the mania she had for novels; our young ladies couldn't lay one down for five minutes but she had taken it and dropped down, no matter where, to read. Once I found her curled all up on the sofa, the baby's clean clothes dumped down on the floor, and Miss Jennie crying her eyes out over the "Crazy Maid of Belfast."

Next day she varied the performance by sitting down upon a frying-pan turned upside down, in the kitchen, to devour, she said, "The Count of Monte Cristo." Then she found "The Mysteries of Udolpho," and used to screech if the candle went out, and nearly squeeze me to death, nights, with terror if a mouse squeaked. With her head in a novel and her mind after it, she would iron the fine things with flatirons nearly red hot, scorching them black, or scrape the flannels into creases with old ones. She would put Willie's trowsers on Nettie and Nettie's bonnet on Willie; and then, if I remonstrated, say: "Oh, dear, I was wishing Miss Fannie would finish the second volume of 'Great Expectations.' I'm dying to know who Miss Havisham is. Oh, Alice, think how deliciously romantic to wear your wedding garments for twenty years?"

"It may be very romantic, but it is particularly nasty," I said; and the only answer I got was the information that I had no soul.

One day, hearing a dreadful cry in the nursery while I was busy down stairs, I went up. There sat Miss Jennie, with all her hair pulled down, and her night gown on over her petticoats, squatted all down in the corner of the fireplace, glaring like a maniac. Willie, half dressed, was cutting his coat to pieces with his scissors; and Nettie, all ready for a walk, was screaming with terror at Jennie's antics.

"Are you crazy, girl?" I said angrily.  
"Oh, Alice! do I look crazy? I thought I would just try how it would seem to do the scene in the 'Bride of Lammermoor,' when Lucy goes frantic. Mrs. Green often used to dress me like the heroines, and let me do scenes, but here, my soul starves for its wanted food."

I was to angry too laugh, and for the first time I boxed her ears.

"A blow! Tyrant, beware!" she cried, striking an attitude.

She was evidently so tickled at the idea of being ill-treated, that I would not give her the satisfaction of being a martyr, and sent her to change her dress and get ready to take the children out. Doing scenes was one of her favorite amusements. She nearly strangled Willie in one of her tantrums, by taking him by the throat, saying she was defying Rinaldo in the Pirate's Victim, and poor little Nettie she took for a footstool, and threw herself despairingly right on the top of her, as Leonie in the Maid of the Haunted Barn-yard. At first I let her give the children their meals, but after she sugared their eggs, put molasses in their soup, made them

sick by letting them eat a whole jar of jam at one luncheon, broke a whole waiter of crockery by starting at a slight noise, poured a whole pitcher of water on Willie's head instead of into his cup, pinned Nettie's napkin to the table-cloth instead of round her neck, spread a pound of butter on a small piece of cake, and wiped Willie's mouth with a hair brush, I took care of their meals myself. Then I gave her the care of the washing and ironing. That was no better. She starched the flannels till they were as stiff as boards, made the pocket handkerchiefs like a shift front by the same process, squeezed the indigo bag till all the white clothes were bright blue, and then took out that tinge by scorching them a lively brown.

It was no manner of use to complain. Mrs. Green had left her five hundred dollars, to be paid when she was married or came of age, and she made the care of Jennie until that time Mrs. Wood's charge by the conditions of her will, so Mrs. Wood turned her over to me, and a nice time I had of it.

At last she fell in love! All that had gone before was a mere trifle to what came now. She met the man whom she persisted in calling her fate, in the street, while she was walking with the children. Margaret, the cook, insisted upon it that it was the baker's boy, but Jennie scorned the suggestion. No, he was a gentleman born, now in reduced circumstances, whose heart went out to her when they met. Our conversations now were something after this pattern—

"Jennie, you are spilling that milk all over the floor!"

"Oh, Alice, such eyes!"

"Take care, Jennie, you'll drop the baby into the fire!"

"Oh, such a moustache, so black, so silky, and such teeth!"

"Jennie, you are brushing Willie's hair with the back of the brush!"

"I wish you could see me, Alice! Such hair and expression! Such an altogether!"

"Jennie, don't you hear how baby is screaming? You are running the pin right into the child!"

"Oh, Alice, he is just like Rupert of Castle Rock!"

"Jennie, you are choking Nettie to death, drawing her scarf so tight!"

"Oh, Alice, I am all impatience to get out. He promised to finish the forty-first canto of his poem and repeat it to me to-day. Oh, how he does quote!"

This was my last day of trial. The children came home alone, and crept into the nursery, very much terrified, having been followed by a policeman in the Navy Yard, where they had wandered after Jennie left them. Fortunately Willie had been taught to repeat his name and address, so they were brought directly home.

There was some company in the evening, old friends of Mrs. Woods, and the children were ordered down into the parlor after tea. As Jennie had not yet made her appearance, I went with them. We were all listening to Nettie sing one of her little songs, when bang! went the parlor door, and Jennie rushed in, the tow-colored hair all flying, her bonnet hanging by the strings, her shawl trailing behind her, and her dress generally looking as if somebody had thrown it at her. She rushed at Mrs. Wood, and fell down on her knees screaming—

"Pardon. Pity and forgive me!" and then she rumpled her hair all up, and glared at us all in turn.

Mrs. Wood did not know about the children, so she said in an astonished tone—

"What does all this mean?"

"Mean! Love! Hopeless love! I know my fault, let love be my excuse."

"What ails you? Are you demented, girl?"

"Would you have passion listen to the voice of prudence? We loved! Stearn fate would forbid our nuptials! We are one!"

"In the name of common sense what does all this mean?" said Mr. Wood, coming forward.

As he spoke, a tall, really handsome young man stepped from the entry into the room.

"It means, sir, that this lady is my wife. She has informed me that her fortune is in your hands, and fearing your opposition we were privately married to-day. As your ward—"

"My ward, sir! That girl is my nursery-maid!"

It was the young man's turn to glare, which he did; but when Mr. Wood informed him that Jennie could receive her five hundred dollars by calling at his office in the morning, he cooled down, and taking Jennie by the hand, said,

"Come, my love, we will go!"

"Farewell!" cried Jennie. Farewell my benefactress! Farewell, friend and counselor of my wayward youth! (this was to me). Farewell, ye cherubs, whose rosy slumbers I have watched; whose waking joys I have shared. Farewell, scenes and haunts of my youth! A long, long farewell!" And then, with another scream she fainted in her husband's arms, who carried her into the hall.

"I'm glad she's gone," said Willie: "She always washed my nose up."

I saw her a few moments later, smoothing her hair and arranging her dress, apparently very well satisfied with her play-actor speech.

Well, well, it was better than a month after, when one day the nursery-door opened, and Jennie came in. She was so pale, and seemed so quiet and subdued that I scarcely knew her.

"Alice," she said, humbly, "do you think Mrs. Wood would let me come back if I try to do better?"

"Why, Jennie, girl," I said, kindly, for her eyes were full of tears, "what's wrong?"  
"It is all wrong, Alice, and all my own folly to blame for it. The day I went from here, Edgar, my husband I mean, for I ain't sure that is his real name, persuaded me to go to England with him. He said he was a gentleman there, and would make me a lady. So I gave him my money, and we went to New York to wait for a steamer. All my things were sent on board and we were to sail last Wednesday. We were on the wharf and the people were all on board, but he kept saying there was no hurry, and talking and chatting till they pulled in the plank; then he cried—"

"Good-bye, Jennie; thank you for the cash," and jumped aboard.

"Leaving you?" I cried.

"Yes. I couldn't jump, you know. He's gone, and taken all my money, except one five dollar bill, and that just brought me home."

"Well, Jennie, you are an object of interest."

"Oh, Alice, don't, don't say those hateful words to me. If I had only minded my work and let novel reading alone I never would have fallen into such a scrape. I will try, indeed, I will, to do better if Mrs. Wood will take me back."

Search the world over now, and you will not find a tidier, handier little maid than Jennie, the object of interest.

"And she doesn't wash my nose up any more!" adds Willie.

### The Double Robbery.

Towards the close of the last century, Northumberland and the Scottish border were terribly infested by those—to the bucolic mind—particularly obnoxious specimens of the genus thief known as "rivers" or "lifters" of cattle.

Almost all the rascals who followed this not un lucrative profession trusted chiefly to mere brute force to carry out successfully their nefarious schemes. There was, however, one exception to this rule to be found in the person of a celebrated freebooter, known as "Dickey of Kingswood." This worthy openly expressed his disapprobation of his rivals' vulgar mode of following their profession, and repeatedly boasted that he could achieve twice as much by his cunning as they could by their brute force. Nor was this assertion of his mere empty boasting—far from it.

In a few years' time Dickey's name became the terror of the country side. No farmer felt secure when he retired to rest at night that his cattle might not have vanished ere morning. So cleverly, moreover, were all Dickey's enterprises conducted, that no man could ever succeed in making personal acquaintance with him. He openly set justice at defiance, and laughed at the futile efforts of the law to punish him. Perhaps, however, the best way to illustrate the adroitness and good luck which characterized all Dickey's proceedings will be for me to relate the story of one of his exploits.

It appears, then, that during the course of his peregrinations through Northumberland, one fine afternoon, Dickey's eyes were gladdened by the sight of a pair of fine oxen which were quietly grazing in a field near Denton Burn, a village distant three miles from Newcastle.

Determined to possess them, Dickey hung about the place till nightfall, watched where the animals were driven to, and his usual good fortune assisting him—speedily secured his prize. He also contrived, by the exercise of his accustomed cunning, to leave such traces behind him as made the owner of the oxen certain that the freebooter had made off towards the Tweed. Thither he accordingly proceeded in hot haste. In the interim, however, Dickey had lost no time in "making tracks" towards the west country, and so expeditious were his movements, that in a short time he reached Lancashire, in Cumberland. Here he fell in with an old farmer on horseback, who, being delighted with the appearance of the oxen, forthwith purchased them.

Dickey was of course rejoiced at getting rid so pleasantly of a charge which could not fail to be troublesome—nay, possibly dangerous—to him longer to retain. The farmer, moreover, was mounted upon a splendid mare, which Dickey, with his peculiar ideas on the subject of *meum and tuum*, at once resolved, by fair means or foul, to secure. He, therefore, willingly accepted the farmer's hospitable invitation to accompany him to his house in order that they might "crack" a bottle of wine in honor of their bargain. Presently Dickey inquired of the farmer if he would sell him his mare?

"Sell you my mare!" exclaimed his host, all agliss at this proposition.

"Sell my mare!" No, thank you! Why, there's not her equal in the whole north country!"

"I do not doubt it, Mr. Musgrave," responded Dickey; "and from what I saw of her paces this morning, I'm quite of your opinion that there's not her equal within a hundred miles of us; but," added the obsequious Dick, "since you will not sell her, I can only wish you long life and good health to enjoy her."

This sentiment was of course duly honored in a bumper.

Concluded on Last Page.



## The Middlesex Journal.

E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR.

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Stoughton.—J. H. HAYES.  
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S. M. PITTENGER & Co., Boston and New York; S. R. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer), Scollay's Building, Court street, Boston, are duly empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

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## The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, SEPT. 20, 1862.

The rebels received a check in Maryland, which to them was, apparently, unexpected, as they made no arrangements for the sudden retreat which they were compelled to make. Their loss in the battle of Sunday is without a parallel since the war broke out; and subsequent doings during the week have not added to their prowess in the least. True they captured a large number of men and immense stores at Harper's Ferry, but these losses have been more than offset by our gains. Our generals allowed them but little time for organizing their disorganized forces, and the consequence was their utter discomfiture. This is the only way to carry on operations against an enemy—strike him when and where he least expects it, and follow up the advantage with all haste. It is to this the enemy owe all their successes, and it is to be hoped that to this we owe our successes. We have a wily and active foe to contend with—one that knows every cow-path of the ground on which he has to act, and consequently it becomes us to be vigilant and untiring in our endeavors to strike him a blow that will cause him "to go to the wall" right speedily. This apparently is being done, as that he is being closely pressed, and that but little time is allowed him to attend to the recuperation of his losses. Still it will not do to expect too much just now; we must give our commanders time to get under way again, because everything around Washington and in the army has been turned upside down and it will take some little while to sort out and arrange the conglomerate mass, which is rendered harder to accomplish by being compelled at the same time to carry on active operations.

It is exceedingly gratifying to know that the rebels were received very coolly by the people of Maryland on the occasion of their recent raid into that State. It is refreshing to a degree, and cannot but draw the good people of Maryland, no matter what may have been their motive, closer than ever to the heart of the nation. The men and women too, whom General Lee's army came among "to assist with the power of its arms in regaining the rights of which they had been so unjustly despoiled," received the traitors calmly and dignifiedly, and made good use of the privilege granted them by the invaders of "deciding their destiny, freely and without constraint." Choosing the better part, they discomfited the invaders and caused them to retire wiser, if not better men. They told them in unmistakable terms that they did not desire to have their fair homes turned into barren wastes and put upon a level with the present condition of the once happy homesteads of Virginia. They told them in unmistakable terms, that they had rather live under the old flag, than cast their destinies upon an undecided experiment, with nothing but fraud and deceit for supports. And they told them, too, by apparent facts and actions, that the stories which had been spread broadcast throughout the South, about "the wrongs and outrages that have been inflicted upon the citizens of the Commonwealth," were mere falsehoods, concocted and given to the people of that deluded portion of our land for the purpose of effect, and to blind them still deeper in their mistaken belief. What could be more gratifying to Unionists everywhere than these recent doings of Maryland patriots? And what could have been more acceptable to the Union Army as it entered Frederick than the reception it met with at the hands of the people—men, women and children? Truly we all have reason to be grateful for this great rebuke to the Secession element.

We are now beginning the fourth campaign against Secession, and amid the gloom that rests upon our arms, we think we can see a ray of hope that does not grow dimmer but brighter and brighter. We know to day better than we ever did before, the power that the rebel leaders can bring against us. We know more of their weak points, and we know that if we cannot—but we can; there is no "cannot" about it—fight them out, we can in time starve them out. And we know that in three weeks we will be able to confront them with a hundred and fifty thousand more men than we could in June when our reverses began. We know that our situation has been as precarious as it will be at any future period, and that while

we are buckling on our armor to renew the fight with fresh vigor and increased strength, our enemies will be compelled to meet us, from force of circumstances, with depleted legions and without any prospect of bettering their condition. This ought to give every man, whose spirit is drooping, renewed confidence in the final triumph of our undertaking, and cause him to make every exertion possible to strengthen the hands of the government and to show to the world that a nation of freemen are not to be ruled and dominated over by a few thousand slave owners, whose only recognition of human rights is in the crack of their plantation whips.

HOME GUARD.—On Saturday evening last, a meeting was held in the Town Hall, for the purpose of taking action in respect to forming a Home Guard, or drill club. The meeting was presided over by Mr. W. H. Miller, and Mr. S. K. Richardson acted as Secretary. The meeting voted to form itself into a drill club, and to call another meeting for (this) Saturday evening, Sept. 20th, at 7 o'clock. The probability is that we shall have a good drill club, which will, at the same time, receive both instruction and amusement. In a time like the present, it becomes every man to acquaint himself, to a lesser or greater extent, with military tactics, so that, in case of emergency, he would be able to take up his gun and handle both it and himself with military handiness. It is not at all likely that the rebels will ever again invade the North, because their first attempt has proved a signal failure and a very great mistake, such a one as they will not very soon recover from; therefore it is not to be presumed that our Home Guard will be called upon to defend their homes or go to the succor of those of their brethren in a distant State. Still it is well and prudent to possess some little military knowledge, which, though it may do no good, will do no harm. During the coming long evenings our citizens will need some relaxation. And they cannot find it in any better way than in drilling. Those who are in favor of the movement ought to show their sympathy by attending the meeting this evening, and aiding the work by every means in their power.

THE PRESENT WEEK has been one of great dullness in Woburn, so far as the public are concerned, and we have but very few items of news to chronicle. Military doings have been very meagre; in fact, in this line, there has been nothing transacted, and therefore we have been without excitement. The news from Maryland has attracted all our attention, and the faces which, ten days ago, were so terribly elongated, have now assumed their wonted proportions, and everything goes on satisfactorily once more. It is gratifying to notice this change of countenance after the long reign which despondency has enjoyed. No one can fail to see in our military doings of the past three months, the truth of the poet's lines—

"The darkest day,  
Live till to-morrow, will have passed away."

The silver lining of the dark cloud which has so long loomed over us, begins gradually to appear in all its regal splendor, and ere many more days come and go the great source of our troubles will have passed away, or ceased to command the same terror that it did in times past, and the closing up work will have commenced. Then we will show to the world that Republics are not all failures, and that freemen are as capable of defending their rights and liberties, as monarchs are of promoting their pet schemes and designs. Let us once place our heel securely upon the throat of the rebellion, and our power will be felt and respected at home and abroad as it never was before.

WOUNDED SOLDIERS.—This week we have to chronicle the following under this head:—*Killed*—Corporal Clifford B. Fowle, Co. E, 16th Regt., mentioned last week as being killed, was shot through the heart. Private Charles H. Smith, same regiment, who was reported missing, was killed. He was struck with a shell, and instantly expired.

*Died*—Corporal J. S. Fernald, Co. E, 24th Regt., died in the Regimental hospital on the 12th inst. James McCarron, Co. F, 16th Regt., who was mentioned last week as being sick, has since died.

*Wounded*—Major Eliza Burbank, of the 12th Regt., is reported wounded in one of the battles which occurred this week.

CHANGE.—The Springfield Republican says, that change is getting very scarce in that vicinity, and that half bills are being used in emergency. The banks redeem them, and therefore they pass current. Why cannot we do the same in Woburn? What is sauce for the goose, in this case, is sauce for the gander, and if our bank will redeem half bills, why can't we follow the action of the Springfielders? The half bills would serve a good purpose, and that is all that is necessary.

THE ATLANTIC for October has been issued. The articles are all of a choice nature, especially those bearing upon the war, and will repay attentive perusal. The Atlantic loses none of its solidity, whatever it may lose otherwise, and can always be read with profit and satisfaction.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—The Queen of the Fashion Monthlies—for the coming month is on our table. Novelties, with Godey, are becoming so common, that things of rare excellence, and which have no parallel in other magazines, do not attract that attention and praise which they so worthily merit, simply because they are of monthly occurrence and the readers of the "Book" have become accustomed to them. Let no lady, who admires a neat appearance, neglect to consult the pages of Godey on all matters pertaining to her wardrobe.

HARPER.—We are indebted to A. Williams & Co., for Harper's Magazine, for October. It contains articles from the pens of some of our most talented authors, and is in every way an interesting number. For sale at the Woburn Bookstore.

CAMP LANDER, WENHAM, }  
Sept. 18th, 1862.

MR. EDITOR.—Since my last letter was written, arrangements have been so perfected for comfort and convenience that our quarters seem so like home that on leaving them for a few hours, our men complain of being *home sick*. This is not strange in the least, when you recall the expression of the poet—

"Tis home where the heart is."

which explains fully my affirmation. I hope the hearts of our good friends will not be pained when I declare that, without exception, the hearts of our men are here, and that not the least indication of home sickness has yet appeared, like a ghastly apparition, in our ranks. This is as it should be, for when duty calls a true and loyal soul, in whatever path, walk therein he should, without looking back with weak fears and longings unbecoming, and act his part with heroic and zealous determination.

But here endeth this homily, and I shall now endeavor to note whatever of interest has occurred within the past week. To many it has been an eventful one, as in it they have experienced a new manner of life and pursuits, and know more fully their duties—pleasures—incident to camp and field. On Tuesday afternoon five companies of the 5th were sworn into the U. S. States service for nine months, of which number the Phalanx was one. Lieut. Brown, of the 7th U. S. Infantry, was the mustering officer. Immediately after being sworn in, furloughs of 48 hours each were granted to 50 men (more or less) which expire this (18th) day, P. M., when the residue will take their turn. During the week we have seen many Woburn friends, which gave us great joy, and we have also received, in a very tangible form, indications of remembrance in the shape of vegetables of all kinds, which were very gladly received, with many thanks to the donors. These gifts form a very agreeable change to our camp fare, although what we have is of the best quality and quantity. Potatoes, hard and soft bread, salt and fresh beef, pork, bacon, tea, coffee and sugar are included in our rations, together with rice and several minor articles, on which the men are growing fat, fair and robust. No complaints are heard concerning rations or anything relating to our life, and a more Eden-like barracks than that of the Phalanx would be exceedingly difficult to find and hard to imagine. All we can say is, come down and see us, and let your own senses convince you of the truth of which I tell you.

To look into our house of an evening, would be to look into an exceedingly happy company, for we usually have two or three violins, a guitar and clarinet, which make music for cotillions or clog dances, as the case may be, or accompaniment for singing, in which a choir is practicing.

We have received three recruits this week, which makes our number 98. Their names are M. F. Buxton, C. F. Stevens and John R. Nickles, Jr. Sergeant Wyer has been transferred to Capt. Kent's company as orderly.

Last evening our camp was startled by the news of a collision, on the railway, of two passenger trains, which news detailed men to go to the scene of the disaster, when it was ascertained that an excursion train from Portsmouth and the regular passenger train from Boston had met about half a mile from the Wenham station, and the result was the death of three men, and seventeen wounded. The trains were running at great speed, and a curve in the road prevented the engine lights from being seen. The engines were completely wrecked, and also several of the cars, and it is truly miraculous that so few lives were lost. A visit to the scene of the sad casualty this morning bore testimony of the great violence of the shock and horrible mangle of the dead, which presented an awful appearance, some of the bodies being cut in two, and arms broken and cut off. How true it is, that death claims its victims, not by war alone, but by every means at home and afar. May God grant in his mercy that none of us shall by the balls of battle be mangled as were those ill-fated men! Several detachments were sent from the 5th, which rendered efficient service in guarding the dead and wounded, and in assisting in aiding the sufferers.

With very kind regards to the readers of the Journal, and hoping that in my next I shall not have to chronicle so sad an affair, I am truly yours,

O. W. K.

A HEROINE IN THE INDIAN WAR.—One of the most heroic defenses against the Indians, now waging an exterminating war in Minnesota, was made by a small party, consisting of Mr. Foote, his wife, and two other men and their wives. They had left their homes and taken refuge in a deserted log hut, where they were soon surrounded by fifteen Indians.

Mr. Foote, who of the men appears to have been the only one who showed any disposition to fight the Indians, killed two of them after he had been wounded. His wife then took his place, and fired the rifle as fast as he could load it for her. Thus she defended the house seven hours against the remaining thirteen, and, after waiting thirty-six hours for help, left her husband, at his earnest request, to save the children and find help.

After she left, he lay two days and nights in untold horrors, making every effort to take his own life, until he was rescued by a noble Swedish woman, who brought him on her back to Forest City, where his mother went with him to Dr. Palmer, and brought him to St. Cloud. Here he found his wife and children, but, in defiance of the tenderest care, he died. His wife saw several days and nights in making her way through the woods and swamps before reaching any settlement.

DIARRHEA AND DYSENTERY will decimate the Volunteers far more than the bullets of the enemy, therefore let every man see to it that he carries with him a full supply of Hol-loway's Pills. Their use in India and the Crimea saved thousands of British Soldiers. Only 25 cents per Box.

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CAMP CHASE, ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, }  
September 10th, 1862.

MR. EDITOR.—As you are well aware we started from Buxford, on Saturday, Sept. 6th, at 11 o'clock, and proceeded to Boston, where we tarried but a short time. We took the cars at the Worcester Depot, and went as far Framingham, where we stopped and got something to break our fast. Here we found a bake cart, full, and I can assure you it did not take us a great while to leave the owner minus of everything he had in the edible line; we cleared him out completely, even to the crumbs, and probably would have eaten his horse and cart, and himself too, had we considered them digestible. With our stomachs partly gratified, we again started on our journey and reached Norwich Landing at 8 o'clock in the evening. Here we took the steamer "City of New York," and steamed it across the Sound to Jersey City, where we arrived at about 6 o'clock Sunday morning. The night was beautiful and calm, and none could but have enjoyed the pleasant trip. We then took the cars and passed through the city to the ferry, where we took the boat and crossed to Philadelphia. Here we received a bountiful collation, which tasted all the better, because it came from generous and patriotic hearts, and also because we were very hungry. We remained here an hour or two, when we again took up the course of our journey, which was now to Baltimore. Here we arrived Monday morning at 8 o'clock; stacked our arms in the street, and took breakfast. After breakfast we were told that we were to remain in Baltimore, as the rebels were within thirty miles of the city; but this order was soon countermanded, as shortly afterwards we were ordered to fall in for Washington.

We passed the Relay House, of which we had heard so much in times past, and there saw troops in all directions; some were on guard, some washing, and others lay about on the grass sunning themselves as contentedly as though the present and the future were all serenity. When we reached Washington we were ordered into barracks, where we spent the night; and I can assure you that a thousand men never slept more soundly than we did, nor never did maiden rest more composedly on down and feathers than we did that night on the softside of a pine board. On Tuesday morning, we started on foot for Fort Albion, about four miles distant, which we reached about noon, pretty tired and of course hungry,—for who ever saw a soldier when he was not hungry?

SEPT. 12TH.—We got news to-day that fighting was going on at Poolsville. Troops were ordered off from this place, and even from the field where we are encamped we could see troops passing on only a half mile distant. It was a pretty sight, to see the column, a mile and a half long, with bayonets glistening, move on to do battle for the cause in which we all have an interest and which we all trust may have a speedy and triumphant end.

Yesterday I paid a visit to the 22d Regt., encamped near here. I found but few Woburn boys, but those that I did find were in good health and spirits. I saw Sergeant Dennett, he is quite well with the exception of the wound in his shoulder, in which he has got cold.

The 37th arrived here yesterday and camped close by us. To-day we received orders to pack knapsacks and make ready to march. We started after dark, and marched about a mile through the mud and rain, when we bivouacked for the night.

SEPT. 13TH.—To-day the weather is serene, and we are to start on our journey. I know not where. More anon.

L. F. J.

ATTEMPT TO PASS A FORGED CHECK FOR \$250,000.—The New York Journal of Commerce of Monday has the following account of an attempt to pass a forged check at the Sub-Treasury Office:

At the request of the authorities we refrained from noticing the forgery committed by a clerk in the U. S. Marshall's office, toward the close of last week, but as it is now public, we may give particulars. The clerk's name is Dwyer. After obtaining money by forging Marshall Murray's name to a check on the Treasurer's Bank, he essayed operations on a large scale at the U. S. Treasury.

First, he sent a confederate to notify the Treasurer, John J. Cisco, Esq., that the Marshall would like to draw about \$250,000 on the following day, against his deposit of prize money (about \$700,000) made on the 2d of June. The next day Mr. Dwyer made his appearance with a formal document purporting to be signed by the Marshall, and bearing his official seal, requiring the payment of \$250,000 to the bearer in particular denominations of United States currency. The order was presented to Mr. Cisco, who told the young man (whom he recognized as a clerk from the Marshall's office) that he could not have the money on that document.

In the first place the draft was not properly made, and if genuine could not command the funds in that shape; in the next place it must be drawn to order and not to bearer; and finally, the signatures must be examined and the drawer identified by responsible parties. In addition Mr. Cisco expressed his desire, after what had passed, to see the Marshall and hear his explanation before he made him any payment upon his deposit.

This gave the fellow an alarm, and he left, taking a note from Mr. Cisco to the Marshall, requesting the latter to call. Of course this note was not presented, but to gain time the confederate called to say that the Marshall had received it and that he would call upon the Treasurer the next day.

MR. EDITOR.—In the Journal of the 23d of August, an article appeared over the signature of Justice, on the prevailing topic of "Enlistment." At the time of writing the article the matter therein stated was supposed to be facts. I have since learned they were not so, and I hereby make the correction.

Justice.

Woburn, Sept. 19.

## General Pope's "Official Report."

The Cincinnati Gazette of Thursday publishes the real official report of Gen. Pope, furnished by himself then in that city. The Cincinnati Commercial of the same date, states at Gen. Pope's request, that his report of his disastrous campaign in Virginia was published without his authority or knowledge, and contrary to his wishes. The report in the Cincinnati papers is evidently the government report. It differs in some quite material respects from the report first published. The following are some of the more important discrepancies:—

"Our men, much worn down by hard service and continuous fighting for many previous days, and very short of provisions, rested on their guns. Our horses had no forage for two days."

The official report says ten days, which is probably a misprint. After alluding to the allegation that Gen. McClellan refused to send rations and forage, the following sentence occurs in the first published report:—

"At the time this letter was written Alexandria was swarming with troops, and my whole army interposed between that place and the enemy."

This sentence is entirely omitted in the official report.

The following paragraph is also omitted in the official report:

"On Friday night I sent a peremptory order to Gen. Porter to bring his command on the field and report to me in person within three hours after he received the order. A portion he brought up, but as I before stated, one of his brigades remained the whole day at Centerville, and was not in the engagement. The enemy's heavy reinforcements having reached him on Friday afternoon and night, he began to mass on his right for the purpose of crushing our left and occupying the road to Centerville in our rear. His heaviest assault was made about five o'clock in the afternoon, when, after overwhelming Fitz John Porter and driving his forces back on the center and left, mass after mass of his forces were pushed against our left. A terrific contest, with great slaughter, was carried on for several hours, our men behaving with firmness and gallantry under the immediate command of General McDowell. When night closed, our left had been forced back about half a mile, but still remained firm and unshaken, while our right held its ground."

Rebel Estimate of Gen. Pope.

The Richmond Examiner of Sept. 6, has the following leading article:

"A painful rumor throws a gloom over the spirit of the Southern public in the hour of victory. It is feared Gen. Pope has been mortally wounded. We sincerely hope that this disastrous report is destitute of the least foundation in truth; indeed, it is so improbable that this noble friend of the South should have got within the reach of a bullet, we may still flatter ourselves that his services will long be enjoyed by the Southern Confederacy. It is our earnest prayer that God may protect that precious life; that He may preserve his head, his heels, his tongue, his hands and all the members of that valuable body from bullets, steel and ropes."

Among the late officers of the late United States army an acquaintance existed which enabled them to gauge the character of each other with great accuracy; and when the news arrived that the Yankees were about to pull down McClellan and set up Pope, there is not one of those officers now serving in the Confederate ranks who did not ejaculate a fervent prayer that the hosts of the enemy might soon be under the command of Pope. Lincoln's estimates of Pope, it is said, is a great brains, great indolence and great unactivity; but an associate in the old army has characterized him more simply, as "the biggest fool, the most arrogant coward and the biggest liar that ever disgraced epaulettes."

Pope is a Yankee compound of Bobadil and Munchausen. He won his baton of Marshal by bragging to the Yankee fill. On what monstrous principles he commenced it, and what orders he issued, are still fresh in the public memory.

"I desire you to dismiss from your minds certain phrases," said Pope to his army, "which I am sorry to find much in vogue among you. I hear constantly of taking strong positions and holding them; of lines of retreat and bases of supplies. Let us discard such ideas. The strongest position a soldier should desire to occupy is the one from which he can most easily advance upon the enemy. Let us study the probable line of retreat of our opponents, and leave our own to take care of itself. Let us look before and not behind. Disaster and shame lurk in the rear."

With such notes as these commenced the shortest and most disastrous campaign to be found in history. Never did a cock that crowed so loud lose his comb so quickly. No event has been more auspicious than the accession of Pope to the command of the Yankee armies, and there is scarcely any loss which we could support with greater difficulty than that which his death would occasion. Let us trust that the Goddess of Cowardice enveloped him in a cloud like one of Homer's heroes, and bore him to a place of safety, so far ahead of his flying followers, that he has been reported dead, only because he has not yet been overtaken."

MR. GEO. PEABODY is literally persecuted by beggars in London. His noble deed of charity to the poor of London has aroused the avarice of the improvident and needy denizens of that city, who are reported by one of the daily journals as invading his privacy, interrupting his business, and disturbing his peace generally. The only means of replying to applicants for charitable assistance is by a printed circular, in which Mr. Peabody says that if his means would allow him to assist all in adversity nothing would give him more pleasure; but as they are not, applicants must take the will for the deed. To give to one-truth that ask would deprive Mr. Peabody of the means of support in one month.

Major-General Clay has been ordered to report to Gen. Butler at New Orleans for duty.

Rev. J. C. Bodwell, of Framingham, preaches in the First Cong. Church to-morrow.

INCOMPETENT THIRSON.—A few days ago the New York Times made the following startling statement. As Mr. Raymond, the editor, has a wide knowledge of the interior operations both of political and military cabals, he probably speaks from positive information, and not from random guesses:

We tremble to think of what may follow the successful lodgment of a rebel army on loyal soil. We do not fear the decision of the Union so much as the overthrow of the Government. No man of ordinary political sagacity can conceal from himself the fact, that there is a deep, strong current of political machination underlying all the movements of the war, and giving character and color to all the developments of public opinion. There are men North and South,—men of ability, of character, of position, both civil and military,—who look to the possibility of saving the Union in other ways than by simply conquering the rebels and compelling by force their return to their allegiance. We need not tell any one that there are men who regard this war as having been brought upon the country by the triumph of the Republican party, and who do not believe it possible to end it and preserve the Union, until the results of that triumph are for the moment set aside, and the country has a chance to plant the Government on another basis. But we can tell President Lincoln that there are men in the army who do not believe the war will end except by conceding the independence of the South, unless the Government is again restored to Southern control, or a Convention is held, to form a Constitution under which both North and South can live together in a common Union. We do not know that any officer in the army would advocate, or in any event aid the execution of such a scheme. But we warn the President against doing anything, directly or indirectly, by neglect or by positive acts, to encourage the development of such a sentiment, or to stimulate in any heart the toleration of such a thought. We need not warn him of absolute necessity of crushing the growth of such treason and disloyalty in its beginnings.

It seems that Gen. Kearney met his death in carrying out one of the rules of Napoleon—"that where it is practicable, and an important reconnaissance is to be made, no one can better perform the service than the general himself." Kearney knew the terrible desperation of the enemy, and was well aware of his cunning; he would trust none but himself to go to the front and reconnoitre, on Monday night, in view of the hazardous situation of our army. After visiting his pickets and outpost guards, saluting each with an admonition to be cautious, courageous, and vigilant, he proceeded forward to reconnoitre the enemy's position. Moving stealthily about, he suddenly came upon the picket guard of the enemy, when the advanced sentinel shot him, and New Jersey's greatest, bravest, noblest son fell mortally wounded.

LEGISLATION ON THE CANADA THISTLE.—At the last session of the Pennsylvania Legislature a law was passed to prevent the spread of the Canada Thistle. "Hereafter, any individual or corporation in that State, allowing the Canada thistle to ripen on his or her premises, shall be liable to a fine of ten dollars, upon each complaint that is properly established; and any one who may fear the spread of the Canada thistle upon his premises from the lands of his careless neighbor, may, after five days' notice, enter upon any lands where the weed may be found growing, cut it, and recover full costs for the labor and trouble."

Two prisoners who have escaped from an island in James River, opposite Richmond, report that about 5000 Union prisoners are still confined on that island, and that they are comparatively well treated. They say there are more of our officers remaining in prison in Richmond, except those taken from Pope. These were first put in irons. But when it became known that Pope had captured some rebel officers the irons were removed.

The National Republican says of Gen. Grant:—"There is an increasing desire that this always successful general should be placed in some command in this quarter. He is a fighting general, and that is what the crisis calls for. The country has confidence in the man who captured Fort Donelson and won the battle of Pittsburg Landing, the great battle of the war, and which Gen. Grant would have followed up to the utter destruction of the enemy, if he had not been restrained by higher authority."

## WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

WAR MEETING.—It having been satisfactorily ascertained that our quota of nine months' men was at least 55 instead of 30, as supposed, the Selectmen called a meeting of the citizens on Tuesday evening last, to see what measures would be taken towards raising the additional number. The Chairman of the Board of Selectmen, Mr. Ayer, presided, and J. Hovey, Esq., was Secretary. The Chairman stated that thirty of our volunteers under the last call were now in camp, and that the bounty of \$100 would continue to be paid. Mr. Joseph Hunnewell, who has four sons in the army, made a few patriotic remarks, urging the young men to come forward and enroll their names in the service of their country.

Five individuals pledged themselves to go or provide a substitute, and the meeting adjourned to await the call of the Selectmen. The meeting was very much of the Quaker sort, very little said or done. The spirit did not seem to move but very few to enlist or to make any remarks. It is evident that the importance of the thing is not appreciated, and will not be perhaps until the draft is made.

It is possible that our quota may be even larger than now stated. 424 per cent. of the enrolled militia is the quota of the State,

under the various calls. As soon as the Commissioners return the number of exemptions the number will be deducted from the enrolled militia and the balance will be the number on whom the draft will be levied to fill up the quotas required, which will vary according to the number furnished and the exemptions. The number of the enrolled militia here is 285; 55 of these are in service for three years, leaving 230. This last number the exemptions will reduce probably to 150, from which to draft. Our able-bodied militia can therefore see what their chance is with the number wanted. It would be well for those claiming exemption, from physical disability and other causes to know, that the greater the number of exemptions, the less will be the quota, and therefore their duty to have their names stricken from the rolls.

Should those cities and towns having men in the naval service be allowed for the same, it would require a greater number from the inland cities and towns. We have three additional in the naval service, three in the regular army, and two in the navy. The time is now short before the draft. A little over a week remains for active effort.

EXAMINATION.—A petition is in circulation, and has already received the signatures of a large number of the legal voters and others, asking the President to issue a proclamation of emancipation of the slaves in the rebellious States.

SOLDIERS' AID SOCIETY.—This society is in pressing need of funds to purchase material to carry on its benevolent operations. Will not our citizens come to the rescue and give these ladies, who have so long and faithfully labored in this work, the assurance of their sympathy and encouragement in their labors of love?

EXCLUSION.

For the Middlesex Journal.

## Chapin Gathering.

On Wednesday of the present week, the descendants of Dea. Samuel Chapin, who settled in Springfield, in 1642, held a family gathering at the paternal home, by invitation of the families residing in that region. The call was largely responded to, and some fifteen hundred descendants, near and remote, were assembled, and enjoyed an occasion such as occurs but seldom. The weather and the day were the finest of the season, and the hospitalities of the people were liberal—their large hearts and comfortable homes were both thrown open for the happiness and accommodation of the guests, and a ready and willing hospitality extended, which will long be remembered by the participants.

An address was delivered by Hon. Henry Chapin, of Worcester, replete with historical and genealogical interest, a poem by Timothy Titcomb, (Dr. J. C. Holland) of Springfield, and addresses by Dr. A. L. Chipman, of Deist College, Wis., Dr. Rosewell Hitchcock, of N. Y. city, Hon. Senator Foot, of Vermont, and Judge Morris, of Springfield. Letters were also read from H. Ward Beecher, and Secretary Seward, all of whom are related to the family, either by descent or by marriage. The exercises extended through three and a half full hours, maintaining an unvarying and exciting attention to the last. The poem was one of the writer's best and happiest hits, and would bear publishing entire. The following extract is the philological origin of the name.

"The name is an old one, and dates from the Ark. When Ararat's summit was highwater mark; When all the distinctions of caste lay between the chap that was out and the chap that was in. The chap that was drowned in the great foundation, the chap that was saved for the new generation. Our Chapin was Japhet, a name that we find has been much in the family, time out of mind. The identical man, as you doubtless discover, Who was 'one of three brothers' that early came over."



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# Middlesex Journal.

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR  
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

## Poetry.

### To Fannie.

BY A. M. HANCOCK.

[The following exquisitely rare and dainty drop of the poetic dew—breathing, it seems to us, of heaven's own freshness—is by our present Conal in Malaga. Mr. Hancock, has made use of his visit to Spain, to gather some remembrances of Irving's residence at the Alhambra, having fallen in with Geoffrey Crayon's old guide, and with others who were there, and had the happiness to know him. The quality of genius shown in this poem, proves how capable he is of appreciating such memorials, and of shaping them into a literary tribute; and we shall look for it as for a biographic gem of great value.]—*Home Journal.*

Down in the earth's deep cavern sighs  
The fountain of a thousand years,  
That never flashed in summer skies,  
Nor watered dust with sunny tears.

Down in the ocean's deepest cells,  
With songs unheard, for time untold,  
Murmur the softest blushing shells,  
Buried in sea-weed, bright and cold.

In unwalked forests, green and old,  
Full many a bird has wildly sung  
That ne'er to mortal ears have told  
The music treasuring on its tongue.

In far off isles, in distant seas,  
Sleeps solemn silence still unstirred  
By voice of man, or breath of breeze,  
Or hum of bees, or song of bird.

In yon broad prairie's trackless wild  
There blooms a rose of richest hue,  
With heart as tender as a child,  
And leaves deep-bathed in virgin dew.

And in my heart's most sacred cell  
Sings a young bird of sweetest tone,  
And murmurs, too, a golden shell—  
Their music is my own—my own.

Come sit beside me, darling mine,  
And lay thy head upon my breast,  
And their sweet songs shall, too be thine  
To soothe thy spirit's wild unrest.

Malaga, Spain.

## Select Literature.

### TWENTY MINUTES TOO LATE.

I am an old man now, and have retired from the profession; but at the time when the incident I am about to relate occurred, I had just entered it, and was going circuit for the second time. Through the kindness of a well-known member of the circuit, who had conceived a liking for me, I was intrusted with two or three briefs on my first journey; and in consequence of one of these, I became known to an old gentleman named Dowding, living in Gloucester. The case in which I was concerned for him was a suit to recover a debt contracted by his son, who was then under age; and though the amount sought to be recovered was not large, yet, if he had been condemned to pay it, it would have led to the prosecution of similar claims by other tradesmen, which would have ruined him. Though there is always a natural tendency on the part of a jury of tradesmen to give effect to the claim of a brother tradesman, I was fortunate enough to get a verdict in favor of my client. A case of this kind is not one to be remembered long, even by a newly fledged barrister, and though accompanied as it was by the kindly congratulations of some of the members of the circuit on my speech; and until I returned to Gloucester I had forgotten all about Mr. Dowding. Having a relative at Longhope, I went there the day before the assizes began, and did not reach Gloucester till late; and, being tired, I went straight to the lodgings I had engaged, with the intention of going to bed early. My lodgings were the same I had occupied at the preceding assizes; and when I reached them, I found a white-haired old man waiting for me there, whom I had some difficulty at first in recognizing as my old client, Mr. Dowding. The poor old gentleman began to cry as soon as he saw me; and this, with his evident feebleness—for he failed in the several attempts he made to rise from his chair to meet me—excited my sympathy for his distress so strongly, that my fatigue was forgotten, and I felt eager to hear what had caused it. Wishing to come to the point as soon as possible, I said, "I am afraid your son is in some way the cause of your distress."

"Yes, my dear young friend, he is; but my poor boy is innocent of the crime they charge him with. I am sure he is; I trust in God he is."

"You seem to have a doubt yourself on that point. What is the charge? Is he in prison? and do you want me to defend him?"

"That is what I have come here to ask you to do."

"Very well. What is he charged with?"

"A most dreadful crime; for which, if he is convicted, he will certainly be executed."

Here he broke down again, and burst into a terrible fit of crying and sobbing, during which I could understand little of what he tried to say beyond the words mother, sisters, broken-hearted, shame, disgrace and so on. Seeing that he held in his hand a roll of paper, I thought probable that this would give me the information I wanted; I therefore took it from him, and opened it.

"Yes," said he, "you will find it all there. I made him write it, and give it may that it might be ready for you when you arrived. Here is also an order which will admit you to his cell as early as you like in the morning."

"Thank you. How do you propose to get home?"

"I shall walk. I feel better, now that I have seen you."

I went with him to the street door, shook hands, and then went back to my room to read his son's statement. Thus it ran:

"On the evening of the 21st, I met Esther Leversedge on the corner of Copley's Lane, and we walked down by the farm and across the fields to her house. I had often met her before, but had never gone home with her on account of her father, who had a bad name in the neighborhood, owing to his idleness and savage disposition. Till this evening, I had resolutely refused her invitations to set foot in her house; but when we reached it she assured me so positively that her father was out and would not return till late, that I let myself be persuaded to go in and sit down a little while. When I entered I fully intended to stay only a few minutes; but the time flew so rapidly that it was between ten and eleven o'clock when I got up to go. I was saying good-bye to Esther, when we heard the garden wicket fall, and she directly said it was her father. She was fearful of the consequences if he saw me there as I was, or at least she seemed to be. There was no way of leaving the house without meeting him, and if I had had time to think, I should have left by this way, and met him in the open air; but before I could think for myself, Esther had opened the back door, and pushed me into the wood house, telling me that her father was sure to go to bed directly, and then she would let me out. As soon as I was left alone, I felt angry and vexed that I had suffered myself to be shut in; but being there, I thought it would only be staying a few minutes, and then I could get away without exposing her to her father's anger. There was a heap of fagots in the shed, and I got up on the top of these to be more out of the way, in case he should come there for anything. A minute or two afterwards, he came in with a light, pulled a tub from one corner, and then took a pail and went outside, and brought it back full of water. He had a smock frock on, very white, and clean, which he stripped off and laid on the wood, and underneath this he wore a dark fustian coat. He first poured the water into the tub, and then, drawing out of his coat pockets a hammer, the barrel of a gun and then the stock. The gun and stock he laid on one side, the hammer he threw into the tub, and then took off his coat, and put that in the water too, and began washing it. From where I was crouching, I could distinctly see that the water became red as he washed; and the stain on his hands, which I thought was dirt, changed to a bright red before being washed off altogether. Terrified at what I saw, and knowing that I had no right to be where I was, I tried to draw back further into the darkness, and in doing this I made a slight noise, which caused him to look up. He saw me directly, and the surprise seemed to deprive him of his faculties for an instant; but this was only momentary, for before I could offer any explanation, he caught up a hatchet used in chopping the wood, and began climbing towards me with such a savage expression in his face, that I knew he meant to murder me."

I shouted for Esther, knowing that I could expect help from no other person, there being no cottage near, and she rushed in and caught her father by the arm. He tried all he could to shake her off by means of blows and force, but she held so tightly, that if she had caught his right arm instead of his left, I should have had time to come to her assistance; as it was, I could not approach him without the certainty of being cut down. I thought her prayers had some effect upon him, and I tried to increase this by promising not to say a word of what I had seen. He considered for a minute, and then threw the hatchet into a corner, and told me to come down. I did as he bade me, supposing he meant to let me go; but the moment I put my foot on the ground, he struck me several blows on the face, and then dragged me into his daughter's bedroom, and locked me in, and left me there about half an hour. When he came to fetch me out, he had his hat on and his white smock-frock. He told me to come with him. My face was all bloody, and being in the dark all this time, it had run down on the front of my clothes without my knowing it. I thought he was going to take me to my father; and being afraid of frightening my mother and sisters, I begged him to let me at least wash my face and hands, which he refused with many oaths; and taking hold of me by the arm, he made me go with him across the fields to the London road. After walking along this road in the direction of Gloucester for four or five hundred yards, we came to a part of it which had on one side a narrow strip of land, on which a few trees grew and a little underground. Leversedge walked in here, still holding me by the arm, and searched about for a few minutes; I was horrified to find that what he was looking for was a dead body. The dress showed it was the body of a laboring man, apparently a wagoner, for there was a long whip lying near him, such as they use. I could see the white face and half-closed eyes, which reflected the moonlight, but I could not recognize it, though I felt sure I had seen it before. Leaving the body where it lay, Leversedge went on with me in the direction of Gloucester, and I now began to form an idea of what he intended to do with me. Just after we got into the

city, we came up with a carrier's wagon. The horses were standing still, and a crowd had collected round it, and I heard the people wondering what had become of the driver. Leversedge pushed me into the midst of them, and said: "You will never see the driver any more, but here is his murderer."

The people shrunk away from us but I was recognized directly. I protested as earnestly as I could that I was innocent, and charged my accuser with having committed the murder himself, but he in a jeering way called the attention of those present to the appearance of my clothes, and contrasted them with his own, so that none seemed to believe what I said, and one of them fetched the constable, who locked me up. I was taken before the justices, and they committed me to prison, to take my trial at the assizes for the murder of the wagoner."

Before going to see the prisoner in the morning, I called on his father, and was surprised that he had refused the services of any local attorney to prepare the evidence for the defence, thinking it would only be necessary to give me his son's statement to enable me to plead his cause successfully. I next visited the prison to hear what the son had to say. He was a quiet, good-looking fellow, with an appearance calculated to make a favorable impression on a jury. He persisted in asserting that every word he had written was true, and as he had nothing to add, I lost very little time in conversing with him; on reading the depositions, I found that, omitting unimportant details, Leversedge's evidence amounted to this: That he had been drinking at the public house with a friend and the landlord till about half past ten o'clock, when his friend wished him good night, and went away, leaving him talking to the landlord at the door; that he himself left a few minutes afterwards, and had got within a quarter of a mile of the turnpike gate, through which he had to pass to get to his cottage, when he heard a cry for help. There was a road wagon at some distance before him, and he thought some accident had happened to the driver, and ran along the road till he overtook it, when he found there was no driver with the wagon. He saw nothing on the road, but he directly turned round and went back, to look more carefully, first stopping the horses. On reaching the place by the roadside, called Turnpike Folly, he saw a man run out of the Folly, and among the trees he saw the dead body of the driver of the road wagon; that he ran after the man, and caught him, and this man was Henry Dowding.

Such was the evidence of his deposition, which was supported by the evidence of the landlord of the public house, and the man who had been drinking with them. Without this corroborative testimony, the bad character of Leversedge would have prevented his statement from being accepted with confidence by the jury; but when to this was added the evidence of the witnesses who spoke to the state of their clothes at the time when he brought Dowding into Gloucester, it became pretty certain that there could be only one termination to the trial, and that Dowding, whether guilty or innocent, would be condemned.

I was myself disposed to accept the prisoner's statement, in spite of its improbabilities, but it was clear that the only chance of getting a jury to do so was by producing Esther Leversedge in court, and her giving evidence in support of it. I turned over the depositions again and again, but I could not find hers among them; and on inquiring about the omission, I learned that her attendance at the examination before the justices had not been enforced, and, consequently, she had not given evidence at all.

I sent for the constable into whose custody Dowding had been given, and according to him, nobody who had seen the two men on the night of the murder, had any doubt about the prisoner's guilt. He owed money to nearly every tradesman in the town, and he knew, as well as everybody else that the carrier was in the habit of bringing money from London to people in Gloucester; it was therefore natural that he should try to get it by robbery and violence. I directed this official to provide for the attendance of Esther Leversedge at the trial, promising him a reasonable remuneration for his trouble and expenses. The trial was not likely to come on before the afternoon of the succeeding day; but the duration of a trial can never be reckoned upon with any degree of certainty, and it so happened that Dowding's case was called on three or four hours sooner than was expected. I had heard nothing of Esther Leversedge, and I was about to make an application for the postponement of the trial until the next assizes, on account of the absence of the only person who could give evidence in favor of the prisoner, when I caught sight of the constable I had sent in search of her. He nodded in reply to my look, and at the same moment a slip of paper was placed in my hand, on which was written, "I have got her." The trial went on, and as it proceeded, it was not difficult to see that the evidence for the prosecution was telling fearfully against the prisoner, in the opinions of the jurymen. I cross-examined Leversedge with such severity, that even the judge seemed to think I was abusing the privilege of counsel, but the fellow had had too long a time to think over his tale to be shaken in it now. The case for the prosecution was soon closed, and that for the defence occupied the court but a little while.

All that I had to argue was the statement made by the prisoner previous to his commitment, the notoriously bad character of the principal witness, and the greater probability that a man of his strength and ferocity was the murderer than that the crime should have been committed by a comparatively weak youth like the prisoner at the bar, without accomplices, and without, so far as had been ascertained, even a weapon.

There was the usual stir and excitement in the court when an interesting witness is called, as Esther Leversedge took her place in the witness-box. I think I was never more surprised at the personal appearance of anybody. She was a bold, coarse-looking woman, considerably older than the prisoner, who, as I have said, was of very prepossessing appearance, and that degree of refinement in the expression of his countenance which indicated a man of some education. When called upon to give her evidence, she declared she had none to give. I questioned her on the prisoner's statement, but she utterly denied that she had met him on the night in question, or, in short, that there was one word of truth in what he had said respecting her. I was completely astounded at finding that I had only called a witness to strengthen the case against my client, and I looked at him annoyed and angry that he should have deceived me with such falsehoods; but there was an expression of such intense astonishment in his face, that I wanted no further evidence to prove to me that his tale was true. By a gesture, I called the attention of the jury to this, and after asking the witness a few more questions, with the view of eliciting from her that she made these denials out of regard for or through fear of her father, and failing to get satisfactory answers, I dismissed her.

I need not describe the remainder of what took place. The summing up of the judge showed that he was not entirely without doubts as to the prisoner's guilt; but when the jury had given a verdict of *Guilty*, he told them, previous to passing condemnation, that he concurred in their verdict, and ordered the accused for execution with the usual formalities.

The grief of poor old Mr. Dowding was the most painful thing I ever saw. I tried to comfort him by assuring him that I believed his son was innocent, and advised him to draw up a petition to the king that he would exercise his prerogative in his favor. I solicited the influence of members of the bar, who were ready enough to use it on receiving my assurance that I had no doubt of the prisoner's innocence. Altogether, I felt tolerably sure that a reprieve would arrive before the day fixed for the execution. Day after day passed on until that fixed for the execution had arrived; but still no reprieve and no refusal to grant one had been received. I endeavored in every possible way to delay the execution to a later hour, and succeeded to a certain extent. The formalities immediately preceding it were performed slowly as possible; the prisoner was allowed to spend an unusually long period in prayer, and even when on the scaffold he might have prolonged his life for some minutes by addressing the spectators; but he was worn out by the excitement he had undergone, and incapable of speaking.

When the last act had been accomplished, I went with the sheriff and the chaplain to drink a glass of wine, being greatly depressed by what had taken place. There were several officials, and a few of the principal persons belonging to the county in the room, who were discussing the arguments for and against my client's guilt. I was leaving with the sheriff, when the governor came to him with a letter addressed to the sheriff of the county of Gloucester. The manner in which it was addressed, and its appearance, showed that it was an official letter. I looked over him as he opened it with an anxiety which cannot be conceived—it was a reprieve for Henry Dowding. I looked at my watch: he had been hanging just twenty minutes.

It turned out that the reprieve had been addressed to the Sheriff of Herefordshire instead of Gloucestershire, and was not received by him till some hours later than he might have received it, in consequence of its having been dropped into the post-office letter-box after the letters for that night's post had been removed. As soon as he had read it, he sent it by a messenger, who travelled as fast as horses could go, but failed to reach Gloucester with it till it was twenty minutes too late. There is no doubt in my own mind but that Henry Dowding was an innocent man.

A true gentleman does not needlessly and continually remind an offender of a wrong he may have committed against him. He cannot only forgive, he can forget; and he strives for that nobleness of soul and manliness of character which imparts sufficient strength to let the past be truly past. He will never use the power which the knowledge of an offense, a false step, or an unfortunate exposure of weakness gives him, merely to enjoy the power of humiliating his neighbor. A true man of honor feels humbled himself, when he cannot help humbling others.

Among the awards, in the golden book, of the Royal Commissioners at the recent "Exhibition," in London, is this, under the head of prize liquors:—"Rum: very fine, clear, and full of character."

### Free Schools in America.

I do not know any contrast that would be more surprising to an Englishman, up to that moment ignorant of the matter, than that which he would find by visiting first of all a free school in London, and then a free school in New York. If he would also learn the number of children that are educated gratuitously in each of the two cities, and also the number in each which altogether lack education, he would, if susceptible of statistics, be surprised also at that. But seeing and hearing are always more effective than mere figures. The female pupil at a free school in London is, as a rule, either a ragged pauper, or a charity girl, if not degraded, at least stigmatized by the badges and dress of the charity. We Englishmen know well the type of each, and have a fairly correct idea of the amount of education which is imparted to them. We see the result afterwards, when the same girls become our servants, and the wives of our grocers and porters. The female pupil at a free school in New York is neither a pauper nor a charity girl. She is dressed with the utmost decency. She is perfectly cleanly. In speaking to her, you cannot in any degree guess whether her father has a dollar a day, or three thousand dollars a year. Nor will you be enabled to guess by the manner in which her associates treat her. As regards her own manner to you, it is always the same as though her father was in all respects your equal. As to the amount of her knowledge, I fairly confess that it is terrific. When, in the first room which I visited, a slight slim creature was had up before me to explain to me the properties of the hypotenuse, I fairly confess that, as regards education, I backed down, and that I resolved to confine my criticisms to manner, dress, and general behavior. In the next room I was more at my ease, finding that ancient Roman history was on the tapis. "Why did the Romans run away with the Sabine women?" asked the mistress, herself a pretty woman about three-and-twenty. "Because they were pretty," simpered out a little girl with a cherry mouth. The answer did not give complete satisfaction; and then followed a somewhat abstruse explanation on the subject of population. It was all done with good faith and serious intent, and showed what was intended to show—that the girls there educated had in truth reached the consideration of important subjects, and that they were leagues beyond that terrible repetition of A B C, to which, I fear, that most of our free metropolitan schools are still necessarily confined. You and I, reader, were called on to superintend the education of girls of sixteen, might not select as favorite points either the hypotenuse, or the ancient methods of populating young colonies. There may be, and to us, on the European side of the Atlantic there will be, a certain amount of absurdity in the transatlantic idea that all knowledge is knowledge, and that it should be imparted if it be not knowledge of evil. But as to the general result, no fair-minded man or woman can have a doubt. That the lads and girls in these schools are excellently educated comes home as a fact to the mind of any who will look into the subject. That girl could not have got as far as the hypotenuse without a competent and abiding knowledge of much that is very far beyond the outside limits of what such girls know with us. It was at least manifest in the other examination that the girls knew as well as I did who were the Romans, and who were the Sabine women. That all this is of use, was shown in the very gestures and bearing of the girl. *Enolite moras*, as Colonel Newcombe used to say. That young woman whom I had watched while she cooked her husband's dinner upon the banks of the Mississippi, had doubtless learned all about the Sabine women, and I felt assured that she cooked her husband's dinner all the better for that knowledge, and faced the hardships of the world with a better front than she would have done had she been ignorant on the subject.—*Anthony Trollope.*

LAUGHTER.—Since Adam, who invented laughter—doubtless when he awoke and found Eve by his side—no two men have laughed alike. The laugh is as distinct as the voice—perhaps more so, for the laugh of a full-bearded man is very different from that which he laughs when he has been clean shaven by a barber. Women laugh differently from men, children from women, and some writers even profess to detect national peculiarities in the laugh; as for instance, say they, the Frenchman laughs with his teeth, like the ape. The Abbe Damasceni thought he had discovered, in the various enunciations of the laugh, a sure guide to the temperaments of the laughers. Thus, he said *ha ha ha* belonged to a choleric man, *he he he* to the phlegmatic, *hi hi hi* to the melancholic and *ho ho ho* to the sanguine. It is true that men laugh commonly in *A*, and *O*, and women in *E* and *I*; and it is singular that with all people, even the Cockneys, the aspirate *H* preceded the vowel.

A WRINKLE ABOUT THE AGE OF HORSES.—After the horse is nine years old, a wrinkle comes on the eyelid, at the upper corner of the lower lid; and, every year thereafter, he has one well-defined wrinkle for each year of his age over nine. If, for instance, a horse has three wrinkles, he is twelve; if four, he is thirteen. Add the number of wrinkles to nine and you will always get it.

THE TRIUMPH OF CHRISTIANITY.—The following passage is quoted by the London *Quarterly Review*, with the remark, that "for the condensation of its wide historic survey, and its vigorous and glowing eloquence, it is one of the finest in the whole range of literature."

It arose in an enlightened and skeptical age; but among a despised and narrow-minded people. It earned hatred and persecution at home by its liberal genius and opposition to the national prejudices; it earned contempt abroad by its connection with the country where it was born, but which sought to strangle it in its birth. Emerging from Judea, it made its way outward through the most polished regions of the world—Asia Minor, Egypt, Greece, Rome—and in all it attracted notice and provoked hostility. Successive massacres and attempts at extermination, persecuted for ages by the whole force of the Roman empire, it bore without resistance and seemed to draw fresh vigor from the axe; but assaults in the way of argument, from whatever quarter it was never ashamed or unable to repel, and, whether attacked or not, it was resolutely aggressive. In four centuries it had pervaded the civilized world; it had mounted the throne of the Caesars; it had spread beyond the limits of their sway, and had made inroads upon barbarian nations whom their eagles had never visited, it had gathered all genius and all learning into itself, and made the literature of the world its own; it survived the inundation of the barbarian tribes, and conquered the world once more, by converting its conquerors to the faith; it survived the restoration of letters; it survived an age of free inquiry and skepticism, and has long stood its ground in the field of argument, and commands the assent of the greatest minds that ever were; it has been the parent of civilization and the nurse of learning; and if light, and humanity, and freedom be the boast of modern Europe, it is to Christianity that she owes them. Exhibiting in the life of Jesus a picture, varied and minute, of the perfect human united with the divine, in which the mind of man has not been able to find a deficiency, or detect a blemish—a picture copied from no model and rivalled by no copy—it has satisfied the moral wants of mankind; it has accommodated itself to every period and every clime; and it has retained, through every change, a salient spring of life, which enables it to throw off corruption and repair decay, and renew its youth, amidst outward hostility and inward divisions.

THE LAND OF CONTRASTS.—In Australia the north is the hot wind, and the south the cool; the westerly the most unhealthy, and the east the most salubrious. It is summer with the colony when it is winter at home, and the barometer is considered to rise before bad weather and to fall before good. The swans are black, and the eagles are white; the mole lays eggs, and has a duck's bill; the kangaroo, (an animal between the deer and the squirrel) has five claws on his fore paws, three talons on his hind legs, like a bird, and yet hops on its tail. There is a bird (meilphaga) which has a broom in its mouth instead of a tongue. The eod is found in the rivers, and the perch in the sea; the valleys are cold, and the mountain-tops warm. The nettle is a lofty tree, and the poplar a dwarfish shrub; the pears are of wood, with the stalks at the broad ends; the cherry grows with the stone outside. The fields are fenced with mahogany; the humblest house is fitted up with cedar, and the myrtle plants are burnt for fuel. The trees are without fruit, their flowers without scent, and birds without song. Such is the land of Australia.

THE UNWRITTEN HISTORY OF THE WAR.—A correspondent of *Forney's Press* writes as follows:

"If any distinguished literary man should ever determine to risk his reputation in writing a history of this war, we should advise him to go to the army correspondents for its true and as yet secret historical character. These men can tell him privately how this has been a *brainless* war thus far. They can show him how men—traitors—have received the best contracts, and while imperfectly filling them, have been communicating our plans, such as we had, to the enemy. They will tell him how Southern officers commanded some of our outposts, in constant communication with the enemy, and how men known to be traitors were filling high positions in our army. They can tell him, too, though they dare not publish the fact, of how certain Major Generals have been surprised by the enemy in the East and West, while they lay drunk in their tents, and how these men were complimented, instead of being cashiered, by the Commanding Generals, for fear that their valuable services would be lost to the army in the future. In fact, they will tell the historian how, with abundance of men and means to have crushed the rebellion right out, these means have nearly all been wasted in the face of the foe, while the enemy, according to Wilcox, Corcoran, Bowman, and Vogdes, is stronger to-day than ever before, because he has collected and concentrated his men and means, and has a settled system of prosecuting the war."

FOOTE expressed the belief that a certain miser would take the beam out of his own eye, if he knew where he could sell the timber.

### "The Union as it Was."

The *Mobile Telegraph* thus expresses the opinions entertained of the North by our dear brethren of the South.

"In the settlement of this country, two great streams of civilization poured out. One had its head at Jamestown, and one at Plymouth Rock. The canting, witch-lantern, nasal-twang, money-worshipping, curiosity-loving, meddling, fanatical, 'ism'-breeding followers of Cromwell, spread over the greater part of the North and West. Jamestown stock chiefly peopled the South, and small sections of the North-West Territory, which, by Kentucky, belonged to Virginia. It was the descendants of the genuine Yankee which met us at Manassas and before Richmond, and fled from the Valley of the Shenandoah before Jackson. It was in part the descendants of the Jamestown stock, crossed with the Yankee, which met us at Donelson and Shiloh, and who are our stoutest foes. Any one who will look into this bit of history will see that it is true.

Extreme religious bigotry indulged for more than two centuries, and constant intermarriage have impoverished the Yankee blood, until the Yankee mind has become diseased and filled with innumerable 'isms.'"

On the contrary, though the South has preserved its great English features, a healthy admixture of the blood of other races has kept it from degeneration. Besides, our people were from the start tolerant and well-bred, haters of Cromwell and his whole crotched, steeply-hatted race, and its accursed cant, and worshipping another God than Mammon. They have held honor as the highest excellence, and cultivated the refinements of civilization.

With such a race as peoples the North, it is idle to dream of peace, for bigotry has no ears and cannot hear—no eyes and cannot see. Its sole object is subjugation for the purpose of gain, the God of Jacob being wholly supplanted by the God Mammon. The Slavery question was only agitated for political supremacy; and the Yankee only wanted political supremacy that he might rob the South with a form of law.

Peace will be declared when the North is impoverished and exhausted—not before. The South, then, should gird its loins for the contest, and rely no longer on foreign intervention or Western secession, but upon its bayonets. Let it go into the field like Duke Godfrey, crying, "God for the right and just!" and conquer the Saracens, with the cold steel of the Southern legion."

A LIMITED MATRIMONIAL RANGE FOR THE FUTURE KING OF ENGLAND.—For the Prince of Wales there are, it is said, under the British Constitution, but seven eligible brides in all the world; Princess Alexandra, of Prussia; Wilhelmina, of Wurtemberg; Princess Marie, of Sax-Altenberg; Princess Catherine, of Aidenburg; Princess Augusta, of Schleswig-Holstein; and Princess Alexander, of Denmark. The latter, it is supposed, will become the royal matron of England.

STATE OF MATRIMONY.—The "State of Matrimony" has at last been bounded and described by some Western student, who says: It is bounded by hugging and kissing on one side, and cradles and babies on the other. Its chief productions are population, broomsticks, and staying out late at night. It was discovered by Adam and Eve, while trying to find a north-west passage out of paradise. The climate is sultry till you pass the tropics of housekeeping, when squally weather sets in with such power as to keep all hands as cool as cucumbers. For the principal roads leading to this interesting state, consult the first pair of blue eyes you meet.

"THAT'S WHAT'S THE MATTER!"—We have at last found out the origin of this popular phrase. A friend of ours who has been absent all winter, returning a few days since, called upon an estimable lady friend. He was surprised to find her confined to a sick bed. After the first salutations were over, our friend remarked: "Why, Mrs. —, I am very sorry to find you ill; what is the matter?" Quickly reaching over to the back of the bed, the invalid turned down the coverlet, disclosing a beautiful infant, wrapped in the embrace of the rosy god, and said triumphantly, "That's what's the matter!"—*La Crosse Democrat.*

INQUIRING MIND.—A few weeks ago a baby was taken to church to be baptized, and his little brother was present during that rite. On the following Sunday, when baby was undergoing his ablutions and dressing, the little brother asked mamma if she intended to carry Willie to be christened. "Why, no," said his mother; "don't you know, my son, people are not baptized twice?" "What," returned the young reasoner, with the utmost astonishment in his earnest face, "not if it don't take the first time?"

A NICE MAN FOR A SMALL PARTY.—A country magistrate, noted for his love of the pleasures of the table, speaking one day to a friend, said: "We have just been eating a superb turkey; it was excellent, stuffed with truffles to the neck, tender, delicate, and of high flavor; we left only the bones." "How many of you were there?" said his friend.—"Two," replied the magistrate.—"Two!" "Yes; the turkey and myself."



# The Middlesex Journal.

E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR,  
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.  
No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

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One square (14 lines this type) one insertion, \$1.00  
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Larger advertisements as may be agreed upon.

SPECIAL NOTICES, headed, 12 cents per line for one insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents.  
All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OTHERWISE.

## AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Reading—DR. J. D. MANFIELD.  
Stonham—E. F. WHITTIER.  
Winchester—JOSIAH HOVLY.  
Reading—THOMAS RICHARDSON.

S. M. PETERINGILL & Co., Boston and New York; S. R. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer), Scollay's Building, Court Street, Boston, are daily empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely in the towns and villages around Woburn, and will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JOB PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms, and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

Subscribers are requested to remit direct to the office of publication.

# The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, SEPT. 27, 1862.

## CLOSE OF THE VOLUME.

With this number of the JOURNAL, closes the Eleventh Volume. When the volume, now ended, was begun, the whole country suffered from the great revulsion in business. Newspapers, excepting those which gave a daily record of the doings at the seat of war, for the time being, were in little demand, and many country papers were compelled to succumb and go down with the current. With these facts clearly in view, we undertook the publication of the JOURNAL, not without serious misgivings as to the result. At the best of times, such an act would be attended with difficulties, but at this time it was doubly so. Still the result has not been without satisfaction, and we have but little reason to complain. We have endeavored to make the JOURNAL as acceptable as circumstances would permit, but we have often been dissatisfied with it when we had not the time to make it what we wished it to be. Any person that assumes to manage alone the many parts of a newspaper and job printing office, undertakes a task, compared to which the work of a common laborer is but play. But these imperfections, we have reason to believe, have been kindly overlooked by our patrons, for we have heard but very few complaints, if any. This has been quite gratifying, and our thanks are justly due to the indulgence. As times grow better—it is to be hoped that they will grow worse—we trust to be able to make our paper more attractive than it has been, for we will then be able to devote the time which is now occupied in doing other things to the filling up of its columns weekly with the best and most entertaining matter afloat in the newspaper world.

To those kind friends who have given us their patronage, and who have furthered our interests in many ways, we feel under deep obligations, and through uprightness and promptness we hope to retain their good will.

WE understand that Charles Hudson, Esq., Assessor for the 6th District, has made the following appointments of Assistants: Thomas Y. Elliott, for Charlestown; Wm. Bonner, for Somerville; Luther Farwell, for Medford; Stephen B. Whitney, for Waltham and Belmont; Isaac N. Damon for Lexington, West Cambridge and Burlington; Horace Collamore, for Woburn and Winchester; Gardner Parker, for Billerica, Wilmington and Tewksbury; Thomas Richardson, for Reading, North Reading and South Reading; Elias Dean, for Stoneham and Melrose; Benj. G. Hill, for Malden and Saugus; George Foster, for Andover, North Andover and Boxford; Nathan W. Harman, for Methuen; and E. G. Frothingham, for Haverhill and Bradford. These gentlemen reside in the towns first named in their respective districts.

WOBURN SOLDIERS.—We give below such information as has fallen under our notice during the present week, relative to the Soldiers of our town.

Promoted—Captain James W. McDonald, of Co. D, 11th Regt., to be Major.  
Discharged—Corporal John L. Parker, of Co. F, 22d Regt.

Wounded—Corporal Thomas C. Field, in ear, slightly; Corporal Herschel A. Sanborn, in left foot; Charles R. Dale, in right leg—all of Co. G, 13th Regt.

HOSPITAL AID SOCIETY.—This Society has sent off since the publication of the last list, the following articles:

100 towels, 8 sheets, 3 pillow cases, 62 new shirts, 28 old shirts, 31 pairs new drawers, 160 flannel swatches, pieces of old flannel, and rolls of cotton cloth.

The following is from the ladies of North Woburn: 32 shirts, 12 pairs drawers, 2 pairs shirts, 3 linen pillow cases, 60 towels, 18 napkins.

These articles were forwarded to the hospital at Portsmouth Grove, R. I., and to Co. K of the 39th Regt. Also, a large quantity of bandages, which should have been mentioned in the last list.

STATE AID.—Our Town Treasurer requests us to say that he will be at the store of A. & E. E. Thompson North Woburn, on Wednesday next, Oct. 1st, between one and two o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of paying the State Aid to families of Volunteers residing in that vicinity.

## The Emancipation Proclamation.

The appearance of this document took the nation somewhat by surprise, not that it was altogether unexpected, but because it was not looked for at this particular moment. The comments which it elicited from the press and from individuals, were such as the antecedents of the different parties would lead one to expect. While one paper said, in the exuberance of its joy, "God bless Abraham Lincoln," another said, and perhaps wished it was the truth, "The proclamation is a dead letter." And so it went on, press and people judging it from their standpoint in politics, which they cling to as tenaciously as ever.

We do not look upon the Proclamation as altogether a dead letter, though it may be such now and for some time come. It has vital parts that will prove great blessings to the African race, if not in this generation, in generations to come. Hitherto, during the present war, the slave has had no reason to look upon his emancipation as a certainty on entering our army lines, for it has been frequently the case that our commanders have made laws in consonance with their own views of right and justice. Now this matter is changed, and the bondman, with his manacles clashing around him, comes to us with the full understanding that the moment he reaches the pale of our emancipating army, his shackles fall, and he becomes a freeman, endowed "with certain unalienable rights."

Slavery was the bone of contention which brought about this war, and it is but meet that it should now be placed beyond the power of creating further mischief. Better would it have been for the country, had every slave within its borders been emancipated twenty years ago, than that our fair land should have been devastated by the terrible scourge of civil war. No nation, thus far in the world's history, "which has nursed human slavery, has gone unpunished, but has been made to feel, some time in its existence, that the law of God is superior to the law of man. No one, who has felt for the African in his bondage as bound with him, ought to fail to return thanks that the hour of his deliverance draws nigh, and to pray that the God of battles will lead our army victoriously on until not a vestige of the dark stain shall remain. And thus shall we emerge from this war with the consciousness of having done our whole duty.

DUEL CLUB.—Papers are now open for the purpose of receiving additional names to the roll of this club. Let all those who can put down their names and help the object along. The war is not over yet; and we know not what a day may bring forth.

SIXTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.—The attention of our readers is directed to the call in another column for a convention to be held in Lyceum Hall, Reading, on the 9th proximo, for the purpose of nominating a candidate to represent this district in Congress.

CHILD OF POLICE.—At a meeting of the Selectmen, on Thursday of last week, Harris Johnson was appointed successor to S. R. Dalliver, (resigned) as Chief of Police.

THE children of the different Sabbath Schools in town, will visit this afternoon, the Polemonia now on exhibition at Tremont Temple, Boston.

WARREN ACADEMY.—Our readers will please examine our Special Notices for a card relating to this institution.

REV. MR. BRONSON.—This gentleman will preach in the Baptist Church, to-morrow (Sunday) Sept. 28th.

PRESENTATION.—Mr. George Thompson, of Woburn, who is known to our citizens as one of the most faithful door-keepers at our public exhibitions in Music Hall, Tremont Temple and elsewhere, was presented a few days ago, by the proprietors of the Polemonia, with a beautiful copy of the Bible, as a token of their appreciation of his faithfulness to them. It was a well-merited gift.

A CANADIAN VIEW OF THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.—The following extract we take from an article in the Montreal Gazette:

"The moral features of this proclamation are more singular than the constitutional ones. The slaves in States in rebellion or parts of States are to be emancipated, but the fetters of those in loyal districts are still to be held sacred. If the slaves were dealt with simply as property, we could understand this difference; but if emancipation is the right of the slave, why deny it to the slaves of the men who are loyal to the Government at Washington?"

Why, in effect, offer slavery as a reward for obedience? If emancipation is an absolute right of the slave, founded upon the natural rights of man, why not offer it to all? We cannot forget either the period at which this proclamation comes, or the men from whom it comes. It certainly comes at a time when the President has little power to enforce it; but it may greatly influence the fall elections.

And it comes from men who, at the beginning of the war, made offers to slavery, which we thought were degrading, to bribe them into obedience to the Union. But so the world goes, and we must wait to see what comes up next. This looks like playing the last card, and it may be a bid to prevent European intervention."

ANOTHER REBEL IRON CLAD.—It is stated that a formidable Anglo-Rebel steamer, mounting sixteen guns, ran the blockade, at Mobile, on the 4th inst. She is supposed to be the notorious "Alabama," alias "290," the departure of which from England was announced some time ago. This vessel is said to have had on board 3,500 stand of arms, two of Admiral Farragut's gunboats, it is further reported, gave chase, but without effect, the steamer obtaining protection under the guns of Port Morgan.

## CAMP LANDER, WENHAM, Sept. 25th, 1862.

MR. EDITOR:—Another week has passed, and we have pursued the "even tenor of our way" with but few incidents worthy of note, but, as a voracious correspondent, I will endeavor to give your readers the little of interest that has transpired. I do wrong, I fear, to say little, without qualification, for an event is even now transpiring which I will do justice to in a few lines. One event of the week is our removal, from our old to our new barracks, which happened on Tuesday, and if the inconveniences attending the annual removal of a household are equal to those we experienced, how I pity the poor souls who have to go through with it often. But to the credit of our men, and judicious planning of our officers, we are now settled, and much taste has been displayed by the men in decorating their "barracks" with evergreens, flowers, autumn leaves, and devices unique and pleasing.

Our regiment is now quartered together, and the 48th are ditto, in our old barracks. Nine companies of the 5th are on the field, and the regiment is daily coming from its embryonic state to the full fledged corps it ought to be.

Our dress parade is now the affair of the day, and even our attracts crowds of visitors. It occurs at 5 o'clock, P. M., and if our Woburn friends come to camp and can make it convenient they had better remain to witness it, as it brings out the full regiment. As yet we know no battalion drills, but company drills morning and afternoon. When we get our muskets and full equipments, we can promise something better, but now you must take us as we are. A full band is now on the field, which adds much to the enjoyment and effect of the men.

On Tuesday evening it was announced that the Phalanx Associates proposed to visit us on Thursday of this week, and such preparations as could be made were accordingly made to receive them. This (Thursday) morning dawned clear and beautiful, preceded by a sharp frost during the night, and the hearts of all were on the *qui vive* for our expected visitors. At 10 o'clock they came, commanded by Capt. Wyman, and were met at the entrance by the Phalanx, Capt. Grammer, with a full band, and escorted to our quarters, where a mutual interchange of hearty greetings occurred, and the company were relieved from duty (rear guard duty) for the day. The morning past, dinner was announced, and guests and hosts proceeded to the cook-house, where soldiers' rations were served alive to all. They consisted this day of soup and hard and soft bread, which, (thanks to the efficient cooks) were pronounced to a high degree, excellent. This course ended, all were invited to partake of a dessert, provided by our friends from Woburn, which was fully appreciated, and consisted of very edible articles, not usually found in camps, but ever in courts.

The afternoon was passed as was the morning, in an agreeable and friendly manner, when most of the party departed for home, leaving behind them pleasant thoughts and happy remembrances. Thus has closed one of the most pleasant days of our camp life, and though unusual to a soldier's life, we hope it may be repeated ere we leave for the sterner realities of active service. Among the many visitors were several ladies, which added much to the joy of the day.

Our hearts were made glad also by the visit of our gallant friend and townsman, Mr. John L. Parker, who has just returned from the fatigues of the camp and the battle, more recently, however, from the hospital at Philadelphia. Although we could not reconcile the mode of locomotion with that of former days, we yet rejoiced to see him, even a cripple. All honor to him.

This week Corporal Rogers was promoted to be a sergeant, vice sergeant E. F. Wyer transferred to Capt. Kent's company, as orderly.

But this letter, like all mundane things, must end, to be in time for your issue, so with a glad good night, adieu,

O. W. R.

## Letter from Port Royal.

OCEAN POINT, N. C., Sept. 14, '62.  
Near Beaufort, N. C., Sept. 14, '62.

MY DEAR MOODY:—Whatever you may think, I have not been utterly unkind of my promise to write you once in a while. But who can do his duty in a hot climate? So I have put off my letter from Sunday to Sunday, till I begin to be half afraid I'd have to violate my best established rule, and give you an epistle written on a week day.

Let me describe the place in which I live. Of course there is not a hill within miles of it, for the coast all about here is perfectly level. As Owen Feltham remarks of Holland, "There's not such another marsh country in the world, that's flat." Yet it is hardly fair, either, to call it marsh, for the soil is mostly a dry light loam, and not many acres are swamp-land; but it is very low, and even as a floor. This plantation is situated on the northwestern shore of Port Royal Island, and consists of about seven hundred acres of arable land. More than a third of it is contained in Little Island, which lies just opposite my house, and between the two flows Whale Branch, a stream about as wide as Horn Pond, above the island. The river is one of the innumerable streams and arms of the sea that pierce the coast hereabout in every direction, ramifying into a complete network of salt water, and cutting up the edge of South Carolina into the famous Sea Islands. Near the water stands my house, a building about five years old, three stories high, adorned with green shutters, and altogether quite a comfortable residence. Ocean Point is a picket station, and always has about fifty men stationed on it. Soldiers are not over and above careful about the welfare of a rebel house, and so, when I took possession, the walls, doors and windows bore unmistakable evidence of military occupation. Before messieurs Hector and Lazarus began white-washing, we possessed some remarkable drawings and inscriptions. I

can remember one, the work of a Pennsylvania volunteer poet, and here it is:

"The 4th, we air the serow  
To save the sheep ret. wit and blew;  
Pennsylvania Reserve corps  
Plenty saw there flag was tore.  
Old Jeff may rite jakas or moult,  
We air bound to haf him, his neck to pull."

"Old Jeff may rite," is, I suppose, a neat turning of the tables upon the Southerners, who sing—

"President Davis rides a horse,  
Old Lincoln rides a mule."

for the Pennsylvania Dutch soldiers regularly write for *d*, and even some of their captains and lieutenants who have had occasion to send notes to me, not unfrequently make the same substitution. The above and many other decorations now slumber under a heavy coat of white-wash, and the house presents a more habitable appearance. It is surrounded by many and large live oaks, each one of them covered with a peculiar gray moss, clothing all the boughs, and hanging in festoons towards the earth. Fancy the elm trees on the Common all draped in gray, and you'll have some notion of a live oak that has stood long in the moist air of the Sea Islands. But the tree that you have imagined will be too light in color, and won't combine enough of sturdiness with its grace. To look at a sunset through a long vista of live oaks, is said by those who like such things, to be worth coming out to South Carolina to see. Every evening at about seven o'clock, one of the friends who lives with me, being an amateur, looks towards the west and says, "there, doesn't that remind you of Church?" I am able to say "yes," now, with a clear conscience, and indeed I doubt if I shall ever turn my eyes to that quarter of the heavens again, as long as I live, without being reminded of the celebrated painter.

My house has a dozen or more tents near it in which the soldiers live, while the officers occupy a room which I place at their disposal. I have not many negro cabins on the place, for in "secess time" this plantation was worked by the same gang that cultivated Little Island, and that still live in their old quarters. Seventy people from an evacuated port above Charleston have been sent out here to me, and for the first time the Landing, as it is called, will have a village of its own. The houses are now building under my supervision, and on plans prepared by myself. For the unfortunate District Superintendent has to be doctor, minister, magistrate, architect, farmer, legislator and executive, and agent of civilization generally. My houses are double, thirty feet long, fifteen feet deep, built on sills, instead of on the ground, as is not uncommon here, and contain two rooms and an immense fire-place. An aperture eight feet wide and five or six high, is left in the end of the house. This is for the front of the fire place. Connecting with this is built a wooden chimney four feet deep at the bottom and gradually narrowing to the top, which is eighteen feet from the ground. This structure is coated inside and out with a red clay, mixed with salt water, a hearth of the same material is made, and the whole soon dries by the united action of the sun and fire. I have three colored carpenters, and we find all the lumber for our buildings in the woods belonging to the place. We cut our own shingles, rise our own clapboards, hew our own joists, and in short "find ourselves" in everything but old nails, which with a due amount of red tape, are drawn by little and little from General Saxton's Assistant Quartermaster.

I have in all four places under my charge, with a population of nearly three hundred people. Ocean Point has a hundred and thirty-six head on it, and is the most populous plantation in Port Royal.

I suppose your attention is, there at home, all taken up with the wants of the sick and wounded soldiers of the Virginian armies, or I would beg for a contribution of second hand gowns, and jackets and coats, and gray colored handkerchiefs for the hundred Santee people that are under my care, on this and the next plantation. Their island was a wood and water station for the blockading fleet, and was very suddenly evacuated, soon after Benham's splurge at James Island. The contrabands came away in the utmost haste, and most of them have but one bad suit of clothes, not including shoes or head coverings. They bear it without much murmuring, though in one case we had a little bit of a grumble. Gen. Saxton has issued an order, directing District Superintendents to see that the people under their charge do not "enter the holy bonds of wedlock" without having the nearest white minister to perform the ceremony. Consequently it became my disagreeable duty to enter a house a week ago Saturday night and pronounce null and void a marriage just that minute performed by a black elder. I explained the order and they readily acquiesced. But unfortunately both Mr. Robert Haversham and Miss Betsey Jarman constitute a case of extreme destitution, as regards clothing, and both are ashamed to go before the congregation at Five Mile Church and be married by the white clergyman. So I have had to bestow a dollar's worth of calico on the bride, (the pattern being ominous stripes) and a tasty handkerchief with which to tie up her head, and am now promising myself the doubtful pleasure of being present at a colored wedding. I feel an interest in the couple, for the bride is "black but comely," and the groom is my oyster. It comes off next Sunday.

The negroes I find to be an estimable and likeable people. Their faults and vices seem to be those of children rather than the more serious ones that we might expect. They have so long met force with fraud that their word is not altogether to be depended upon, and they do not work faithfully. Exceptions to both these remarks are not unfrequent, and my opinion may be modified by a longer acquaintance with them, but at present it is what I have said. They are not dirty in their persons, nor in their dwellings. Their temper is good, and their disposition seems to be kind and affectionate. This last I expected, but I was totally unprepared for so much intelligence as I find among them, I

am not greatly surprised at the wickedness of the men who held the blacks in slavery, (for a limit had not been found for unrighteousness) but the impudence of the people who could imagine themselves fit to be owners of such men is something amazing. I am become an emancipationist, and for several reasons; with which, however, don't fear that I am going to trouble you at the present.

Military matters here are at a perfect stand still, but it is the hope of every one that after Maj. Gen. Mitchell has come down, and made himself acquainted with the position and with the business of the department that troops enough will be sent down to make an advance possible. The utter stagnation affects the spirits and the discipline of the men. For one, I hope that something will be done to take the soldiers off the plantations, for they rob the fields and insult and corrupt the negroes. The Mass. Cavalry are here, a portion of them, and they and the Connecticut troops are the only ones that have a good name. The Pennsylvanians rejoice a good deal in the worst of reputations, and the New Hampshire men are much better without being at all good. The 4th New Hampshire indeed, is just come up in disgrace from St. Augustine. They committed some outrages on a church, I believe. Thus you may see how our life goes here. Not very idly, and not without its troubles, among which count—that Bickham Sharp has just come in with the fever, and wants medicines. I am debating, while I pretend to be writing, whether to give him castor oil, or permit him to try inwardly some rheumatic liniment. He is one-armed, and a great liar.

Farwell, J. R. D.

OLD POINT COMFORT, VA., Sept. 21st, 1862.

DEAR JOURNAL:—A sojourn of nearly two months at Fortress Monroe, witnessing the reinforcement of McClellan by the gallant Burnside, and the retreat of the army of the Potomac; observing the sick and wounded soldiers by the hundreds, and listening to the reports of soldiers, surgeons, officers, and civilians, has given your correspondent many ideas of the present war which has proved to so many a sad reality. Wednesday I visited the ruins of Hampton, once a delightful village, now a mass of destruction. Only the chimneys of the frame buildings remain, and the partially standing walls of the brick ones, while many of the sites of former dwellings are occupied by the rude shanties of contrabands, and long rows of tents are filled with the sable fraternity, in numbers sufficient to form an ordinary sized brigade of colored Home Guards. Here were the hospitable homes of the F. F. V.'s adorned by all the elegance, and refinement wealth could procure. Finely located near the mouth of the James River, with a population of about 2000 white, having an extensive tobacco trade, and famous for its oyster fisheries. Hampton enjoyed a reputation for enterprise and refinement not equalled by any other town on the peninsula. The people were strongly in favor of secession, and have furnished six Colonels, and seven Majors, with a host of inferior officers, for the rebel army. There is but one store here now, and it was built of the falling walls of what appears to have been a spacious building. The trade is with the country people, the soldiers, and contrabands. Here are the ruins of four churches, Methodist, Protestant, Methodist Episcopal, Baptist, and Episcopal or Church of England. The location of the latter—St. John's Church—is the most interesting among the ruins; most of the walls remain. It was a brick edifice, and built in 1707, with bricks imported from England. A well chosen resting place for the dead, was the church-yard that surrounded it. Enclosed by a substantial brick wall, which nature completely shaded with wild creepers, and appropriately consecrated to its sacred purpose, this picturesque spot, once so beautiful, is now covered with rank weeds and rubbish. Such magnificent weeping willows I never saw before, which are the only trees in the place that escaped the flames. I copied some inscriptions, a few of which I send you. In a retired spot beneath a mulberry tree, a plain marble slab bore the following:—"Sacred to the memory of my beloved son, Robert A. Lively. Born May 6th, 1827. Died July 5th 1862."

"Life is a span, a fleeting hour,  
How soon the vapor flies;  
Man is a tender, transient flower,  
That e'en in blooming dies."

The once loved form now cold and dead,  
Each mournful thought employs;  
His mother weeps, her comfort's fled,  
And withered all her joys.

She looks beyond the bounds of time,  
When what she now deplores  
Shall rise in full immortal prime,  
And bloom to fade no more."

The following was copied from a neat marble shaft, lying among the ruins of the church. "A tribute of respect, and affection, to the Memory of my Husband, Major. James M. Glassell, of the U. S. Army, who was born in Virginia Jan 1st 1790, and died off Cape Hatteras, Nov. 3d, 1862." Enclosed by an iron fence, and shaded by a willow, was this inscription—"A tribute of affection. Regina, Consort of James, Furrz, and daughter of Sarah M. and the late Capt Lemuel. Gates, U. S. Army. Died Dec 27, 1866 in the 22nd year of her age." Upon a slate-stone tablet, shamefully mutilated, I was able to copy part of the inscription, as follows:—"Under this stone lies the body of Capt. Willis. Willson, who departed this life the 19th day of Dec. in the year 1701, being the 128th year of his age."

Just beyond the church are the earth-works commanding the road to Big Bethel, which were thrown up by Gen. Butler previous to the destruction of Hampton.

Nothing of especial interest was to be seen on my return to Old Point, along a dusty road of three miles, but the hospitals. The "Hampton," which has some thirty buildings that will accommodate three or four hundred patients each, under the charge of Dr. McClellan. The "Chesapeake," which was formerly a Ladies' Seminary, accommodates so many patients, under the charge of Dr.

McKay, and the "Mill Creek," will provide for three or four thousand, but now has only two thousand, under the charge of Dr. Ironson. These hospitals, with the one at Newport News, contained at least ten thousand patients when McClellan left the Peninsula.

On passing the burial ground, I stopped to read the inscriptions, which are plainly marked on pine head-boards. The most that I saw were of soldiers from North Carolina, South Carolina, Mississippi, Pennsylvania and New York. Only two graves of Massachusetts' sons were in view, one from the 29th Regt., and the other from the 16th, which was very conspicuously marked in contrast from the others by a neatly painted head-board, full size. It reads thus—"To the memory of W. Stewart, of Boston, Mass. A private in Co. I, 16th Mass. Vols., who died Oct. 3d, 1861, aged 20 yrs. 1 mo. 29 dys."

"Rest, sweetly rest, from sin and sorrow free,  
Our country found, indeed, a friend in thee;  
We leave thee here, from loved ones far away,  
Waiting to meet thee in unending day.  
Death called thee e'er the battle was begun,  
Now rest thee, 'till shall rise the eternal sun."

Three contrabands were digging graves near by, and soon the funeral cortege, with measured tread, to the music of life and drum, appeared. A detachment of soldiers with arms reversed, preceded the ambulance, followed by a few comrades of the departed, who gathered in mournful silence around the grave while the Chaplain read the 90th Psalm and 5th Epistle of Paul to the Corinthians, closing by an earnest exhortation, and fervent prayer. Three volleys were then fired over the narrow graves, and with quick steps the procession returned. Your correspondent was the only civilian present, and he can assure you that it was a solemn scene.

The Boston Journal of the 19th says, "The Monitor and Galena have gone up James River." I went aboard the Monitor on the 19th inst., off Newport News, where she has lain for the past few weeks.

Every one is pleased with our recent successes, and things in this vicinity continue warlike.

## James Buchanan.

A late number of the New York Tribune contains a singular letter, purporting to give an account of a visit to Mr. Buchanan. The letter perhaps, at any rate expresses sufficiently well the lame apology which the late President would make for his fatal course of action, and we therefore print it for what it is worth:

"To the Editor of the New York Tribune:

Sir—About visiting Europe to aid in giving a Union-saving tone to European sentiment, I have deemed the views of ex-President Buchanan important. In an interview with him at Wheatland, last evening, he denies all charges against him, proposing an early vindication before the world, placing his loyalty, integrity of purpose and public acts beyond a question. I will never forget the solemn dignity of his countenance while exclaiming, 'With my hand upon my heart, before the Almighty, I acquit myself of any wrong to my country or to the Union.' Nor, how forcibly I was reminded of the ingratitude of Republics, the severe, unjust criticisms of the mass, with the after all only reliable tribunal, a clear conscience, under sense of responsibility to the Almighty. He pointed out his frequent unheeded efforts to avoid the rebellion—the opposition of Congress—the attack upon him by Davis after his refusal to receive the Commissioners—also his well-known refusal to recognize a secessionist, either morally, or rationally. While thus discouraging the South, the press were encouraging—through editorials—that we could do without them, and the people in part with the democratic party North were in sympathy with them; that it was passing strange the people would persist in charging Floyd with stealing arms—and him with arming the South—when a Republican Committee in Congress had exonerated Floyd, and Gen. Scott had underrated him in his proclaiming his inability either from the North or South, to man some fourteen fortifications.

He further expressed a firm faith in the full restoration of the Union, taking the new and forcible view the South must yield—from interest—for in the Union she would be exalted—out of it, ever humiliated before the nations of the earth. Slavery he believed the true cause of the rebellion, through an interference with the compromise measures of 1820, admitting Missouri with Slavery, and of 1850, California without; by the admission of Kansas under the Douglas repeal resolutions, and subsequent refusal to restore—through the Crittenden compromise bill. Foreign interference he deemed only commendable or to be recognized under a European united avowed purpose to sustain the Union. That the policy of the government should be or not with a powerful force to restore the Union, holding sacred every constitutional right of the entire people and States, in a victory proclaiming we have secured to your institution of slavery, co-operate with us to restore peace and harmony, through either gradual emancipation or restoration of the compromise measures of 1820 and 1850, under a new representation of the forefather stamp from the ranks of the people.

WM. CORNELL JEWETT,  
Colorado Territory.

New York, Sept. 10, 1862.

THE REBEL FAILURE IN MARYLAND.—Col. Forney comments upon the futile efforts of the rebels in Maryland as follows:

The rebel army is now in Virginia, in full retreat down the Shenandoah Valley. What effect will this new situation of affairs have upon the war? Virginia is barren, desolate and deserted. It has subsisted one army, and submitted to the ravages of another. The rebel troops have fed upon its harvests, the Federal troops have foraged upon them. "A hundred years," said a Richmond paper, recently, "will not suffice to restore Eastern Virginia to the condition it occupied before the war." It can be nothing more than a vast Sahara of blood, ashes, smoke, and dead men's bones. The marrow and the flesh have gone—nothing is left but hollowness and cinders. It was to leave a heritage like this that Lee

rushed into Maryland. Maryland had prospered by the war. All the material benefits that came from war—the impetus to industry and manufactures, the development of agriculture, by creating an immediate and immense demand for the products of the soil, have been enjoyed by her people, and made them rich and proud. Lee had hardly time to look from the mountain-top—he could see, but he could not enter the promised land. He aspired to be the Joshua, but he is not even the Moses of the rebellion, for when he turned away from the hills of the Monocacy, it was never again to look upon them except as a prisoner or a fugitive. He goes back to Virginia, a baffled, beaten, wretched adventurer. He goes back to Virginia, with the curses of dishonored Maryland following him, and the curses of his outraged and bleeding mother-State greeting him everywhere. He goes back trailing in the dust the banners which he had so proudly flaunted over his legions. Let him answer for the thousands of deluded young men, the hope and joy of every Southern household, who sleep in dishonored graves, as the victims of his rapine and ambition. Let him feed the famishing thousands whom he is dragging at the heels of a distasteful, a disgraceful, and an unnatural rebellion. Let him clothe the hills with the harvests and forests his army have trampled in their retreating and advancing marches. Let him bring joy to homes where misery sits by the hearthstone, and redeem the word he has so often pledged to accomplish the downfall of the Republic. I can see only for Lee and the army he leads utter and irretrievable ruin. Again the rebellion is retreating—again the Union is advancing. It advances with closed columns, eagerly, unceasingly, proudly, and is beloved commander at its head. I have faith in that army and in the men who lead it, and I believe that before many weeks have passed away from it, it will have rescued Virginia and crushed the Southern rebellion.

CAUTION TO FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS.—Government has recently placed inspectors in the express offices at Washington, Alexandria, Georgetown, Baltimore, Newbern, Port Royal, and other offices near the army, for the examination of soldiers' parcels and other freight going within military lines. They open and inspect each package, and when found to contain liquor of any kind—even one bottle—they seize and confiscate the whole contents. These inspectors likewise open and examine all return freight sent from within military lines, in search of contraband articles stolen or improperly obtained by the shipper, and seize all such articles.

## SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION.—The annual exhibition of the South Reading Horticultural Society was held in the Town Hall, on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week. The mornings were devoted to receiving and entering articles, and the afternoons and evenings to exhibition. It was a complete success, though in some departments the variety was less than last year. This result was anticipated in consequence of the departure of so many of our male population, and the consequent engagement of the ladies in making provision for their comfort. The apples and pears were in great variety and profusion. In size and quality they were not excelled by those recently exhibited in Boston and other places. So it is said by those who have attended the several exhibitions



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